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THE
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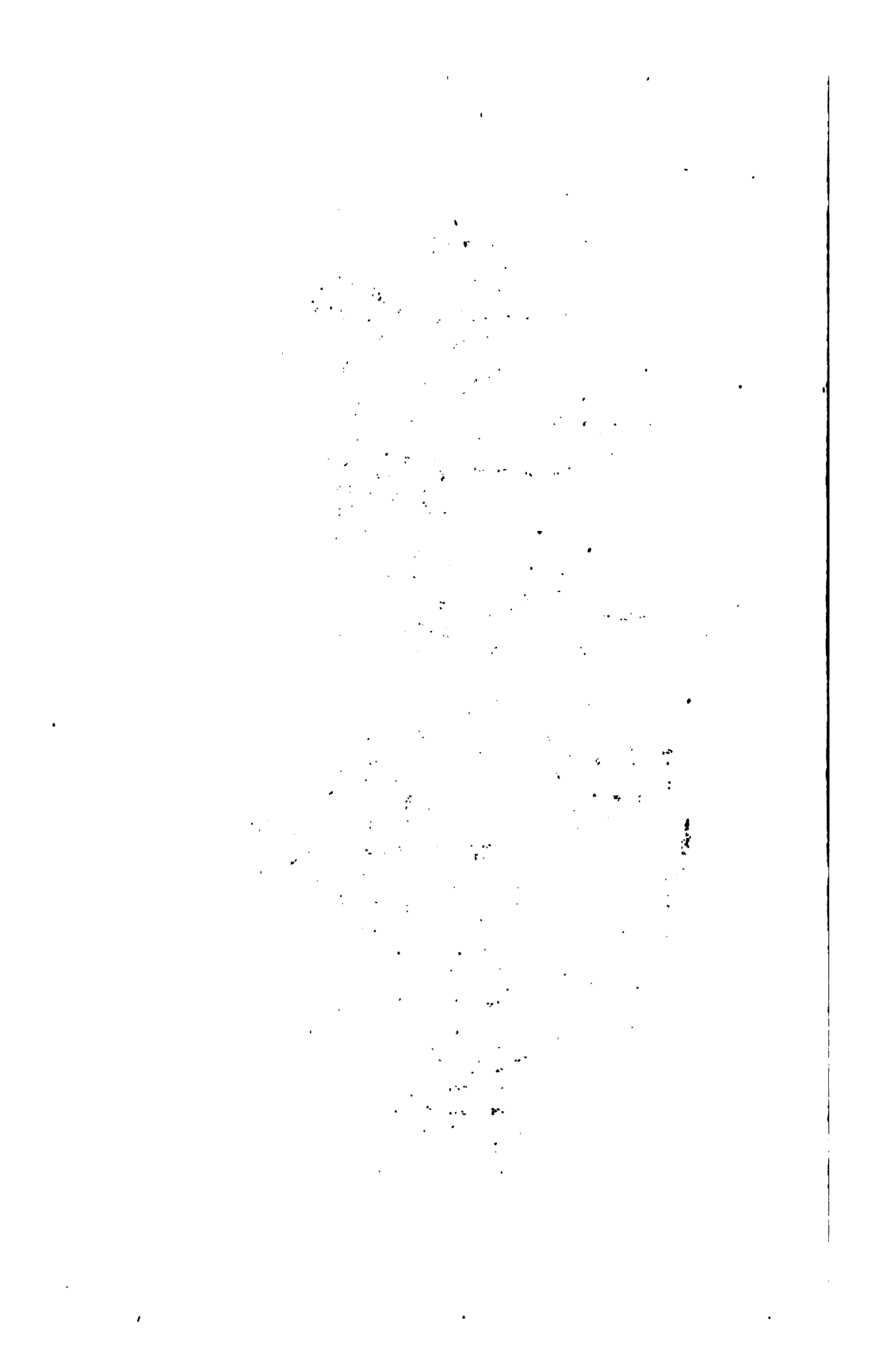
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BROWN UNIVERSITY



The R. I. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1858.

NO. 1.

For the Schoolmaster.

Historical Sketch of Brown University.

✓ We are happy to present to our readers, in connection with the foregoing engraving of BROWN UNIVERSITY, the following historical sketch, by R. A. GUILD, Esq, librarian of the University. It was first published in the Providence Journal of Sept. 1, 1857, the original article which forms its basis having been prepared by the same author for the New American Cyclopædia. It has been thoroughly revised and corrected by the author for publication in the SCHOOLMASTER.

Mr. Guild has, we understand, for many years past, been assiduously collecting catalogues and pamphlets of every kind, relative to the history and condition of the college. These have recently been bound in a substantial manner, and placed upon the shelves of the library, making upwards of thirty volumes of inestimable value.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

ITS ORIGIN, PROGRESS AND PRESENT CONDITION.

In the year 1707, the Philadelphia Association, composed mostly of Baptist Churches in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, was formed, for the purpose of promoting the welfare of the Baptist denomination in America. At an early period, these churches thus associated, projected plans for the education of a suitable

ministry, the restrictions of denominational government rendering it humiliating, and even difficult, for young men of their persuasion to be educated in the higher institutions of learning then in existence. For dissenting, even, from the prevailing sentiments of the community in matters of religious belief and practice, the minority were, in many of the States, subject to oppressive laws, and, in too many cases, bitter persecution. In 1762, the Association, at the special instigation of the Rev Morgan Edwards, a celebrated Welsh clergyman, then pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia, formed the design of establishing in the colony of Rhode Island, "under the chief direction of the Baptists, a College, in which," says the historian Backus, "education might be promoted and superior learning obtained, free from any sectarian religious tests." The leader selected for this important work was the Rev. James Manning, a native of New Jersey, and recently a graduate at Princeton. In July, 1763, he accordingly visited Newport, then at the height of its commercial prosperity, and proposed the subject of his mission to several gentlemen of the Baptist denomination, among whom were the Hon. Samuel Ward, Governor of the colony, Hon. Josiah Lyndon, who was afterwards Governor, Col. John Gardiner, Deputy Gov-

ernor, and twelve others of the same persuasion. They readily concurred with the proposal, and at once entered upon the means necessary for the accomplishment of the object. After various struggles and difficulties in consequence of the determined opposition and artful maneuvering of certain gentlemen of another persuasion, whose names we gladly pass over in silence, a charter, reflecting the liberal sentiments of the people in matters of religion, was obtained from the legislature in February, 1764, "for a College or University in the English Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in New England in America." One of the provisions of this charter is as follows:

"And furthermore it is hereby enacted and declared, That into this liberal and catholic institution shall never be admitted any religious tests. But, on the contrary, all the members hereof shall forever enjoy full, free, absolute and uninterrupted liberty of conscience: And that the places of Professors, Tutors, and all other officers, the President alone excepted, shall be free and open for all denominations of Protestants: And that youth of all religious denominations shall and may be freely admitted to the equal advantages, emoluments and honors of the College or University; and shall receive a like fair, generous and equal treatment, during their residence therein, they conducting themselves peaceably, and conforming to the laws and statutes thereof. And that the public teaching shall, in general, respect the sciences; and that the sectarian differences of opinion shall not make any part of the public and classical instruction."

The government of the College is vested in a Board of Fellows, consisting of twelve members, of whom eight, including the President, must be Baptists; and a Board of Trustees, consisting of thirty-six members, of whom twenty-two must be Baptists, five Friends or Quakers, four Congregationalists,

and five Episcopalians. These represent the different denominations existing in the State at the time when the charter was obtained. The instruction and immediate government of the College rests forever in the President and Board of Fellows.

In the autumn of the year in which the College was established, its instructions were commenced at Warren, under the direction of Mr. Manning, who was formally elected its President in September, 1765. With him was associated soon after, as tutor, Mr. David Howell, also a graduate from Princeton. In 1767, Mr. Edwards, at whose instigation the College was planned, and by whose indefatigable exertions mainly the charter was secured, was appointed an agent to solicit contributions for the College in England and Ireland. He embarked for the former country early in the next year, and returned in 1769, and presented his account with the corporation, by which it appeared that he had collected for the College £888 (sterling) 10s. 2d.; whereupon it was voted, "That the thanks of of this Corporation be given to Rev. Morgan Edwards, by the Chancellor, (Stephen Hopkins,) for his great care and attention to the interests of this society." The original document containing the subscriptions thus obtained by Mr. Edwards, has been recently deposited in the archives of the library of Brown University. Among the names of subscribers, in their own handwriting, are those of Benjamin Franklin, then residing in London, £10, and Benjamin West, £10 10s.

After the return of Mr. Edwards, the Rev. Hezekiah Smith collected funds for the College in South Carolina and Georgia, amounting in the currency of these States at that period, to £2,523 8s. 2d. Subscriptions were also obtained and collections taken up by the churches connected with the Philadelphia Association. Still the endowments of the College were so

scanty that the President, for some time, was unable to obtain his full salary.

The first Commencement was held in the meeting house at Warren, September 7, 1769, when seven young men took their first degree in the Arts. Of these, the Rev. Charles Thompson, who succeeded Dr. Manning in the pastorate of the Warren Church, took the highest honors, and pronounced the Valedictory Address. Two more of this class, says the Rev. Mr. Tustin in his dedication discourse, delivered at Warren, were eminently useful Baptist ministers; one of whom, the Rev. William Rogers, D. D., was the successor of Morgan Edwards as pastor of the church in Philadelphia, and for many years, was Professor of Oratory and Belles Lettres in the University of Pennsylvania; the other was the Rev. William Williams, for many years pastor of a church in Wrentham, Mass., and who was elected to the Fellowship of the College in 1789. Mr. Williams instructed many young men in the study of theology, and probably prepared more young men for the College than any other man since its beginning. A fourth member of this class was General James Mitchell Varnum, afterwards distinguished for his eloquence as a member of Congress from the State of Rhode Island, and who was also a Brigadier General in the American army in the war of the Revolution. A full and extremely interesting account of this Commencement is given in the "Providence Gazette and Country Journal," printed by John Carter, September 9, 1769.

The closing part of the account is as follows:

"The President concluded the exercises with prayer. The whole was conducted with a propriety and solemnity suitable to the occasion. The audience (consisting of the principal gentlemen and ladies of this Colony, and many from the neighboring governments,) though large and crowded, behaved with the utmost decorum.

"Not only the candidates, but even the

President, were dressed in American manufactures. Finally be it observed, that *this class are the first sons of that College* which has existed for more than four years; during all which time it labored under great disadvantages, notwithstanding the warm patronage and encouragement of many worthy men of fortune and benevolence; and it is hoped, from the disposition which many discovered on that day, and other favorable circumstances, that these disadvantages will soon, in part, be happily removed."

As the place for the permanent location of the College was still undetermined, the four towns of Warren, Providence, Newport and East Greenwich, in four different counties of the State, all preferred their claims as being, each respectively, the most eligible situation. The consequence was, that the public mind was greatly agitated by the contentions which grew out of these conflicting claims. Mr. Edwards, in referring to the subject, says:—"Warren was at first agreed on as a proper situation, where a small wing was to be erected in the spring of 1770, and about £800 raised towards effecting it. But soon afterwards, some who were unwilling it should be there, and some who were unwilling it should be anywhere, did so far agree as to lay aside the said location, and propose that the county which should raise the most money, should have the College."

The two ablest competitors in this contest were the towns of Providence and Newport. The latter town raised £4,000 by subscription, but Providence gained the advantage by raising £4,280; and after an earnest discussion on the merits of the conflicting claims, the Corporation, on the 7th of February, 1770, decided by a vote of twenty-one to fourteen, that the edifice be built in the town of Providence, and that there the College be continued forever. Accordingly, in the May following,

Dr. Manning, with his undergraduates, removed hither.

The work of instruction went on with regularity till the Revolution, when a gap occurs in the catalogue of Commencements, from 1777 to 1782. The College edifice recently completed, was occupied at this time by the State militia, and as a French hospital for the troops of Rochambeau. In 1786 the President was elected to Congress, where he gave his influence to the establishment of the Constitution, still retaining the College office. His appointment to this place of responsibility, which was spontaneously and unanimously conferred upon him by the General Assembly, upon his casual appearance among them, was, says Judge Pitman in his address to the Alumni, as honorable to themselves as to him. His death occurred on Friday morning, July 29th, 1791, in the 53d year of his age. His remains were carried into the College Hall, where prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, after which they were deposited in the North Burial Place. "The funeral," says the United States Chronicle, published in Providence at that time by Bennett Wheeler, "is thought to have been the most numerous and respectable ever attended in this town." Dr. Manning may be regarded in one sense as the Founder of the College, for although the plan of it originally emanated from the Philadelphia Association, as stated in the commencement of this account, it was nevertheless owing to his personal influence and exertions, that it was happily matured, and from a state of infancy and trial, nurtured and developed, until it attained, before the termination of his labors, a position of comparative affluence and respectability.

The following particulars relating to his personal appearance, habits and manners, from the graceful pen of his biographer, Professor Goddard, are appropriate in this connection :

"The advantages of a most attractive ex-

terior, Dr. Manning possessed in no common measure. His person was graceful and commanding, and his countenance was remarkably expressive of sensibility, dignity and cheerfulness." In his youth, he was noted for bodily strength and activity. These qualities he was accustomed to display in the athletic exercises common among the young men of his day, and in his mature years, in some of the severer labors of husbandry. Unpoetical as the occupation may seem, he sometimes made his own stone wall; and in the use of the scythe, he acknowledged no superior among the best trained laborers in the meadow. To his habits of vigorous muscular exercise may be attributed, in part, his excellent constitution, and the sound health, which, till within a few years of his death, he uninterruptedly enjoyed.

"The voice of Dr. Manning was not among the least of his attractions. To its extraordinary compass and harmony may, in no small degree be ascribed the vivid impression which he made upon minds. How potent is the fascination of a musical and expressive voice! How sad to think, that, in these days of almost universal accomplishment, this mighty instrument for touching the heart of man should be comparatively neglected! When in connection with a more careful culture of our moral being, the voice shall be trained to a more perfect manifestation of its powers, a charm, hitherto unfelt, will be lent to the graceful pleasures of life, and an influence of almost untried efficacy to its serious occasions.

"The manners of Dr. Manning were not less prepossessing than his personal appearance. They seemed to be the expression of that dignity and grace for which he was so remarkable, and of which he appeared to be entirely unconscious—a dignity and grace, not artificial or studied in the least, but the gift of pure nature. He was easy without negligence, and polite without affectation.

Unlike many of the distinguished men in our country, he was too well bred to adopt an air of patronage and condescension towards his inferiors either in talent or in station. As a Christian, also, he felt the importance of cultivated manners, and he acknowledged no necessary connection between the sternest fidelity to principle and the precision and austerity with which it is sometimes found associated. Like the venerable Wheelock, the founder of Dartmouth College, he abhorred all religious profession which was not marked with good manners."

"In the discipline and instruction of the College, Dr. Manning was eminently successful. He secured the obedience of his pupils, rather by the gentleness of parental persuasion than by the sternness of official authority. His instructions, which were always oral, never failed to command their attention, and to leave upon their minds a distinct impression. Classical learning was his forte, and to the classics and their cognate branches, he principally confined himself."

* * * * *

"On the Christian character of Dr. Manning his life is the best eulogy. His religion was wrought into the texture of his moral being. It exerted a pervading and habitual control, regulating his principles, tastes, habits and opinions. It exhibited no disproportions, it delighted in no bustle; it was reflected in no strong lights. In life it was his animating spirit—in death it was his sustaining hope."

In 1792 he was succeeded in the Presidency by the Rev. Jonathan Maxcy, who, the year before, upon the death of Manning, had been chosen Professor of Divinity. He was born in Attleborough, Massachusetts, in 1767. When only 33 years of age the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred upon him by Harvard University. He was, it is believed, appointed to the office of a college President the youngest, and officiated the

longest, in proportion to his years, of any person in the United States. In 1802 he succeeded Dr. Edwards in the Presidency of Union College, New York. Here he officiated with increasing reputation until 1804, when he was called to another sphere of action. In that year, upon the establishment of the South Carolina College, he received the appointment of President, and accepted it with the fond anticipation of finding a warmer clime more congenial to his constitution. Over this institution he presided until his death, which occurred in 1820, in his 53d year. His Collegiate Addresses have been recently published, in a small duodecimo form, in London. From the biographical introduction to these Addresses, by Prof. Romeo Elton, the following extracts are made:

"In his person he was rather small of stature, yet of a fine and well proportioned figure. His features were regular and manly, indicating intelligence and benevolence; and, especially in conversation and public speaking, they were strongly expressive. Grace and dignity were also combined in his movements."

"As a scholar, Dr. Maxcy held a very high rank. His stores of knowledge were varied and profound, and he had at all times the command over them. Like the celebrated Robert Hall, he appears to have evinced an early taste for metaphysical studies, and to have thoroughly understood the various systems of philosophy. To this circumstance was probably owing much of that clearness, precision and facility, which enabled him at once to separate truth from error, and to wield his arguments with irresistible effect."

"As an instructor Dr. Maxcy possessed unusual ability, and, perhaps, no President of any college in the United States ever enjoyed a higher reputation. The precision and perspicuity with which he could develop his ideas in the most appropriate language, rendered him peculiarly qualified for this office. His

numerous pupils all unite in pronouncing him, as a teacher, one of the most perfect models."

"As a preacher, Dr. Maxcy's reputation did not depend so much on any one striking excellence, as on the union of many. These were so happily combined, that it would be difficult to say which was the most prominent. His conceptions were vigorous, and were expressed in a pure, terse and eloquent style. A profound and breathless silence, and intense feeling, and a spirit of holy elevation, were the almost invariable attendants of his preaching."

"In the character of Dr. Maxcy, mental and moral worth were happily combined. And so long as genius, hallowed and sublimed by piety, shall command veneration, he will be remembered in his country as a star of the first magnitude."

The Rev. Asa Messer, a graduate of the College in 1790, succeeded Dr. Maxcy, and occupied the Presidency twenty-four years, until 1826, when he retired from office. Possessing a handsome competence, the fruit, in part, of his habitual frugality, he was enabled to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of independent leisure. His fellow-citizens, of Providence, elected him for several years to responsible municipal trusts, which he discharged with characteristic punctuality and uprightness. He died, after a short illness, in 1836, aged 65 years.

"His religious opinions," says Prof. Goddard, "especially for the last twenty years of his life, corresponded nearly to those of the General Baptists of England. He was a strenuous advocate for the supremacy of the scriptures, and for their entire sufficiency in matters of faith and practice. As a preacher, he wanted the attractive graces of elocution; but he never failed to address to the understanding and the conscience, the most clear and cogent exhibitions of the great practical truths of the Bible. For what is termed po-

lite literature he had no particular fondness, but he was a good classical scholar, and was well versed in the mathematics, and the several branches of natural philosophy. In moral science, also, we have known few better reasoners or more successful teachers. In fine, Dr. Messer was remarkable, rather for the vigor than the versatility of his powers; rather, for solid acquirement, than for captivating embellishments; rather for wisdom than for wit; rather for grave processes of ratiocination, than for the airy frolics of fancy."

It was soon after the commencement of his administration, in September, 1804, that the College received the name of Brown University, in honor of Nicholas Brown, its most distinguished benefactor. He was the son of Nicholas Brown, one of the "four brothers," (Nicholas, Joseph, John and Moses) whose comprehensive views, mercantile energy, and enlarged philanthropy, contributed so much to the prosperity of their native town, and to the growth and success of the College in the days of its infancy. Mr. Brown was born in Providence, on the fourth of April, 1769. He graduated in 1786, under the presidency of Dr. Manning, and in 1791, at the early age of twenty-two, he became a member of the Corporation. In 1796, he was elected Treasurer of the Corporation, which office he held until September, 1826, when, having been elected to the Board of Fellows, he was succeeded by the late Moses B. Ives, who retained the office until his death, August 7, 1857. During a period of nearly thirty-two years, we may remark in this connection, Mr. Ives thus superintended the financial affairs of the institution, giving to the promotion of its highest interests, his valuable time, his wise counsels, and his liberal benefactions. His death has occasioned a vacancy which will not soon be filled.

Mr. Brown, as Treasurer, had a full knowledge of the wants of the College, and prompt-

ly came forward, with unexampled liberality, to its relief. In 1804 he founded a professorship of Oratory and Belles Lettres. In 1822, he erected, at his own expense, Hope College, and in 1834, Manning Hall. His recorded benefactions to the University, during a period of more than forty years, including land and buildings, at their estimated value when given, and also bequests, amount in round numbers to one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. He died full of honors and years, surrounded by those who venerated and loved him, on the 27th of September, 1841, in the 73d year of his age. His son, Mr. John Carter Brown, it should be added, continues the same generous interest in the welfare and progress of the University, which characterized his father's life from early manhood throughout.

Mr. Messer was succeeded in the Presidency by the Rev. Francis Wayland, in 1827. His administration has been distinguished by many important reforms in the government of the College, and in the distribution of its studies. He resigned his office in 1855, having been the executive head of the University twenty eight years, during which period he administered its affairs with consummate ability, and by his personal character, and the genius and spirit of his writings, greatly extended the reputation of the College, until for sound learning and morals, it has come to be regarded as second to no institution in the land. The external monuments of his presidency, the halls and mansion which have been added to the University buildings, the noble Library and the fund that secures its perpetual growth, the recent munificent endowment of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and the increased provisions for the highest education, have all been reared, either directly or indirectly, by his untiring energy and zeal; and they will perpetuate to coming generations the priceless services to education which he has thus rendered, while those who

have received his instructions, will bear testimony to the power of his teachings, and the thoroughness of his discipline.

Dr. Wayland was born in New York, of English parentage, in 1796. He graduated at Union College in 1813, at which institution he was afterwards tutor, for a period of five years, during the latter part of which time he preached to a congregation at Burnt Hills. He has recently been engaged in supplying the pulpit of the First Baptist Church and Society in Providence.

He was succeeded in the Presidency by the Rev. Barnas Sears, who was unanimously elected to this high office at a special meeting of the Corporation held on the 21st of August, 1855. Dr. Sears was born in Sandisfield, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in 1802, and graduated at the University in 1825, under President Messer. In 1829 he was appointed to a Professorship in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, New York, now Madison University, where he remained until 1833, when he left for Europe, and spent several years in the study of Theology, Classical Literature, and Philosophy, at the Universities of Halle, Leipsic, and Berlin. Upon his return he was appointed to a Professorship in the Theological Seminary at Newton, Massachusetts, where he remained twelve years. In 1848 he was called to the post, made vacant by the resignation of the Hon. Horace Mann, of Secretary and Executive Agent of the Massachusetts Board of Education, which place he filled with distinguished usefulness and honor, for a period of seven years. In these several situations, all of them connected with the interests of education and learning, Dr. Sears has become widely known to the public, and by his professional labors and published writings has acquired a high reputation for superior talents and varied scholarship. He was thus preëminently fitted to become the successor of Wayland

and Messer, Marcy and Manning. His administration as the President of the University has thus far been highly successful, while his unvarying courtesy and kind genial spirit have won for him the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the universal love of the students.

The University at present has four college buildings or halls, and a mansion house for the President, as follows: University Hall, built in 1770-1, of brick, four stories high, 150 feet long and 46 wide, with a projection in the centre on the east and west sides, of 10 by 32, containing 58 rooms for officers and students; Hope College, built in 1821-2, of brick, four stories high, 120 feet long and 40 wide, containing 48 rooms for officers and students, including two halls for the Philermenian and United Brothers Societies; Manning Hall, built in 1834, of stone covered with cement, 90 feet in length, including the portico, by 42 in width, two stories high, containing upon the first floor the Library room, and upon the second the Chapel; Rhode Island Hall, built in 1839-40, of stone covered with cement, 70 feet long by 42 wide, with a projection on the west side of 12 by 26, two stories high, containing on the first floor two lecture rooms for the Professors of Chemistry and of Natural Philosophy, on the second floor an ample hall for the Cabinet of Mineralogy and Geology, Portraits, &c., and in the basement a Chemical Laboratory suitable for conducting chemical analysis, and the various processes of chemistry applied to the Arts. Its enclosures are graded and adorned with stately elms, comprising, with its adjoining grounds, upwards of 14 acres of land, situated in the eastern section of the city, between Waterman, Brown, George and Prospect streets. Its invested funds, including the Library Fund, amount to two hundred thousand dollars. The College Library contains 28,000 carefully selected bound volumes, besides a large collection of unbound pamphlets. The Society Lib-

raries present, in addition, an aggregate of 6000 volumes. The last triennial catalogue, published in 1856, gives the entire number of graduates as 1809, of whom 1212 are now living. Of this number of graduates 506 have been ordained as ministers, of whom 334 are now living.

The present number of undergraduates is 225. The officers of instruction are the President, eight professors and an assistant professor, besides the librarian, whose duties are confined to his particular department. There are two vacations, one commencing about the last week in January, of three weeks; and another, commencing about the second week in July, of eight weeks. Besides these there are two recesses of one week each. The Annual Commencement exercises occur on the first Wednesday in September, during which week candidates for admission to the College are examined.

The Three Callers.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls, but he still thinks of naught, save
playing:
And so she smiles, and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no
more.
Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young, fair face, from bower of jasmine
glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.
Night tappeth at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire-light flickering faint and low,
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go;
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark,—and he returns no more!

CHARLES SWAIN.

For the Schoolmaster.

✓ Jeremy Taylor.

—
H.

Sketch of his Life and Character and the Times
—*His Style—Specimens of his Power as a*
Writer—Examples of his use of Illustration
—*Conclusion.*

Born, 1613; died, 1667.

James I.—1603–1625. Charles I.—1625–1649.

The Commonwealth—1649–1653.

The Protectorate—1653–1660. Charles II.—
1660–1685.

JEREMY TAYLOR was a witness of the stormy scenes of the English Revolution. He lived to see the short reign of Charles, the martyr, best known by his faithlessness, the overthrow of the power of that perfidious king, the struggle which seated Cromwell in the chair of state, and finally, the revulsion of power after the death of Charles the First, which restored his son, Charles the Second, to the throne of the Stuarts. Through all the fortunes of Charles, this good man remained loyal to his king. He chose the side of the friends of the crown, and when they were conquered, he shared in their tribulations.

His birth was obscure. He was the son of a barber in Cambridge, in which town he received his elementary education. The talents which he possessed developed themselves very early in life. At thirteen, he entered Caius College, at Cambridge, and soon after he received his degree of Master of Arts, he became public lecturer at St. Paul's, in London. The excellence of his discourses, the beauty and grace of his person attained for him a richly merited fame.

The notorious Land was then Archbishop of Canterbury. He soon heard of the rare and genuine talents of the young preacher and became interested in his welfare. Although the name of Land suggests little of himself besides selfishness and misguided ambition, it is worthy of some honor on account of the

direction which that head-strong man, from some strange motive, gave to the growing talent of Taylor. He sent him to Oxford. Here the mental culture and training fitted him still better for his duties, while his lovely character gained for him the esteem of all who knew him. The Archbishop advanced Taylor to the rectory of Uppingham, whence he was promoted to the office of king's chaplain.

At this time, on account of the ambition of Charles and the distrust of his subjects, occurred that revolution which ended in placing the king and his party under the domination of the Roundheads, and which made Cromwell and his army the ruling power of the state. The fortunes and prospects of Taylor, in common with those of the same political opinion, were ruined. Taylor sought refuge from the storm, probably in Wales, where it is said he supported himself by teaching, and that he was attached as chaplain to the royal army. It is asserted that he was actually taken prisoner in one of the revolutionary battles.

On the restoration of Charles II. were bestowed upon him the bishoprics of Down and Connor and Dromore, in Ireland. These favors were granted, possibly, in common with others, on account of his attachment to the crown. The degree of D. D. was also conferred upon him, and afterwards the office of vice chancellor to the University of Dublin.

The honors received by this worthy man, who, like all truly great men, was truly humble, and the contemplation, in his retirement, of the various and abrupt changes of scene in the political drama which was then enacting, strengthened his moral character, educated his judgment and furnished him with ample material for the study of human nature in its varied circumstances. To the truth of this assertion, the character of his writings bears abundant testimony.

His productions are distinguished for richness of illustration, for grace and dignity and for that directness and honesty which convinces more powerfully than argument. There is, indeed, in his writings, more of *evidence* than of *argument*. His is less the plea of a skilful lawyer than the charge of an experienced judge. In the mind there is no opposition to his precepts. He carries his readers with him, in his opinions, and he not only convinces, but he gains them. As illustrations of this power are the following examples given, from his "Holy Living and Dying," first, under the head of Purity of Intention :

"Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or form to its matter, or the root to the tree, or the sun to the world, or the fountain to a river, or the base to a pillar; for without these, the body is a dead trunk, the matter is sluggish, the tree is a block, the world is darkness, the river is quickly dry, the pillar rushes into flatness and a ruin; and the action is sinful or unprofitable and vain. The poor farmer, that gave a dish of cold water to Artaxerxes, was rewarded with a golden goblet; and he that gives the same to a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall have a crown: but if he gives water in despite, when the disciple needs wine or cordial, his reward shall be to want that water to cool his tongue."

2. The Presence of God :

"The consideration of this great truth is of a very universal use, in the whole course of the life of a Christian. All the consequences and effects of it are universal. He that remembers that God stands as a witness and a judge, beholding every secrecy besides his impiety, must have put on impudence, if he be not much restrained in his temptation to sin. For the greatest part of sin is taken away, if a man have witness of his conversation. He

is to be feared in public; he is to be feared in private; if you go forth he spies you; if you go in, he sees you; when you light the candle, he observes you; when you put it out, then also God marks you. Be sure that while you are in his sight, you behave yourself as becomes so holy a presence.' But if you will sin, retire yourself wisely, and go where God cannot see; for no where else can you be safe. And certainly, if men would always actually consider, and really esteem this truth, that God is the great eye of the world, always watching over our actions, and an ever-open ear to hear all our words, and an unwearied arm ever lifted to crush a sinner into ruin, it would be the readiest way in the world, to make sin cease from amongst the children of men and for men to approach to the blessed estate of the saints in heaven, who cannot sin for they always walk in the presence, and behold the face of God."

3. The Value of Time :

"It is very remarkable, that God who giveth plenteously to all creatures, he hath scattered the firmament with stars, as a man sows corn in his fields, in a multitude bigger than the capacities of human order; he hath made so much variety of creatures, and gives us great choice of meats and drinks, although any one of both kinds would have served our needs; and so in all necessities of nature; yet in the distribution of our time God seems to be straight-handed and gives it to us, not as nature gives us rivers, enough to drown us, but drop by drop, minute after minute, so that we can never have two minutes together, but he takes away one when he gives us another. This should teach us to value our time, since God so values it, and by his so small distribution of it, tells us it is the most precious thing we have."

A fine specimen of true poetry, an instance of the author's exquisite power in illustration, is the well-known passage—

Jeremy Taylor's description of the Lark, which they who have not patience to read the preceding extracts will find worthy a careful perusal. It is in illustration of the subject, Prayer :

"For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man."

There is sweetness and grace in the diction of the following story.

The Imitation of Christ :

"It is reported in the Bohemian story, that St. Wenceslaus, their king, one winter night going to his devotions, in a remote church, barefooted in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant Podavivus, who waited upon his master's piety, and endeavored to imitate his affections, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same footsteps, which his feet should mark for him: the servant did so, and either fancied a cure, or found one; for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps for him in the snow. In the same manner does the blessed Jesus."

These examples may give some ideas of the style of the writer whom we have been studying. In this day of haste and unnatural ex-

citement, let us set aside a quiet hour for patient, serious thought on sober subjects, turning back upon the records of the olden time, to contemplate their beauty and their sterling worth, the offspring of thoughtful application. Many old thoughts which are still fresh and vigorous, many fields of beauty and of solid pleasure lie within the works of those writers of whose class Jeremy Taylor was a representative.

J. W. O.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Jests of Hierocles.

THE principle in human nature, which causes men to delight in jokes and jests is universal. The "Yankee Notions," the "London Punch," the "Paris Charivari," and their German counterpart, the "Fliegende Blätter," afford sufficient evidence of the prevailing taste for such literature among the most enlightened nations of our own age; while the sportive sallies, which often lie in wait behind the solemn looking Greek type of Aristophanes, or sparkle in the dignified hexameters of Juvenal, supply a proof of the love of jesting among the men of olden time. Nor are such works by any means valueless to the philosophic student of men and manners. A single satirical scene in the comedy of the "Clouds" often gives a far clearer insight into the hearts and homes of Athens, than many a duller and more sober page of Plutarch. There are innumerable passages in Terence, and in the Satires of Horace, which illustrate the intellectual and the moral peculiarities of representative men from all classes of Roman society with a more picturesque air of reality than ever surrounds the beautiful compositions of Cicero. Indeed our clearest, if not our only correct, ideas of the manners of the Augustan age are due to the assiduous trifling of the "friend of Mæcenas."

Displays of intellectual agility also promote

our appreciation of the characteristics of men distant from us in time and place. On how much more familiar terms we are with Samson, after he has proposed his riddle to the Philistines! How much more closely we sympathize with the hero, Œdipus, when he displays the identity of our own human nature with his by solving the question of the Sphinx, "What being with four feet has two feet, and three feet, and only one voice; whose feet vary, and when it has most is the weakest?"

In the light of a *study in human nature*, a certain sort of value and interest surrounds the jests of Hierocles. The authorship of these Greek "*jeu d'esprits*," is generally imputed to a New Platonist, who lived in Alexandria about the middle of the fifth century, and acquired celebrity by his commentary on the Golden Verses of Pythagoras. Whatever opinion may prevail in respect of their authenticity however, there can be no doubt that these productions are worthy of our notice as illustrations of the modes of thought of both writer and readers at a very early period. They were first drawn from the obscurity of the manuscript by Marq. Freherus, Landenburg, 1606, and have since been printed in several different forms at Leipsic, Paris, and London.

A translation of a few of these jests will show that *Irish Bulls* were sometimes heard in the streets of Alexandria, and that some, at least, of our most brilliant newspaper witticisms have come out of the land of Egypt.

The most unpalatable feature to "R. I. Schoolmasters" is the fact, that all the jokes are *cracked* at the expense of "Scholasticus," the type of a class of foolish pedants, who devoted all their leisure to unpractical speculations. It is curious to trace the origin of this word "Scholasticus." It is derived from *Scholè*, meaning literally, *leisure*, but in fact exactly our own word *school*. From this root, "Scholasticus" gains two significations, in

each of which it is probably used by Hierocles: 1st. A school-man, or man of leisure, who improves his time, but grows unpractical. 2d. A lazy, ignorant man of leisure, who has neither theoretical nor practical wisdom. What a sermon to *school-men* of the present day is wrapped up in the etymology of this single word! Among the brilliant sayings and doings of this class of persons are the following. The first reminds us of the New England clergyman who carefully replanted all his young bean-plants in a reversed position, thinking that nature had made a mistake in her first *intention*.

1. A silly fellow having a cask of Aminean wine impressed his seal on the orifice. But his servant having bored through it from below, and drawn out some of the wine, the master wondered to see that it had decreased before the seals were broken. "See if it is not drawn from below," said his friend. "You fool," he answered, "the empty space is not at the *bottom*; it's at the *top*."

2. Another stupid pedant going out into his fields asked the servant if the water in the well there was good to drink. Being answered that it was, for his parents had drunk of it, he exclaimed, "What long necks they must have had to drink from such a deep well!"

3. A foolish school-man being told that crows would live upwards of *two hundred* years, bought one to try the experiment.

This is obviously the production of a mind similar to that which made up the common story in our own country about the cedar-posts that have been again and again proved to be capable of "lasting forever."

So the next strongly resembles the story now imputed to an Irishman.

4. A stupid fellow suffering shipwreck in a storm, when he saw each of his companions embracing some piece of furniture for safety, threw his arms around one of the anchors.

5. A silly pedant wishing to know if he looked well asleep, shut his eyes and looked in the glass.

One of *our* commonest jokes is told of—

6. A silly fellow, who, wishing to learn to swim, was almost drowned. So he swore that he would never touch the water again till he had learned to swim.

7. Another, wishing to teach his horse to live without eating much, gave him no food at all. When finally the horse starved to death, his master said, "I have met with a great loss, for my poor horse died just at the very time that he had learned to live without eating."

8. Another wishing to sell his house carried round a stone for a sample.

9. A foolish school-man meeting another said, "I heard that you were dead." "But you see I am not," he returned. At that the silly fellow answered, "I would believe the man who told me a great deal quicker than I would you."

10. One of two brothers died, and a foolish fellow meeting the other, asked, "Is it you that are dead, or is it your brother?"

11. A simpleton wishing to cross a river went aboard the ferry boat on horse-back. "Why do you do so?" some one asked. "To go quicker," said he.

One or two of the jests pertain more particularly to the life of the student.

12. A foolish scholar, suffering from hunger, sold his books and bought himself a dinner. Writing to his father soon afterwards, he said, "Congratulate me, father, for I have begun to get my living by my books."

13. A stupid fellow's friend wrote to him in Greece to buy him some books. But he neglected to do it until unexpectedly meeting his friend he exclaimed, "I never got your letter about those books."

A few have never appeared in any English dress, so far as we know.

14. A silly fellow meeting his friend, exclaimed, "I saw you in a dream the other night." "Pardon me," said the other, "that I did not notice you."

15. A foolish pedant, seeing some sparrows on a tree, crept slyly under and shook it, spreading out his lap to catch them.

16. A stupid fellow meeting a physician exclaimed, "Pardon me, and do not blame me for being so *well*."

17. A silly "Scholasticus" went to visit a sick friend, and asked him how he did. But he was too weak to answer. This made him so angry that he exclaimed, "I hope I shall be sick before long, and I wont answer *you* if you come to see me."

The examples which we have given afford sufficient evidence of the similar tastes of Greeks in Egypt, and of Anglo Saxons in America, if we may judge by the avidity with which such jests are now collected for newspapers and "Editors' Drawers."

For the Schoolmaster.
School Exhibitions.

THE following letter, from an esteemed correspondent, a Rhode Island teacher, brings to our attention a subject of great importance.

He writes that the thoughts here presented have been long struggling for expression; and remarks that after the letter was commenced he read that "a resolution was introduced before the meeting of the school committee of Providence, in relation to school exhibitions." The Providence Journal of Feb. 13, gives the following report of the proceedings of the school committee relative to the subject:

"Mr. Barstow offered a resolution, directing the Superintendent of Public Schools to inform the teachers of the several schools that in the exhibitions, at the close of the spring terms, the committee will expect an absence of all scenic representations and costumes

The resolution gave rise to debate, but no action was taken upon the question of its adoption."

HOME, Feb. 15, 1858.

DEAR SCHOOLMASTER:

People of late have labored to convince honest men that theaters are the best teachers of sound morality, but I, sitting at my fireside, have not yet become won to that belief. After questioning many good men on the matter and reading some pages of the history of the drama, I am surprised to find that the opinions of a majority of men of wisdom and sense agree with my own. I have been searching, too, for the benefits of stage instruction, and am compelled to say that I have been disappointed in my search. Those who attend most seem to be benefitted least. I finally arrive at the conclusion that as the tendency of such displays must be either good or bad, and as it is certainly not always good, it may be very bad. And this result follows legitimately from the character of the exhibitions. There is danger, and danger ought to be avoided, unless it be essential to embrace it.

• Since there is danger, Mr. Schoolmaster, in attending a theater, there must be wrong in leading one to desire to attend such displays. Now I come to the subject.

Those school exhibitions which introduce costumes or other stage effects, such as curtains, scenes, or footlights, extracts from plays or the whole of plays, are nothing less than theaters on a small scale, wherein the performers are boys and girls, the curtains and the costumes *impromptu* and the scenes ill-painted, if any there be.—But these are only less magnificent and beautiful than in the complete theater because the means of the performers or of the directors will not allow. These facts are self-evident. Perhaps one reader of this letter may have witnessed, as I have, in school exhibitions, the green-room of continuous

coverlets and the open stage, or the full costume, the scenery and the drop curtain of some village dramatic club.

Is it easy to convince an intelligent boy that he may innocently attend, on Monday night, the school exhibition, and that it is wicked on Tuesday night to listen to the performance of a dramatic club who employ the same scenes and costumes, and represent the same play that his companions had borrowed the night before? Or is it easy for any candid man to convince himself that if a play be wrong in one place it is right in another? I do not imagine that even the atmosphere of a church can consecrate the "Lady of Lyons" to the spiritual good of its hearers, or that "Uncle Tom" is so good as not to become contaminated by the association of the Museum.

Truly yours, JOHN.

For the Schoolmaster.
Dido and Æneas.

A CLASS in Virgil, consisting of nine misses [nine muses], came to the account of Æneas' leaving Dido so unceremoniously, which is given in the Æneid, Book iv. lines 554—584, and were so incensed at the Trojan leader for such conduct, as well as at Mercury for advising him to such a course, and for uttering the sentiment found in line 571—*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina!*—that they indignantly read the line, *Varium et mutabile semper homo!* and afterwards burned Æneas in effigy. They would probably have served Mercury in the same manner had he not been one of the Immortals. The following appeared as the composition of a member of the class, a few days after: ED.

DIDO ET DUX TROJANUS.

*Pulchram fœminam jam cano
Nominè Didonem,
Læssam perditò et vano,
Audito sermonem.*

Ages past, in land far distant,
 Dwelt a queen in gorgeous state;
 Ruled her realm without assistant;
 Planned her city vast and great.

 She had risen to her station
 With strong will and lofty mind,
 Founder of a powerful nation,
 Loved and honored by her kind.

 Of a generous, noble nature,
 Sordid objects she despised;
 Dreamed she of a glorious future
 Quickly to be realized.

 To the state her thoughts were given;
 Its advancement was her care;
 Favored by the powers of heaven
 Soon she built a city fair.

 Radiant in her youth and beauty
 With Diana's witching grace;
 All intent on her high duty,
 Nobly tolled she for her race.

 True to one long since departed,—
 He she loved was in the tomb,—
 All her suitors disregarded
 Shared alike the unwelcome doom.

 But it might not last forever—
 Life so calm and gentle peace;
 Lofty aims and high endeavor,
 Overruled by fate, must cease.

 There appeared a princely stranger,
 With Apollo's graceful mien;
 Dido blind to threatening danger—
 Woman still,—forgot the queen.

 Venus, child of deep blue ocean,
 Goddess fair of grace and love,
 Urged her on to mad devotion,
 Though with scruples, long she strove.

 Who can, whether high or lowly,
 Circumvent all Cupid's arts?
 Who can say, and say it truly,
 Love sways not the strongest hearts.

 If, perchance, bright dreams romantic
 Often tinged her musing hours,
 Blame her not, ye minds pedantic,
 Only blame the Higher Powers!

Claiming pity,—called the Pious,—
 Truth seemed graven on his brow;
 Handsome,—Goddess-born Æneas!—
 Dido worshipped—loved him now.

 Friendship offered no resistance;
 Dido yielded heart and state
 To the light of her existence,
 Trusting for a worthy fate.

 Had he, as she fondly deemed him,
 Proved as nobly good as fair,
 That bright hour when she received him,
 Ne'er had changed to dark despair.

 But he left her broken hearted
 Without word of hope or cheer;
 O'er the sea in haste departed;
 Heaved no sigh and shed no tear!

 Wild with grief, to phrensy maddened,
 And consumed by hidden fire,
 Hopes all blighted, life all saddened,
 Died queen Dido on the pyre.

 Say not, to excuse the traitor,
 "Fate had willed that this should be;"
 Find the cause in *man's* own nature,
 "*Varium et mutabile*!!"

M. L. B....

Young Ladies' High School, New London,
 Ct., January, 1868.

Reunion of the Young Ladies' High School.

It is known to many of our readers that the present School Commissioner of our state, John Kingsbury, LL. D., has for many years been the teacher of a Young Ladies' High School in this city. It may not be known to them all that he has been the *sole teacher of one school for thirty years*. We do not know where a parallel case can be found.

We copy at length from the Providence Journal the following admirably written report of the "Reunion" of the members, past and present, of this school, which took place February 6, in Manning Hall, Brown University. Our readers will allow us to call their

especial attention to the address of Commissioner Kingsbury, particularly to that portion relative to means for securing punctuality and regular attendance.—Ed.

"Seldom has there been a more interesting event in the city of Providence than the one which took place yesterday morning in the College chapel, the reunion of the members, past and present, of the Young Ladies' High School. The hall was well filled, mostly with ladies of course, of all ages (if it is proper to speak of age) and sizes, from the slender maiden of fifteen to the portly matron of—no matter how many years. A few of the sterner sex graced the assembly with their presence, chiefly fathers, husbands and sons of some of the pupils. Among the honorary guests were Rev. Dr. Wayland, Rev. Dr. Sears, Professors Caswell, Chace, Gammell, Lincoln and Dunn, Hon. George P. Marsh, His Excellency Gov. Dyer, Rev. Dr. Crocker, Rev. Dr. Crane, Rev. Daniel Leach, Rev. Dr. Swain, Dr. Tobey, and Mr. Amos Perry, the successor of Mr. Kingsbury.

At the hour for commencing the exercises of the morning, Dr. Tobey led to the pulpit Rev. Dr. Wayland, who was to be the chairman on this interesting occasion. Rev. Dr. Swain then offered prayer, after which was sung, to the tune of Old Hundred, the following hymn, composed by a recent pupil, Professor Fuller presiding at the melodeon :

A grateful band we come to-day,
Within these sacred walls to pay
A parting tribute to our guide,
Who led our steps to wisdom's tide.

Here are the friends we loved of yore,
With whom we studied earthly lore;
Who trod with us the paths of truth,
In those light hearted days of youth.

Gone from us now those sunny hours,
Vanished like dew-drops from the flowers ;

Passed like the mist from off the hill,
Yet memory fond recalls them still.

Within a generation's span,
The union ends which then began ;
Above, in heaven, oh, may there be
A union for eternity.

DR. WAYLAND'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Wayland then made a short, but capital address, in which he said perhaps it was necessary for him to say something of the nature of the occasion which had called us out this morning, though he thought the occasion sufficiently explained itself. To him it was a very interesting event, for he had witnessed the beginning of the Institution, and had watched it through all the intervening years up to the close of it under its first Principal. At the beginning doubt was entertained whether such an enterprise as a Young Ladies' High School in Providence could succeed. New York, Philadelphia, and Boston might have such schools, but it was doubtful whether one could be sustained in Providence. Mr. Kingsbury thought differently. He knew us better than we knew ourselves. He commenced his school, and so well did he succeed, that at the close of the first term, he had applicants sufficient to fill another school of the same size. He did not condescend to cater to fluctuating public opinion, but went on in a manly, honest and straight-forward manner. He would have a school that should be an honor to Providence, or he would have none at all. What his school has been, is known to all in the community. He has succeeded, as I venture to say, no other man could have succeeded. The result of his labors, the influence of his instructions are seen in almost every family. Not only is a tribute due to him from his pupils, but from the city at large. Not only has he left his mark on his own school, but his influence has been felt in the cause of education in general throughout the state, nay,

I may add, throughout the country. How much he has done for Brown University, how he has labored in building up churches, in helping on the Art Association! In short, he has laid his hands on nothing which he has not adorned, he has begun nothing that he has not completed. The young ladies that have been educated under his fostering, superintending care may well be called the 'jewels of the city of Providence;' which sentiment was received with applause, and called forth complacent smiles and congratulatory looks from those who had been so fortunate as to have one or more of those 'jewels' shining around his domestic board.

MR. KINGSBURY'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Kingsbury, being called upon by the chairman to give some account of the school, said that the task which he assumed was extremely difficult. To give the history of a school under the charge of one individual for thirty years, and that individual himself, made the "*Quorum pars magna fui*" too obvious not to expose him to censure. Yet he knew no other way but to use the little but offensive word from whence egotism comes, and then throw himself upon the kindness of his hearers.

ORIGIN AND DESIGN OF THE SCHOOL.

Just thirty-two years ago, while Mr. Kingsbury was a student in Brown University, Mr. G. A. DeWitt, of the Providence High School, invited him to become an associate Principal in the instruction and management of that institution. The Young Ladies' High School was, at first, a separate department of the larger institution, and hence its name.

A circular was sent forth to announce the opening of this department, and it was the only advertisement ever used to attract public attention. In this circular the following language was used:

'Our object in the establishment of this department is to afford young ladies such facili-

ties for education that they will be under less necessity of spending abroad the most important period of their lives—a period in which a mother's judicious care is so necessary to the formation of character. In this undertaking we look for support only among those who wish their daughters to acquire a thorough education. No attempt will be made to gain the approbation of such as would prefer showy and superficial accomplishments to a well-regulated mind.'

SUCCESS OF THE SCHOOL.

The enterprise was regarded as chimerical, and certain to end in failure. With all its deficiencies, however, in one respect, at least, it has not failed. The number was limited, at first, to thirty-six, and afterwards to forty. This number was increased to forty-three, after the erection of the present building, and has remained the fixed number till to-day. At the end of six months the complement of scholars was made up. Since that period, the number of applications for admittance, in advance of the full number, has not been less than twenty. It has often been fifty and sixty, and at the time when he decided to close his connection with it, the number was thirty-two. The whole number admitted has been five hundred and fifty-seven, eighty of whom have died. Forty of these were married and forty were unmarried. The whole number who have married is two hundred and eighty-two; consequently two hundred and seventy-five remain single. Eighty-one of the whole number have been named Mary, sixty-one Sarah or Sally, fifty-one Eliza or Elizabeth.

SCHOOLS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

To form some estimate of the difficulty of organizing and sustaining such a school, we must remember that a great change in public sentiment has taken place in the last thirty years. Parents now are more anxious to have their children educated, teachers are more re-

spected and receive a better compensation. As an illustration, Mr. Kingsbury was reminded by one of his college friends that it would be throwing himself away to engage in the business of teaching for life. In further illustration of the change, the range of studies was very limited in girls' schools. The study of Latin and mathematics was ridiculed, and the boys, in derision, would say, "There goes the man who teaches the girls Latin." The price of tuition in the highest classical school in the city was five dollars per quarter; and teachers were almost offended that the new school should charge \$12 50, not perceiving that they would be the gainers by the change. Public school teachers received \$500 per year. Some private school teachers were so much injured that their income in less than two years was doubled. Vacations also afford another illustration. Private schools had no vacation unless the time was lost to the teacher; public schools had four days, viz., the Friday following each quarterly examination, which took place on Thursday.

SCHOOL-HOUSES THIRTY YEARS AGO.

School-rooms were frequently nothing more than rooms cast off as unfit for mechanical purposes. The rudest and cheapest furniture was generally procured for these rooms, and thus a wretched contrast was first presented to those who had come from well-furnished houses at home.

A building standing where the present one now stands, which had been used as a school by the venerable Oliver Angell, Esq., of this city, was entirely refitted, and a carpet was placed on the floor; the first carpet, probably, in our country, covering an entire school-room floor. Desks covered with broadcloth, and chairs instead of high-backed board seats were provided. Many exclaimed, what a pity to waste so much money! But the desks and chairs, after thirty years' use, may with care

last thirty years more. Novelty caused people to flock to see the new school-room, and one man came from Kentucky for this purpose. The old room was low studded and badly ventilated, and at the end of twenty years gave way to the present beautiful and commodious structure. The old building, out of deference to early scholars, was pulled down and burned, lest it might be desecrated as the residence of some degraded specimen of humanity.

MEANS FOR SECURING REGULAR ATTENDANCE.

Mr. Kingsbury gave some account of the means taken to secure punctuality and regular attendance. An account of every minute's deficiency has been kept, which has resulted in a great degree of success. Many have attended an entire year without one mark against their names, while the marking has been so rigid that if a scholar were half way from the door to her seat when the clock struck she could not escape. A considerable number have attended two years, one three and one quarter years, and another four entire years without a single failure. The teacher has lost at three different times in the thirty years, eleven weeks, and has been one minute late, which, as he was within the door as the clock struck, he desired to have taken off from against his name.

EXAMINATIONS.

He also gave an account of the examination of several classes at an early period of the history of the school. The largest examination that was ever held in the school lasted three days, when a class of five pupils graduated. A testimonial from the examining committee, of which Dr. Wayland was chairman, was then read by Professor Lincoln, after which Mr. Kingsbury resumed. In 1834, another class of five graduated, and another public examination was held, which lasted two days. A reminiscence from that class will be read presently.

After these examinations, it was thought that the school was sufficiently well known to justify their discontinuance; and though the school has ever been open to parents and friends of education, no public examinations or exhibitions have been held for many years. Mr. K. spoke of his methods of awakening the interest of his pupils in study; his mode of governing, or endeavoring to govern, so that he could hope to appeal from the school girl to the woman; and for the want of time, he stated what he had aimed to make some of the characteristics of the school, and if the result may be regarded as successful, some of the secrets of success. He closed by alluding to the women he had educated, and said, even if he had nothing to do in producing the results, he felt a disposition to challenge the world to produce a more intelligent, a more efficient, a wiser, or a nobler band. In allusion to his successor, he said, "that while men die, institutions live. Though I leave the Young Ladies' High School to-day, the institution lives. May he who will assume the charge meet with the same favor from this community which I have received, and may the results of his labor be more successful and satisfactory than mine."

After Mr. Kingsbury sat down, Professor Lincoln read the piece alluded to above as a reminiscence of the class of 1834; after which, Professor Dunn read a poem from a member of the same class. Professor Lincoln then read a poem on Woman from another former pupil of the school, followed by Professor Dunn, who read an amusing and stirring ode written by a more recent member of the institution.

PRESIDENT SEARS' ADDRESS.

Rev. Dr. Sears then took the floor, and made an address through which ran a vein of pleasant wit and humor. He said that a little while ago he received a letter from a lady

at the South, who wished to have the honorary degree of A. M. conferred upon her. He answered her as politely as he could, to the effect that if degrees were conferred by Brown University upon ladies of merit, there would be so many worthy of receiving such a degree, that more honors would be showered by this University than by any other institution in the country. And he must confess, that in view of the audience before him, he was sorry he was not on the platform of the old Baptist meeting house, ready to do the handsome thing towards the graduates of this school. If any were surprised at receiving an invitation from Mr. Kingsbury to meet him this morning in the College chapel, when he had somewhat objected, in former times, to his pupils receiving calls from the students, he would merely say that as it was vacation in college, no harm could possibly occur from this gathering of young ladies in Manning Hall. He then paid a fine tribute of respect to Mr. Kingsbury, to his zeal in the cause of education, enlarging afterwards on the influence of woman, well-educated woman, on the community at large.

Then was sung, in the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the following

ODE,

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION BY HON. WM. M. BODMAN.

Memory wreathes each heart this day,

While old and young combine

To chant a grateful roundelay,

To golden days, lang syne.

To auld lang syne, this day,

We garlands twine;

And sing a joyous roundelay

To auld lang syne.

The school house stands on yonder street,

Where we so loved to rove;

And classic seems that calm retreat,

Our academic grove.

Then to auld lang syne, this day, &c.

Now gently sweep the pensive lyre,
While tears like dew drops shine;
And softly touch each throbbing wire,
To days of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And thou, kind teacher, father, guide,
For thee, a wreath we twine;
And place it round thy brow with pride,
For deeds of love, lang syne.
Aye for auld lang syne, &c.

Those days lang syne, when thou wert young,
Like present moments shine;
Then take from lip, and heart, and tongue,
A song for auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And when thy faith is changed to sight,
And years no more are thine;
May heaven be filled with mem'ries bright,
Of earth-born days, lang syne.
And may we all together meet,
Where loves immortal twine;
And gathered round our Saviour's feet,
Chant songs of love divine.

And thus ended this pleasant gathering, for pleasant and genial it was, though a tinge of sadness was thrown over the occasion from the fact that he who had been Principal of this institution for thirty years was now to end his connection with it. As changes occur oftener now than they did when the world was not so stirring, it will probably never occur again, at least not in our city, that the pupils of a school shall assemble to bid farewell to a teacher who has presided over one institution thirty years, who has had two generations, the mother and daughter, under his instruction.

In the afternoon and evening, a large number of citizens, both ladies and gentlemen, paid their respects to Mr. Kingsbury at his house.

EACH day brings its labor, and happy is he who loves his duty too well to neglect it.

What Kind of Words to Use.

Use simple, familiar Anglo Saxon words, in preference to those of Latin and French origin.

The latter may seem finer and more high sounding, but the former are stronger and more expressive, and you will be able to set forth more clearly in them what you have to say. If your thought is a great one, simple words will well befit it; and if it is trifling or commonplace, your grand phrases will only make it seem ridiculous. Father, mother, brother, sister, home, happiness, heaven; sun, moon, stars, light, heat; to sit, to stand, to go, to run, to stagger, are Anglo Saxon words; as are most of those used to express habitual actions, and designate persons and objects familiar and dear to us. We may say in Latin English, "Felicity attends virtue," but "Well being arises from well-doing"—Saxon-English—is a far better wording of the same idea. Mark the strength, expressiveness and majestic movement of the following lines from Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon:

"For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts beat but once, and forever lay still!"

The French and Latin elements of our language, of course, have their place and use, and cannot be left out; but the Anglo Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.—*How to Write.*

REPUTATION is rarely proportioned to virtue. We have seen a thousand people esteemed, either for the merit they had not yet attained, or for that they no longer possessed.
St. Evremond.

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.

ANSWERS to the Geographical Enigma in the February number have been received from "J. W. C.," Fall River; "M., A., R., A.," "Manfred," and "Raymond," Providence.

Answer:—Arno, Smyrna, Okeechobee, Boston, Antioch, Campeche, Nahant, Newport, New York, Snow, Henry. My whole—A person is known by the company he keeps.

For the Schoolmaster.

Enigma of Natural Curiosities.

We wish to ask our readers, one and all, to send in the answer, if they can get it, to the following enigma. It is not our intention by this department simply to furnish amusement for the children, but to *instruct* as well as amuse, and that too, the older readers as well as the children.

We venture to say that there is more *real instruction* in the following enigma than in the ordinary reading of many persons for a week.

We *guess* (?) this will puzzle some of our readers. Will every one who is fortunate enough to get the answer send it to us?—Ed.

I AM COMPOSED OF NINETY-NINE LETTERS.

My 77, 31, 62, 54, is an island in the Pacific Ocean, under the entire width of which extends a tunnel navigable for boats.

My 77, 82, 23, 85, 12, 30, 2, 90, 16, is the port where the above curiosity is found.

My 18, 72, 53, 83, 27, 25, 87, 6, 92, is a lake of hot-water in Italy.

My 4, 78, 66, 97, 67, 35, 70, 41, is a waterfall in Georgia.

My 77, 13, 3, 98, 42, 81, 5, 44, 34, 20, 47, 11, 84, is a curious freak of nature near a lake in the northern part of the United States.

My 9, 14, 60, 17, 77, 57, 23, 52, 95, is a celebrated grotto in an island of the Mediterranean.

My 70, 51, 9, 49, 56, 89, 92, 64, 63, is formed by ocean currents.

My 79, 86, 39, 94, 6, 84, 19, 27, 21, 71, is a noted curiosity in Virginia.

My 70, 80, 24, 18, 68, 34, 84, are singular phenomena in one of the islands of the Atlantic.

My 73, 87, 58, 70, 87, 43, 15, 40, 57, 21, 46, is a natural curiosity on an island west of Scotland.

My 7, 53, 65, 8, 13, 1, 27, 81, 22, 29, 73, 95, are small islands of coral formation on the coast of North America.

My 88, 17, 10, 49, 55, 26, 97, 75, 87, is a picturesque waterfall in Minnesota.

My 15, 76, 57, 48, 7, 81, 2, 32, 11, 84, is a singular rocky curiosity in one of the mountains of Germany.

My 70, 13, 97, 58, 28, 95, 36, 9, 42, 84, 55, 96, 92, 24, is a curiosity in Ireland.

My 49, 92, 33, 42, 6, 57, 53, 45, 8, 37, 59, 70, 22, is found in Virginia.

My 93, 9, 88, 93, 65, 38, 61, is a cave in one of the Southern States.

My 91, 87, 21, 27, is an island in the Pacific on which is a valley where no living creature can exist.

My 65, 42, 9, 40, 61, 13, 50, 99, 92, is the name of some hot springs in one of the United States.

My 15, 77, 22, 47, 74, 81, 80, 78, 7, 99, 61, 46, 45, 6, 41, 11, 68, 49, is a phenomenon often seen from one of the mountains of Germany.

My 95, 35, 58, 69, 8, 68, 71, is the name of a fort in Hindostan which was submerged by the earthquake of 1819.

My whole expresses two of the the most important discoveries of the eighteenth century.

M.

That very law which moulds the tear,

And bids it trickle from its source,

That law preserves this world a sphere,

And guides the planets in their course.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Darkest Time.

—
BY MANFRED.
—

Friend of mine, there is a saying,
Oftimes I've heard it told,
Which we should print upon our hearts
In characters of gold;
It will cheer our weary spirits
When clouds hang o'er our way,
If we but think "the darkest time
Is just at break of day."

When sorrow dwells within thy heart,
And friends seem very few,
When early dreams, thou'st cherished long,
Have faded from thy view;
When hope's bright star perchance withholds
From thee its cheering ray,
Remember that "the darkest time
Is just at break of day."

Then thy mantle gird about thee,
And bind thy helmet fast,
And manfully 'gainst human ills
Go battling to the last.
Though troubles rise until they seem
Like mountains in thy way,
Remember that "the darkest time
Is just at break of day."

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE FOR BOYS.—A lad fourteen years of age sends us the following puzzle, which he says "is of his own getting up." Will our readers who are "fourteen years of age" send us the solution?—Ed.

How will you arrange the numbers from 1 to 25 in a square (5 by 5) so that the sum of each row of five numbers, adding in any direction, will be 65? 1.

A CHINESE PROVERB.—You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair.

Truth.

THE following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany State Register. He was an eye witness of the scene in one of the higher courts:

A little girl nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? The witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge, "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidingly up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl started back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered,

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge who saw her mistake, "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "Mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we knelt down together and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony.

The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke was like a revelation from God himself.

SPELLING.—"Spell cat," said a little girl five years old, to a smaller one of only three. "I can't," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the youthful mistress, "if you can't spell cat, spell kitten."

The Baby.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny tae,
 Nae stocking on her feet;
 Her supple ankles white as snaw,
 Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
 Her double, dimpled chin,
 Her puckered lip and baummy mou,
 With nae one tooth between.

Her een, sae like her mither's een,
 Twa gentle liquid things;
 Her face is like an angel's face—
 We're glad she has no wings.

She is the budding o' our love,
 A giftie God gie'd us;
 We munna lave the gift ow'r weel,
 'Twad be nae blessing thus.

Returned Answers.

HEAR the story of the child which went forth into the mountain ravine. While the child wandered there, he called aloud to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who had insulted him, but could find none. He then called to him in anger, and with abusive epithets, all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to its mother and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words. But the mother took her child by the hand and said: "My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hill-side. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. Let this be thy lesson through life. The world will soon be an echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer

with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about thee a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and that alone." Always is that child in the mountain passes—and every man and woman is that child.

Thrilling Incident.

At a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink, demonstrating it quite to his own satisfaction, to be Scriptural, gentlemanly and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain, elderly man arose, and asked the liberty of saying a few words. Permission being granted, he spoke as follow:

"A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was prevailed on, to the joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that would intoxicate. He kept his pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening, in a social party, glasses of wine were handed round. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if clegymen can take wine and justify it so well, why not I?' So he took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite, and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens—a raving madman!" The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add:—"That young man was my only son, and the clergyman was the Reverend Doctor who has just addressed the assembly."

He is a wise man who strives to correct his errors.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

The New Volume.

So now, here we are again, kind friends, shaking hands with you once more, wishing you a Happy New Year, (March begins our year) a prosperous seed-time and a plenteous harvest.

There, *we* hear you returning the compliment, "I wish you the same." Thank you. Neither is an unmeaning compliment; ours is not certainly, for we speak from the heart when we wish you the rich blessings of heaven. But how do you like our looks this time. We do not believe in flounces and furbelows and gewgaws, but we have a frank, open heart, which warms at the cries of suffering hunger,—physical, intellectual or moral—and at the necessities of humanity anywhere; and this frankness *must* manifest itself in the countenance; so we present you this time a more open countenance, that you may read us more readily.

OUR ORIGINAL ENGRAVING.

How do you like it? It has been pronounced a "perfect gem." Is it not so? We have labored assiduously to get a good view of those buildings and grounds, and to have the work well done, that it might present a faithful representation of those old "Halls of Learning." We are happy if you are pleased with the result. You will all, we doubt not, say that great credit is due to the artists employed. Should you withhold that meed of praise, you would do them great injustice.

The trees so obstructed the view that a photograph alone would not suffice. We therefore obtained the services of our worthy friend and townsman, Mr. J. C. Thompson, map and landscape delineator and wood engraver, to make an accurate pencil sketch. With the photograph in addition to this sketch, the engraver, Mr. Freeman, of Boston, was able to produce a picture, which, we think, reflects great credit upon him as an artist.

It gives a very accurate and truthful view of the buildings and grounds, with a single exception. There are many more trees in front of

the buildings than could be shown in the engraving. The accompanying historical sketch will prove of permanent interest and value, and may be relied upon as remarkably correct in its statements.

We shall endeavor to improve on the appearance and value of each number, in every manner in our power. Friends, will you assist us, by your contributions, your subscriptions, and subscriptions from your friends? If so, you will give us the power to make improvements, which we greatly desire to make, and which we feel assured will prove highly acceptable and of great value.

THE NEXT TERM OF THE R. I. NORMAL SCHOOL will commence March 30th, and not April 6th, as heretofore announced. This school presents unusual advantages. It is located in one of the most pleasant, picturesque, healthful towns in New England. The Narragansett Bay is noted the world over for the beauty of its scenery, and the salubrity of its atmosphere; and we are sure no spot on this beautiful bay can be found more favored by "Old Dame Nature" than Bristol and its surroundings.

The school is under the care of the same teachers as heretofore, and we do not hesitate to say as competent and successful instructors as can be found in any school, in any state. We ought to be proud of our State Normal School.

More full and complete arrangements are made for the coming term and year, for an advanced course, including all the higher studies, and especially in the male department.

We hope the young men of Rhode Island will patronize this school, than which, we are sure, a better cannot be found.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA, of which mention was made in our last, is for sale by D. Kimball & Co., What Cheer Building, Market Square, who are the sole agents for Rhode Island. We hope this valuable work, the first volume of which we have received and value more and more each day, will soon be found in many school-rooms in this state.

Report of the State Auditor.

WE have received from our worthy and efficient State Auditor, Hon. WILLIAM R. WATSON, a copy of his semi-annual report, communicated to the General Assembly at the last January session. We copy below that part of the report which relates to our public school system, and would commend it to the careful attention of all our readers.

"It is a matter of just congratulation, that our public school system, though, in my opinion, too limited in its range of instruction, is in successful operation in all parts of the state. And without intending the least disparagement of the important services of the gentleman, who has, for the last three years, so ably, and faithfully discharged the duties of the office of Commissioner of Public Schools, and who has recently been called to another field of labor in a distant community, I must be permitted to say, that I consider the selection of the new Commissioner, who has had long and large experience in successful educational employment, and who is, in every respect, admirably fitted for his present important position, a most fortunate one for the cause of public education in our state.

Having been for several months past, in intimate communication with many of those, in all parts of the state, to whose care the interests of our public school system are entrusted, and therefore learned much of its working, I can bear personal testimony to the good fruits which this portion of our annual expenditure is producing. The only cause of regret is, that our state finances will not, with the other annual appropriations now made, admit of the expense of longer terms of the grammar schools in the rural districts of the state, for additional instruction in a higher grade of studies, which would ensure a better and more generous culture of those, who must, in a few years, take into their own hands the direction of public affairs.

It is of the greatest importance, also, it seems to me, that our system of public school education should be so elevated, both in the character of its instruction and in the grade of studies

taught, as to supersede the necessity of private schools altogether; since the influence of distinctions which exist between such public and private schools, must ever be, in various ways, of a most unfavorable character. Education never manifests the dignity of its high mission to greater advantage than in the general diffusion of knowledge among the whole people.

Our state is eminently fitted by more favorable local circumstances and greater comparative material wealth, to take the lead of her larger sister states in so advancing her system of public education as to afford higher advantages of more various and more liberal studies than the present short terms of the public schools in this and other states will now warrant. This is a kind of competition which Rhode Island can well enter into with larger communities—a generous rivalry for higher popular intelligence, superior means of social order and refinement, and more ennobling influences of individual and municipal character.

In a republican state and country, where the people are supposed to make and manage their own political institutions and are presumed to exercise all the rights and powers of sovereignty; where the first, foundation principle upon which the whole government structure rests, is *self government*; the character of such institutions must always necessarily take their stamp from, and their relative position in the scale of excellence according to, the character of the popular majority, which shapes and controls them. Under such a political system, every citizen should be educated to such a degree of intelligence as to qualify him to form correct opinions *for himself*, in all matters of public concernment; and should be trained to such a degree of moral firmness and manly independence, as would always enable him to maintain and carry out such independent and really individual opinions, in all his public action. Until this be done, we may have a kind of semi-republican oligarchy or aristocracy, but the great idea of true republican, self-government cannot be fully realized. The enlightenment and elevation of the whole people, intellectually and morally, by means of

generous systems of popular education, are, in my opinion, vital elements of true republican government, and must, in the nature of things, ever constitute the condition of our American liberty. The history of every other experiment of free government proves the truth of this and furnishes lessons of salutary and solemn admonition. The condition of Mexico, and of the South American States; the republican failures of revolutionary France, as well as the fate of ancient republics, are strong beacon lights in our progress to a higher and better civilization.

If the moderate pecuniary contributions, made by the tax-payers of the several towns, for the support of public schools, were made with no higher object than for the protection which the maintenance of law and social order gives to the rights of property alone, under a popular government like ours, it would, in my opinion, be money well and wisely expended. For it seems to me that there is no truth in mathematical science more perfectly demonstrable than that in proportion as the great mass of the people of a republic advance in intelligence and Christian morality, just in the same proportion will such a government acquire dignity, safety and stability."

This report strongly recommends various reforms, which the Auditor thinks will save to the state several thousand dollars, without doing any detriment to any public interest. The house of representatives has directed the judiciary committee of that branch of the legislature to bring in bills in conformity with each of these recommendations.

The report shows that the state is free from debt, and closes with a strong appeal against the contracting of a state debt for any purpose whatever. The following is the closing paragraph of this appeal :

"With liberty, law and social order secured ; the heart of honest labor gladdened by just and generous rewards, and public schools showering the rich benefits of education upon the minds of its children, the proudest position which any state, in my opinion, can maintain in the confederacy, is that of entire freedom from foreign and domestic indebtedness."

What They Say of the Schoolmaster Abroad.

WE wish the good people of Rhode Island, and especially the teachers, to know what people say of the only magazine published in Roger Williams' land.

An exchange says: "It stands near the head of our educational journals."

The superintendent of the public schools of an enterprising city in one of the middle states writes to us: "I have taken the Schoolmaster from the first and shall continue to take it to the last. There is no school journal that pleases me so well."

"It aims, by a choice combination of literary and moral excellence, to instruct the mind and heart of its readers, and to fit them for the proper performance of life's duties. It is suited to every age, and is a valuable and exceedingly interesting publication."—*Wisconsin Jour. of Ed.*

"The selections are judiciously made, and the contributions show the work of experienced writers. The work deserves, as we hope it receives, an extended support."—*Maine Farmer.*

"The friends of education ought to see that so valuable an aid to the cause receives such support as will put it, and keep it, in a flourishing condition."—*Pawtucket Gaz. and Chronicle.*

"The February number of the Schoolmaster comes as near our idea of a popular educational journal as anything we have seen."—*Boston Congregationalist.*

The Secretary of the Board of Education of one of the New England states, writes to us:

"I think, and have frequently expressed such opinion to teachers, when holding institutes, that the R. I. Schoolmaster is 'the best' publication for practical teachers now published for the subscription price."

We have only to add for ourselves that we wish the teachers and the people of our own state would subscribe as liberally for the Schoolmaster as the teachers and the people of other states do. Our list would be greatly increased.

Teachers of Rhode Island, will you not support your own journal? We are compelled ear-

nestly to solicit you each to send in a dollar for yourselves, and get a dollar from your friends. We know you will be the wiser and the better for it, labor more diligently, and efficiently, sleep more sweetly, and, we think, live the longer. Try it.

OUR SCHOOL COMMISSIONER.—We learn from the report of the School Commissioner, recently submitted to the General Assembly, that although but recently released from the duties of his school, he has since his appointment visited every school district in the towns of North Providence, Johnston, Cranston, Scituate, Warren, Bristol and Barrington, and nearly every district in Smithfield and Cumberland. "This visitation the Commissioner expects to continue till he has seen every district, and, if possible, every school in the state."

We trust he will meet with a cordial reception wherever he may go, as he has received wherever he has gone.

The Commissioner will make the **SCHOOLMASTER** the medium of communication with the teachers of the state, and we shall soon hope to favor them with something from his pen.

THE subscriptions for volume 4th are coming in *well* from *some places*, but we must ask our friends everywhere to bestir themselves, and aid in increasing our subscription list. *We* are at work with our "might, mind and strength," but the times are hard, and many of our friends, reluctantly though it be, feel obliged to order the **SCHOOLMASTER** discontinued. Their places must be made good, and *more than good*, by new names. Friends, will you not work for us?

MASS. TEACHER.—The Mass. Teachers' Association, having recently assumed the entire charge of that journal, have notified us, through their treasurer, that "At a meeting of the finance committee it was decided that we could afford to let the **TEACHER** go with the **SCHOOLMASTER** to *new subscribers* [at the reduced price,] but not to old subscribers, and to new ones only one year." This, of course, obliges us to withdraw the **Teacher** from our club list.

Rhode Island Institute of Instruction.

THE annual meeting of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction, for the choice of officers and the transaction of other business, was held on Saturday, Feb. 6th, at the office of the Superintendent of Public Schools, in Providence. The meeting was called to order by the President, Prof. S. S. Greene. The record of the last annual meeting was read by the Secretary, A. W. Godding. The Treasurer's account was received, audited, and accepted. The officers for the officers for the ensuing year were then elected as follows:

President—Prof. Samuel S. Greene.

Vice Presidents—1st. Hon. Elisha R. Potter; 2d, T. R. Hazard, Esq.; 3d, Hon. Elisha Harris; 4th, Rev. S. A. Crane, D. D.; 5th, Rev. A. H. Dumont; 6th, Rev. T. Shepherd, D. D.; 7th, John Kingsbury, LL. D.; 8th, Rev. John Boyden.

Corresponding Secretary—A. W. Godding.

Recording Secretary—E. H. Magill.

Treasurer—C. T. Keith.

Executive Committee—Prof. William Gammell, H. Patterson, Samuel Austin, A. M. Gammell, Rev. Daniel Leach, Rev. G. W. Quereau, G. A. Willard, Edmund Gray, jr., N. B. Cook, John H. Willard, Rev. O. F. Otis, Dana P. Colburn, Rev. E. M. Stone, Thomas J. Potter, Amos Perry, Lucius A. Wheelock, Charles M. Hutchins, Wm. G. Crosby, Rev. J. B. Breed, Merrick Lyon.

Committee on Meetings—S. S. Greene and Daniel Leach.

Committee on Expenditures—S. S. Greene and A. W. Godding.

A vote was passed, authorizing the payment of certain necessary expenses of the Institute from the income of the fund.

The following resolution was offered by Amos Perry, and passed:

Resolved, That as the Rhode Island Schoolmaster is a journal calculated to promote the cause of education in our State, a committee of three be appointed to express to its editor and proprietor the sympathy and confidence of this association in his enterprise, and to aid him in any other way in their power.

Messrs. Parry, Austin and Hutchins were chosen a committee for the purpose above referred to.

Mr. Austin presented the following resolutions in relation to Evening Schools, which he prefaced with brief remarks:

Whereas, This Institute regards with deep interest every movement tending to elevate the standard of education amongst us, or to diffuse more widely the blessings of knowledge, and whereas this higher standard and this wider diffusion are not only compatible with each other, but have a vital connection and mutual dependence, and whereas there are within the limits of our little state many thousands whose circumstances preclude their enjoyment of the advantages afforded by our excellent public school system, therefore

Resolved, That in reiterating and re-indorsing at this time the resolutions adopted by this Institute at its annual session in 1855, in favor of evening schools in our cities and manufacturing villages, for such as cannot attend the day schools, we have reason to believe that these humble auxiliaries are already, by their quiet yet potent influence, strongly recommending themselves to the public favor.

Resolved, That we observe with pleasure the large and annually increasing attendance at the Providence night schools; that we regard the eminent success of the experiment in that city as amply repaying the most liberal appropriations for them, as furnishing for the present an economical and judicious investment, and as promising in the future the most abundant harvest

Resolved, That we recognize among our Rhode Island manufacturers a higher appreciation than ever before, of the truth that the most intelligent is the cheapest labor; that the present mitigation of labor in many of the factory villages, by affording to the operatives an unusual amount of time for mental improvement, presents special inducements for them and their employers to cooperate in the establishment of these humble agencies for "weaving the warp and weaving the woof" for fabrics at once the most delicate and enduring.

Resolved, That since our educational agencies, notwithstanding any defect, are rearing an inquiring, thinking, and reading people, the necessity is becoming daily more apparent, and the duty and sound policy becoming more and more apparent, of furnishing for the universal people a full supply of reading at once safe and useful, entertaining and elevating.

That, therefore, we recommend to the early attention of our fellow citizens the establishment in each of their several villages, towns and cities, or wards, a Free Public Library.

Mr. Stone moved the adoption of the resolutions. He adverted to the humble beginning of evening schools among us, and the efforts of a few who labored persistently to bring them up to a point at which they would be looked upon with public favor. With us, they were no longer an experiment, but a success. In the present condition of society they were vitally necessary, as means of furnishing education to large numbers cut off from other sources of intellectual culture. In our cities and large towns their beneficent influence was three-fold, intellectual, moral and social. They not only educated the intellect, but they were nurseries of order and self-respect. The quiet condition of our streets during the evenings of the present winter was a striking commentary on the value of the eight schools now in operation. The recommendation of a free public library, as a counter influence to the demoralizing reading now so abundantly at the command of the young, he approved. Several years ago, in one of his annual reports, he had made similar recommendation.

After remarks by Messrs. Leach, Austin, and several other gentlemen, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Austin also presented the following resolutions, which passed unanimously:

Resolved, That in severing the agreeable connection that for several years past has subsisted between the members of this Institution and our late State School Commissioner, Rev. Robert Allyn, we tender him our best wishes for his personal and professional success, trusting that in his present sphere of duty the result of his la-

bors may correspond to the value of his services amongst us.

Resolved, That we welcome the present State Commissioner of Public Schools, John Kingsbury, LL. D., to the responsibilities and labors of his important trust; that we rely with confidence on his faithful administration of its duties, and that we pledge him our hearty cooperation in his efforts to improve and elevate our schools, and to promote the cause of education in our commonwealth.

After some miscellaneous conversation, the meeting adjourned.—*Providence Daily Journal*.

THE AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL YEAR BOOK is now published, and will be supplied on application to this office, or by letter to the editor. It contains 252 pages of matter, highly interesting to teachers and of great value to all who are interested in the educational progress of our country. It gives a full account of the national and state educational institutions and associations, of the colleges and professional schools, the seminaries and academies, and the public school systems of each state, with the names and salaries of the teachers as far as practicable. Teachers, send for it. Price, at the office, 63 cents, or when sent by mail, postage paid, 72 cts.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of more articles of value than we are able to publish this month. This is as it should be. Our correspondents are improving. A good article will keep, and we can afford to wait for it.

Several valuable communications lie over for next month. Some of our "fireside" friends send in the answers to enigmas too late. Be a little more prompt, young friends, and your answers will appear. Try the enigma in this number.

THE HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, issued by the English and Scientific Department of the Boys' High School, Providence. Volume 1. No. 1. March, 1858. A magazine of 24 pages, filled with original articles, which are very creditable to the authors and to the school.

ERRATA.—B. W. M. informs us that the word "because," in the fourth verse of the third stanza, on page 355 of our last number, should have read "become."

J. W. O. calls our attention to an error in his article in this number. On page 9, near the foot of the first column, the proper name "Land" should read "Laud." It occurs twice.

Page 15, in this number, second column, the last line in the last stanza, "*mutabile*," read "*mutabilis*."

BOUND VOLUMES.—We have on hand a large number of volumes 1, 2 and 3, bound, and we offer them at a very low price to induce our new subscribers to take them from the beginning. The binding has cost us \$25 per hundred, and we wish to get repaid for the outlay of binding. We shall not save so many for binding this year, and consequently cannot sell the fourth volume bound at so low a price.

NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—January, 1858. Vol. 1; No. 1. Greensboro. \$2.00 a year. The initial number of this new journal we are permitted to welcome to the brotherhood. It is neatly printed on good paper, and its contents are interesting and valuable.

The leading article—"Objects and Character of this Journal,"—by Rev. C. H. Wiley, Superintendent of Common Schools of the State, is straight-forward, manly and valuable.

We are glad to welcome *such* a journal from that section of our confederacy. It shows us that N. Carolina is in advance of some of her neighbor states. We hope the teachers of North Carolina will sustain this, *their* journal, liberally.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February has three finely illustrated articles, viz: An American in Constantinople; Livingstone's Travels in South Africa; and A Culinary Campaign. The Editor's Drawer contains some capital after-dinner reading for dyspeptics. We have not received the March number.

NOTICES of magazines unavoidably lie over for our next.

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

For the Schoolmaster.

Discussion of "Tunnel Problem" in December Number.

THE direction in which water tends to rotate in a tunnel can be determined by reference to well-known natural laws, although, on account of many disturbing causes, no uniformity is observable in practice. The principles upon which the theory is founded are the same as those which govern the direction of rotatory winds, and are as follows:

At all points north of the equator the fluid from the north side of the whirl in approaching the centre of rotation falls back towards the west, because it has not yet acquired the increased rotatory velocity of the earth at the centre of the whirl; while the fluid from the south in approaching the centre, advances towards the east, because it has not yet lost the greater rotatory velocity of the earth at the point from which it came. These two oblique forces, the one south westerly the other north-easterly, determine the direction of rotation towards the left, or in the opposite direction to the hands of a watch. In accordance with this theory all atmospheric whirls in the northern hemisphere rotate towards the left.

It is obvious that the same principles determine the direction of rotation in the southern hemisphere to be towards the right, and all observations are said to correspond with this theory.

D. G.

For the Schoolmaster.

Geometrical Problem.

WITHIN one large circle draw eight smaller circles, which shall not intersect or be included within each other, in such a manner that the unoccupied space shall be equivalent exactly to one sixth of the original circle.

HESIL.

SEVERAL articles intended for the School Exercises are left over for next month.

For the Schoolmaster.

Answers to "Mathematical Questions" in the December Number.

4. Given $x^2+xy=8$ and $x^2+y=6$.

Subtracting the second equation from the first, gives $xy-y=2$ or $y=\frac{2}{x-1}$. The second gives $y=6-x^2$. Hence $\frac{2}{x-1}=6-x^2$, and (1), $-x^2+x^2+6x-8=0$. By factoring we have $(x-2)(-x^2-x+4)=0$. Hence $x-2=0$, and $x=2$, or $-x^2-x+4=0$, and $x=\frac{-1\pm\sqrt{17}}{2}$.

Each of these values of x will satisfy equation (1), but as the last two give contradictory values of y in the original equations, they must be rejected. Substituting the first gives $y=2$.

5. Let $4x$ =base, and $3x$ =altitude.

There will $(4x)^2+(3x)^2=35^2$, or $25x^2=35^2$ and $5x=7$. Hence base = 28 feet, and altitude = 21 feet, and the area equals 14 times 21 ft.=294 ft.

6. Let x =base. Then since the area is 240

feet, the altitude must equal $\frac{480}{x}$, and since the perimeter is 80 feet, the hypotenuse must equal $80-\frac{480}{x}$. Hence $(80-\frac{480}{x}-x)^2=x^2+\left(\frac{480}{x}\right)^2$.

Developing and reducing gives $x^2-46x=-480$. Hence $x=23\pm 7=30$ or 16, from which we find the altitude to be 16 or 30, and the hypotenuse to be 34.

7. Let a =units in area, or in perimeter, and

x =base. Then will $\frac{2a}{x}$ =altitude, and $a-x-\frac{2a}{x}$ =hypotenuse, and we shall have $(a-x-\frac{2a}{x})^2=x^2+\left(\frac{2a}{x}\right)^2$. From which we obtain $x=\frac{a+4\pm\sqrt{a^2-24a+16}}{4}$.

Taking the first sign before the radical gives one leg of the triangle, and taking the second sign gives the other.

D. F. G.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ELISHA KENT KANE.—A Biography. By William Elder. Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia.

We have received from Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, a copy of this long expected memoir of the Arctic Hero and Martyr. It is an admirably written book, and no one can read it without the liveliest feeling of respect and love, sympathy and sorrow, for the subject, and the highest appreciation of the author as a writer and thinker. It is a model of biography. Save one thing, we think it perfect. We have no sympathy at all for the "goody-good" smoothing iron by which his childhood faults are made to appear virtues and excellencies for the young to imitate. "For sale by agents only."

THE LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN HOWLAND, late President of the Rhode Island Historical Society. By Rev. Edwin M. Stone. G. H. Whitney, Providence.

The biography of such a man as Mr. Howland should be preserved; and the biographer has laid the public under obligations to him for so finely written a book. It is exceedingly interesting, and will repay any one for a perusal. But it has especial value to the citizens of our own state. Mr. Howland was a prominent Rhode Island man, and a very benevolent, philanthropic person. We hope this memoir will meet with an extensive sale.

ANDREWS AND STODDARD'S LATIN GRAMMAR.—Revised Edition. 1857. Crocker & Brewster, Boston.

This Grammar of the Latin Language is now almost universally pronounced *the very best*. It is greatly improved by the corrections, revisions and additions of this revised edition. For the sections relating to conjunctions and Grammatical Analysis, the author acknowledges his indebtedness to Prof. S. S. Greene, of Brown University.

We do not believe a text-book was ever written which introduced so great an improvement in the method of teaching Latin, as this has done. We wish the revised edition the greatest success, which we are sure it merits.

TATE'S PHILOSOPHY; AND TATE'S FIRST LESSONS IN PHILOSOPHY: Revised and Improved by C. S. Cartée, A. M. Hickling, Swan & Brewer. Boston.

These works were originally prepared by Professor T. Tate, F. R. A. S. of Kneller Training College, England. They were revised by Dr. Cartée and have been already extensively used with marked success and satisfaction. The First Lessons are adapted to the younger scholars, and to ordinary common schools, where the course in this study must necessarily be limited; and the larger work is designed for use in High Schools and Academies.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS; or Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed. By Hugh Miller. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

No man's library is complete without this and the other works of the lamented Hugh Miller. Every teacher, every scholar, every scientific man, and especially every Christian should read this valuable work. Its chapters on History of Animals, The Mosaic Vision of Creation, The Noachian Deluge, The Fossil Floras of Scotland, are each worth the price of the book. The work cannot be described, but must be read.

FIRST BOOK OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY.—By Prof. William A. Norton, of Yale College. A. S. Barnes & Co, New York.

The appearance of this book is very creditable. The subjects treated are exceedingly interesting and important to children. The information given is well arranged, but the old "question and answer system" is kept up throughout. This we consider a fundamental defect.

We have received the following books, which we shall notice hereafter. Several notices are obliged to lie over for want of room. From Gould & Lincoln: Knowledge is Power, Barton's Grammar, Barton's Composition, Marcus, Bayne's Essays on Biography and Criticism, Life of James Montgomery, Pleasant Pages for Young People, Poor Boy and Merchant Prince.

From Phillips, Sampson & Co.: Confessions of an Inquirer, Autobiography of Rev. T. Clapp.

The N. Y. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1857.

NO. 2.

For the Schoolmaster.
Special Cases.

U. S. BUREAU OF EDUCATION

It is no uncommon occurrence for teachers, both in the work of instruction and discipline, to meet with what may be called special cases. They feel prepared for the discharge of the ordinary duties of the schoolroom;—that they can meet the wants of most of their pupils in the prosecution of their studies, and are only occasionally at a loss how to maintain proper discipline. They read educational works—or should do so—have attended Institutes and listened to lectures, and thus gained much valuable—perhaps *invaluable*—information. They have gained a knowledge of what are considered excellent theories; they have framed theories of their own which seem both plausible and practical. They have compounded the theories of others with their own and thus obtained resulting theories which they esteem better than either. Indeed, in any mechanical process, theories of equal accuracy could scarcely fail. But, from some cause, none of these succeed perfectly in practice. They turn out something like the attempts to tunnel the Hoosac mountain. The machinery seemed to be adapted properly to its purpose and to be sufficiently powerful to make its way successfully through the opposing masses of granite. But, although the begin-

ning seemed auspicious, all progress was soon brought to a stand. The machinery could cut and through common earth, or clay, or soft sand-stone, but the granite was a special case. The launching of the Leviathan also proved to be another. The engineering for sending it afloat was well contrived, strong, suitable, and altogether adequate. So stood the theories of the wisest and most accomplished engineers,—the master-spirits of the art of launching. But the Leviathan proved to be a *very* special case. It would not budge; or, if it budged at all, would, by no means budge as it ought. Hydrostatics and pulleys, and chains, and cables, and levers, and whatever additional apparatus was called into requisition, were inadequate to set it afloat. Thus matters, for no inconsiderable time, remained. Efforts were baffled, and the masters were vastly perplexed and troubled. Now, in regard to the Hoosac and the Leviathan, there was no lack of theories, excellent theories no doubt; and yet we fancy that those especially interested would, in the midst of their failure and perplexity, by no means have objected to the discovery of some special means, just suited to the special cases.

The world of mechanics, if I may use the expression, presents multitudes of special cases, from such as these down to that of the boy making unsuccessful attempts to fly his

kite. Yesterday it mounted aloft like a thing of life; to-day, with the same adjustment of string and tail, it utterly refuses to ascend, simply because the wind has seen fit to vary the force of its breath.

The special cases of teachers are somewhat similar to these, both in their gradations and the applicability of existing theories; but, from the nature of the materials upon which they are called to operate, the difficulty in the way of success is often very much augmented. Moral and intellectual forces and resistance are, frequently, of very difficult computation, and equally difficult to apply with desired precision. In mechanics we know that it requires the weight of one pound, precisely, in one scale of the balance to counterpoise a pound in the other. Hence, the grocer, for instance, having his pound weight—his theory—duly marked and sealed, easily furnishes his customer with precisely a pound of the article desired. The grocer commits his son to the charge of the teacher; but he comes without any stamp to indicate the weight of his moral or intellectual character; and, with all the scales and theories the teacher may possess, it may require no inconsiderable ingenuity and sharp guessing to form such an estimate of the boy as will enable him to know just how much and what sort of force it will be necessary to employ to keep him suitably balanced.

The boy who endeavors in vain to fly the kite that behaved so admirably the day before, will be likely to consult some older boy, or some one more familiar than himself with the mysteries of kite-flying, in regard to the existing difficulty. He will thus gain a knowledge of the theory that, in order that his kite may ascend successfully, the length and weight of its tail must be proportioned to the force of the wind. This will be of essential service; and if he can further see the older boy

adjust the tail a few times to the varying blasts he will succeed all the better. He will find the theory perfect for all ordinary kites; and by repeated trials and experiments may become very successful in his profession. He needs to know what a kite is; for what it is intended; to see it flown; to learn the theory of its construction, and to make several trials and experiments with it himself before he can become master of his art. If he is ingenious and of quick apprehension, his success will be rapid and eminent; otherwise he may forever remain a bungler. The most expert, however, would find it difficult to fly a kite of iron. Theory and ingenuity, and past experience would alike fail of success. Something more than has yet been attained in the profession must be gained or the task would be more formidable than the tunnelling of the Hoosac, or the launching of the Leviathan.

Something analogous to what is necessary in these boring, and launching, and kite-flying operations is needed by the teacher. He needs to be acquainted with the best theories of his art. He needs observation; he needs the aid to be derived from the experience of others, and he needs personal practice. And, after all, just as in the cases above indicated, when he attempts what is in its nature impossible, or what is manifestly beyond the reach of any means that he can command, he must fail.

The Leviathan already rides majestically upon the bosom of its destined element; the iron horse, will, doubtless, yet triumphantly carry the long train through the granite mountain; and, were it necessary to the purposes of science and human progress, some Franklin would eventually send up an iron kite to make a visit among the clouds. So, doubtless, many things, now difficult and perplexing in the work of the teacher, will yet be rendered easy, and others, which may now seem impossible, will yet be reduced to practice.

But, so far, I have written quite freely and differently from my first intent. My purpose was to say something in regard to a few of the special cases which, from time to time, arrest the attention of the teacher, and to notice how they may be treated, or, at least, how they have been treated, with success. To one or two of these I now propose to invite attention.

A spirit of insubordination often gives rise to what may be called special cases in school. This spirit is sometimes general, embracing the majority of the members of a school, but more frequently it is limited to a few pupils. It is, in most cases, temporary in its duration. Sometimes, however, it is chronic, extending from term to term, or even from year to year. Each is sufficient to give rise to special cases, and these are always aggravated when parental sympathy and indulgence is extended to the pupils. Instances of the chronic type existed in greater frequency in years past, probably, than at present; and, in certain localities, were wont to be characterized by attempts to banish the teacher from the school. The same thing is sometimes now attempted in a different way. It used to be accomplished by physical force: it is now more frequently attempted by clamor and perpetual annoyance. Of the former method I will first notice a single instance.

About twenty years ago an intimate acquaintance of mine was invited to take charge of a district school in the country, during the winter term of three months. At the time of his engagement he was not aware of its character. He was then pursuing a course of study that he was reluctant to suspend, and was induced to do so only by the offer of unusually liberal pecuniary compensation, which his personal circumstances rendered a strong temptation.

A day or two before commencing his labors he learned that the school had a bad reputa-

tion; that the scholars were in the habit of "having things pretty much in their own way," and of occasionally inviting the teacher to an outside berth. It was in a remote district of the town, with a rough surface and a population that could assert no high claims either in respect to information or refinement. In the winter season, especially, it presented, to a stranger, many more points of repulsion than of attraction. He felt that the scene was far from being an inviting one, and that it could only be rendered tolerable by a school of tolerable success. For *more* than this he did not dare to hope.

The school building was one of "the genuine old stamp." On three sides of the twenty-five feet quadrangular space within, rude and mangled desks were fastened to the walls. In front of those were benches of equal extent, quite guiltless of backs, where many a dexterous feat of changing front was performed by the scholars. It was before the days of crinoline and circles of whale-bone and brass. Within this outer range of seats were two other similar ranges without desks, upon the inner of which "the *little* scholars" were doomed to sweat or roast, by the stove in the centre, while those of the outer circle were shivering from the excessive ventilation, effected by sundry accommodating cracks and knot-holes in the floor and ceiling. Around one half of the outer circuit were seated ten or a dozen overgrown boys, and a smaller number of girls. The remaining portion was occupied by the "second class," as they styled themselves; for it appeared that the pupils were in the habit of adjusting their own classification, and most other matters, as best suited themselves. With this "voluntary principle" the teacher soon found it necessary to interfere. Their views and judgment of the proper mode of arranging matters did not harmonize with his own. He set forth his requirements; his pupils demurred. He

calmly, but firmly, insisted; they quoted parental authority and plead the force of parental sanction. He replied that he could respect their parents' opinion and judgment where they could rightfully apply: in the school-room his own judgment must be the standard to follow, or there could be none at all: he desired to pursue, faithfully, the course that would best promote the interests of all, and must be permitted to do it in his own way: he *could* not and *would* not swerve from his own convictions of duty, and doubted not that all would be better satisfied, in the end, by complying with his requirements without murmuring or complaint: he wished and intended to be kind, but should resolutely endeavor to maintain order at any cost of effort, or by the use of any reasonable mode of discipline; and requested them to extend an invitation to their parents to come and see what they were doing, before making an unfavorable decision. He finally prevailed. The scholars gave way; the parents began to visit the school, at first attracted chiefly by curiosity, and carrying away with them a favorable impression, made reports, which, within a month, drew nearly every parent in the district to the school. The scholars became deeply interested. There was little demand for punishment, and, when inflicted, it was uniformly received without complaint. The rumor of success soon spread abroad. The visiting committee of the town were delighted and compared the operations of the school to clock-work. In short, this was regarded as the model school of the town, and neighboring teachers came to discover the secret that could win such success. The spirit of insubordination—if not destroyed—at least slumbered during that winter; and the teacher bore away with him a degree of respect, on the part of his pupils, bordering upon veneration.

In this case it is plain that the teacher's

means of success was a proper confidence in his own judgment and ability, accompanied by a calm firmness that would not permit him to swerve from the dictates of conscience and the claims of duty. He was active and kind, firm and fearless.

As this article is already quite sufficiently extended, I will simply suggest the value of these qualities in all cases of emergency, and leave the further consideration of my subject for another occasion.

I. F. C.

For the Schoolmaster.
Twilight Musings.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

I watched the parting sunset,
And saw the crimsoned gold,
With the gray and sombre twilight,
Its glorious hues unfold.

And so the night came stealing
With deepening shadows on,
Till the woven beams yet ling'ring
Had faded out and gone.

And the spirit form of darkness
Came o'er the sleeping earth
And the fancies of the dreamer,
To visions strange gave birth.

And there in silence musing,
Of the day forever gone,
Whose records were all written
Before th' eternal Throne,

I thought, that when life's evening
Is darkly bending o'er,
And the shadows of its twilight
Flit from the immortal shore,

When the darkness of the midnight
That hails no morning beam,
Shall guard the silent slumbers
That know no waking dream,

How shall we meet the record
Of all our trifled hours,

Kind blessings unacknowledged,
And the spirit's wasted powers,—

How to the High and Holy,
Oh, how shall we appear,
With the mysteries of the future,
Around us drawing near?

Then 'mid the shadows gleaming,
Methought I saw afar,
Swift gliding through the heavens,
A bright but wandering star.

And lo, the angels' whispers
Came breathing soft and low,—
"While glory fills high heavens,
Peace, peace to earth below;"
The Saviour holds it as his own,
And Mercy waits before His throne.

For the Schoolmaster.

Memory.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

DEAF and dumb persons who have gone through the routine of school discipline, have remarkably retentive memories. Not that they retain in their memories what they have learned at school, but they remember the different modes of punishment to which they were subjected in their school-days. I had the pleasure, last week, of spending an evening with several mute ladies and gentlemen. The discourse happened to turn on the different modes of discipline practiced in our schools. A young lady was observed to put both hands to her mouth, as if to check her risibles; and when questioned, "Ah! don't ask me," replied she, "you must not be so inquisitive." After a short pause, however, she resumed: "I was a very saucy girl; I own it. When my worthy teacher reproved me for some trifling offence, I made a mouth of scorn at him, calling him a bad man. He jumped from his chair, and holding my hand in his, told me to pout again. I looked up into his angry face,

and began to suspect that he determined in his mind to box my mouth if I pouted once more. 'Discretion is the better part of valor,' so I held my peace. At length he asked me why I called him a bad man. I was afraid to answer him, and said nothing. He thought that my silence arose from ill-will, and would probably have punished me, had he not a moment after seen the tears steal down my cheek. He inquired what made me weep. I now sobbed. On his repeating the inquiry, I answered that I did wrong. I never have, and never will forget the kind manner in which he said to me: 'I hope you will never commit the same error again.' From that time forth I took care not to offend him again in the same way. My teacher was never familiar with me, but kept me in awe by the sobriety—I won't say severity—of his face. It always makes me laugh to think of the little incident which I have related to you."

A gentleman, who is by trade a shoemaker, then remarked that he was once, and only once, locked up in the school-room of his teacher, on account of his laziness. "The hour for school having arrived," said he, "my teacher came into the room, holding in each of his hands two large apples and sat down on his chair. There he ate the four apples without sparing a core, meanwhile looking at me with an air of perfect indifference. I complained of hunger, but not a word did he speak. He still regarded me with the same air of indifference. At this day,—it is now ten years since I ceased to be the subject of his instructions,—at this day, I say, I cannot banish from my mind the provokingly indifferent look of my teacher on that occasion."

Miss S——, a girl not yet seventeen years of age, laughed at the story of the gentleman for a few minutes, and then said: "I love my instructor, I believe, as much as you love life. He never punished me; not as you may

expect, because I studied well, no, but because *I could not endure it*. I was at liberty to run about the room and pinch my class-mates blue and black, and this, too, without any rebuke from my dear teacher. Scores of times I flung myself, wildly, upon my teacher's knees while he was sitting in his arm chair, and amused myself—the haughty girl—by pulling his whiskers. I also made it my principal care to make free with him in the presence of all my schoolmates, who, I confess, were not a little exercised about the liberties I took with him. But two years before my education was finished, my teacher took me into his private room and pointed out the inevitable consequences of impudence, such as I was guilty of. His friendly advice touched the chords of my heart, and with tears in my eyes I promised to mend my manners. I have never forgotten my promise. You may think it strange that this change should have been wrought after so long a time misspent; but it was entirely caused by the strong affection I felt for my teacher. Love conquers all things. My teacher was a Job—will you deny it?

Another young lady, whom I shall take the liberty of calling Anna, said: "Mr. W— taught me for three years before I got into the class of Mr. T—. I well remember that he used to pat me on the head and interrogate me as to my health. I once ventured [laughing] to kiss my hand for him; upon which he, yes my own teacher, ran away in a fright!"

Miss E—, now Mrs. J—, a creature of an amiable disposition, then remarked: "Mr. M— was my teacher. I shall never forget that in conversation with either his friends or strangers who visited the school-room, he was in the habit of mentioning me as a girl of studious habits. I was so careful to avoid displeasing him, that he had no occasion to scold me during the whole term of my tuition

When I left school to live with my parents, my teacher embraced me and printed many kisses upon my cheek—kisses which I confess encouraged me to hope that I would one day marry him; but I have married another man, you see!"

Scarcely had the lady finished speaking, when a gentleman in gold specs turned to her and said: "Madam, don't you remember that when we were both under the charge of Mr. M. he caught me talking to you, and took me to another part of the room?"

"Yes, I do," laughed the lady; "talking was not allowed during school hours. You were a rebel, and I too."

"I gave Mr. M. a world of trouble," continued the gentleman, with a broad grin. "He tried to whip idleness out of me, but it was no go. A few months before I left school, however, I repented of my errors, and ever after kept a strict watch upon my conduct. Mr. M. was so pleased with my altered manners, that he presented me with a large book bound in gold, and illustrated with the best specimens of engraving. I keep it yet."

Another gentleman, apparently a minor, and who was dressed in the very pink of the mode, followed with a short speech, which I transcribe: "Mr. M. was also my instructor. Although he took much pains to educate me intellectually and morally, I did not study so closely as I should have done, but my thoughts were occupied with dress. My teacher told me that as I had the organ of acquisitiveness large, I would outstrip all my other classmates if I should but think; yet I heeded him not. At length my father came to see me; and he asked the teacher how I came on. With a modest sadness in his countenance he told my father that I made but little improvement. I could see that the indignant blood mounted to the temples of my father. He laid his hand upon my head and said: 'Hen-

ry, if you don't mind your p's and q's, I shall not give you any more clothes.' Alarmed at his threat, I promised that I would hereafter study hard. I did not fail to fulfil my promise. My teacher wrote to my father, speaking well of my attainments. After my education was finished, my father gave me a well stocked farm and a fine carriage; besides which, my teacher sent me two splendidly bound books. I expect to marry a beautiful young lady in two weeks from to-morrow."

Eliza, a beautiful lady, and who is one of the few who are born with "silver spoons in their mouths," was called on to favor the company with an account of her school-girl days. After a few minutes reluctance, for she is naturally bashful, she said: "My teacher, now dead,—peace to his ashes, say I,—my teacher was a mute. I was proud, overbearing, and could not bear contradiction. One day my teacher gave me a lesson to learn in the evening, but I did not attend to it until next morning. He asked me why I did not commit to memory the lesson he had given me. I refused to answer him. I well remember how his face turned. I kept my eyes fixed upon the floor with an air of stern resolve. All the pupils turned their eyes to the teacher, expecting that he would chastise me; but he neither whipped me nor scolded me. He gave lessons to all the girls except me, nor did he speak to me. He avoided teaching me for several days; while I was obliged to sit on the bench a silent spectator of the exercises of the pupils. I at length burst into tears, but he took no notice of my tears. I could not bear this state of things; I begged his pardon, promising to do better. From that time till the completion of my education, he treated me as a child, and I, him as a master. Our regret at parting, when my term at the asylum was ended, may be better imagined than described."

William, a gentleman of good address, said, in his usual bland manner: "Mr. H— was my teacher. Having no inclination to study, I wasted my hours in gossiping. Mr. H. at first bore with my idleness, but at last his patience could hold out no longer, and he threw me down upon the floor, and bound my hands behind me. He then made me walk up and down the room for several hours; he would not release me until he had extorted from me a promise that I would be a good boy. Let me say that I was as good as my word. My teacher was as much opposed to corporal punishment as I am to spitting tobacco juice in the face of a lady."

The whole company were convulsed with laughter at the story of William. "Margaret, dear," said they to a small lady, who is modest—not to say bashful, "were you ever whipped when you were at school?"

"Never!" replied she, blushing deeply. "I am an orphan. You know, my friends, that I am married to a man who was my teacher. I loved my mother so well, that when I went to school, I could not bring myself to grieve her by neglecting my mind. I therefore employed my hours, both in and out of school, in reading; and I succeeded, let me say, beyond the most sanguine expectations of my teacher. As I wished to be all that my dear mother was, I formed myself after her pattern. I studiously avoided talking in the schoolroom, for I knew that my mother wished me to acquire everything esteemed worth knowing. I loved my teacher not so much on account of his handsome figure as because he exerted his best endeavors to advance me rapidly in my studies. Though I had no idea of setting my cap for him, he was pleased to marry me. To be frank, I feel myself one of the happiest of wives."

A gentleman is one who combines a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Power of Kindness.

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BY ANNIE.
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Who does not cherish with a fond remembrance some loved one whose voice was ever heard in accents of gentleness and love; and from whose eyes ever beamed a light and love, expressing in silent language, the thoughts of a heart guileless and pure. Life is short; but, if on our brief journey, we impart to earth's pilgrims a kind word and look of love, many a bright spot will gladden our vision, and its close be peaceful and happy.

Be gentle and kind, whate'er be thy lot,
In school-room, in palace, or lowlier cot,—
Whatever thy mission, whatever thy sphere,
Its power will prove magic to lighten each care.

Dispense to each traveller thou meet'st by the way

A share of thy graces, that he may ne'er stay
In the paths of unkindness, disunion and strife,
Thus shading with sorrow the journey of life.

But if o'er a brother misfortunes dark stream
Hath rolled like a flood, blotting out each bright dream

Which in youth may have been far more brilliant
than thine,

Ere the tempter beguiled and he knelt at his shrine;

Extend in all kindness, a hand that will guide
And raise him above the dark swelling tide.
With a voice full of love bid him turn from earth's care,

To the pleasures of Heaven, which will welcome him there.

So when thy ephemeral existence is o'er,
And thy frail bark is launched on eternity's shore,
A light, not of earth, will illumine thy flight
To those realms of bright glory where "God is the light."

No man can be sound in his faith, who is unsound in his morals.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Records of the Pilgrims.

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The Records—Enumeration—Bradford's Journal—Bradford and Robinson—Faithfulness of the Writers—Conclusion.

Is it possible that the physical endurance of a man is manifest in the vigor and tenacity of his written phrases? It is not impossible that in the good old times of ministers who preached in the tone and introduced seventeenthly before their finally, that the virtue of patience was quite as common to their hearers as it is now to holders of cushioned seats in modern sanctuaries. The writers of the chronicles of our forefathers seem to have been possessed not only of this rare virtue, but of steady and durable pens, and withal, of a strong desire to inculcate moral and religious truth, in season and out of season.

One of the most complete and reliable compilations of their writings is the *Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers*, by Alexander Young. Other and good works exist, by Hubbard, Hutchinson, Holmes and Baylies. *Banvard's Plymouth and the Pilgrims* is a smaller and a good work, containing the more important records and valuable original matter.

The records which remain consist of journals by Gov. Bradford and by Governors Bradford and Winslow, the account of the loss of a boy and the colonists' search for him, a brief account of the reasons for settling in the new country, together with letters written by their pastor in Holland, John Robinson, and replies by the colonists. There is also a long and quaint dialogue between the ancient and the young men of the colony, concerning doctrines and duties.

Some of the most valuable papers are copies of original documents. When the Old South Church was held by the British, some of the records were lost which have not yet ap-

peared. The Plymouth church, however, furnishes on its books what is a copy, without doubt, of Bradford's journal, made by a contemporary. This is enriched by the copyist with notes and seems to contain, besides, his own reflections and explanations, incorporated in the text. This account, and Winslow and Bradford's journal are both full and circumstantial. The reasons for the removal from England and settlement in Holland, the projects for emigration, together with their reasons for selecting America, the incidents of the departure and of the voyage are all explicitly given in one, while the other journal and the various letters mainly relate sufferings, trials, employments into which they were led after their arrival in America. Bradford appears, in these simple but earnest accounts, as a man of fortitude and of moral and religious excellence. Robinson, their pastor, never saw his flock after he bade them farewell on their departure from Holland, but he continued his counsel by means of his earnest epistles, which breathe that spirit of true piety and trust in God which the colonists, notwithstanding their intolerance, seem to have possessed. Indeed, many of the first settlers retained an unbroken and reverential regard for the mother who had forced them to relinquish, for conscience' sake, her careful teaching for their rough, but welcome discipline in the wilderness.

It is from these records that the history of the settlement of New England has been culled. They bear internal evidence of their correctness in the exactness of their relations, the carefulness and evident deliberation of their diction, and the spirit of honesty which they exhibit.

The hundred hardy souls who filled the little Mayflower, surely planted seeds of freedom in those colonies which they assisted to found. This seed has sprung up, though sown by the wayside. The same year that saw the land-

ing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, witnessed the introduction of slavery on the soil of the New World. Tares and wheat have grown up together. Every descendant of the Pilgrims looks with eagerness for the harvest when those tares shall be plucked up by the roots.

The days of Cavaliers and Roundheads have passed into historic times. Puritan and bigoted Churchman sleep quietly in death. It is not for their descendants to disturb their rest. Still the spirit of liberty which they possessed cannot decay. It must remain fresh and vigorous, although it be choked by oppression or stunted by political extravagance.

J. W. O.

For the Schoolmaster.
Slips of the Tongue.

NORMALITES of the Providence dynasty may remember the spasmodic attempts, one day, of a diffident member of Professor Greene's class to furnish an example of a "subordinate connective," commencing a sentence.

"When Columbus discovered America"—the scholar rashly began; then ensued an awkward pause, followed by a desperate effort to complete the sentence. "When Columbus discovered America,"—"America was discovered!" The sensation was as profound as when an unfortunate young lady spoke confidently of the exports, from a certain state, of the products of the *diary*.

Nobody but ourselves and the parties concerned witnessed the following rich illustration of the benefits of test questions in text books, which occurred in a Grammar school in our state.

Teacher,—reading the questions from a popular Primary Geography,—"What settlement in the south of Australia?"

1st Pupil. "Port Jackson, or Botany Bay."
So far, very good. But an unintentional

transposition of the questions resulted as follows :

Teacher. "What are found here?"

2d Pupil. "A coarse dark race, in a barbarous state."

Teacher. (Putting the previous question,) "By whom is New Guinea inhabited?"

3d Pupil. (Vociferously,) "Parrots and birds of Paradise!"

Teacher. (Somewhat confused,) "What are found here?"

4th Pupil. "Papuas."

Teacher. (Perseveringly,) "What do they consist of?"

5th Pupil. (Desperately,) "Frizzled hair!"

It is but fair to state that this incident is true, and it is perhaps unnecessary to add that the class had the *same lesson* for the next day. Was the teacher or the book-maker responsible?

For the Schoolmaster.

"Arriving at Speedy Results."

No remark made at the "Dedication of the Normal School Building, Bristol," impressed itself more indelibly upon my memory than the one at the head of this article. This can be attributed to my having had children in the public schools, and by frequent visits ascertained the course of instruction pursued in them. They all adopted the erroneous system of "arriving at speedy results." I took the liberty, as a member of the school committee, to remonstrate against this practice, and was told that the majority of parents preferred a rapid progress in studies as indicating more improvement in their children. The teachers, then, were not to be blamed for yielding their better judgments to the more ignorant requirements of a majority, for if they attempted to argue in favor of not "arriving at speedy results," as most of them did, they were met by the plump declaration that

"the teachers in such and such a school had scholars from the vicinity who were further advanced at the same age, and if they could not put the children as far forward in their studies, it would be necessary for a change to be made in their children's school." What reply could a teacher make, satisfactory to this ignorant parent? Far easier to his popularity, although not to his conscience, to fall into the common current and swim with the stream of more accommodating teachers in aiming at speedy results. Ignorance must not be attributed to the teachers concerning the value of this important remark, but necessity knows no law and they are compelled to do as others do, or perhaps, in too many instances, lose their situations, for the school committee cannot support a teacher long, whose course, however judicious, is not approved by a majority of parents,—for in our country the greater number will rule. The change, then, from our prevalent system must originate with parents, and intelligent educationists ought to seek every opportunity to inculcate the most correct notions of teaching on the minds of the more ignorant parents, and thereby prevent any interference with a system of study approved by the wisest and most experienced teachers.

Aiming at speedy results would not, then, present its unsatisfactory cause as now, so prominently, and parents would learn in what the true value of teaching consists.

G. H. T.

MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection and strengthened by enjoyment.

He that voluntarily continues in ignorance is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Voice of the Past.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

The voice of the past is borne to our ears
By the parting breath of the steeds of the years,
And away o'er the waves of Time's billowy stream
Reach its tones like a vanishing dream.

The heroes of old have from earth passed away,
As the last beams that linger at close of the day,
And the dim stars arise pale and cold on the tomb,
Where the light of the past has slept in its gloom.

O'er the ruins of Greece, the first cradle of lore,
The genii of Science will flit nevermore,
And the fame that was gained at the red Marathon,
Is mirrored above in the poet's wild song.

And Rome, haughty Rome, whose banners unfurled
Their eagles of might o'er a down-trodden world,
And looked in her pride from her seven hills down,
While nations afar turned pale at her frown.

He too by the mighty at last was laid low,
And she bowed to the Goth, her rude northern foe,
Though vainly she tries for her power as of old,
Like the giants consumed 'neath Ætna's huge fold.

We may seek for a tale of the past to learn,
By the side of old Egypt's lofty urn;
But the Nile's dark waves in silence weep,
And the desert sands their promise keep.

And history turns from the shadowy age,
For the morning light to illumine her page;
In vain she sighs for a power so vast,
As to list to the voice of the distant past.

To be swift to hear and slow to speak, is an evidence that a man loves truth, and opens his heart to receive it; but to be swift to speak and slow to hear, is an evidence that he loves his own opinion better than the truth.

For the Schoolmaster.
Letter from Minnesota.

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir,—The accompanying letter, from our old school-mate and mutual friend, W. W. T., has afforded me much amusement, and I doubt not will be acceptable to your readers. Those of them, at least, who are acquainted with its author, will readily recognize the spirit of by-gone days.

I. D., JR.

"GOOD MORNING, FRIEND JAMES.

"Minnesota, 1858.

"How true it is that to-morrow never comes. For the last *some time* I have set it apart as the day to answer your very welcome, but long neglected letter. I have concluded, this morning, if you will accept of fifty per cent. of what I owe you and throw in the interest, to balance accounts with you, and begin anew.

We are having a regular New England January thaw—a thing very uncommon here. Winter has suspended, the snow banks have gone into liquidation, there is a great run on the river banks, and it is feared they will both have to go under. The clouds have discounted very freely, but that, instead of helping it, has tended to unsettle the ground on which they were founded,—everything seems to be going down stream. This winter—most of it—has been the pleasantest one I can remember for the last *fifty* or *sixty* years; very little *cold* weather, from four to six inches of snow, and excellent sleighing.

'The panic,' which took you by surprise at the east, has been here also, but we heard of it in time to make some preparation. When we saw it coming we retreated behind our six months' bills and discharged a number of *rounds of golden* shot, which soon brought the fearful creature to terms. All of us were

wounded, but not a man in our town taken prisoner. Business is dull here this winter, but we are looking forward for 'the good time coming,' and content themselves with small sales and ditto profits. The longer we stay here the better are we pleased with the people and the place—all we lack is 'the friends we left behind.' I wish when spring opens you could see a way open to visit us. Our house is a western one, but M— says if you will come here she will show you how comfortable you can be made even in a log house. Our family consists of us, brother R—, Mehitable, (our kittie,) and the chickens, Our house is one block north of the church, one east of sister A—'s, one west of the post office, and one south of the public □ ; now could you not find us were you to come out west?

* * * * *

Is friend Mowry with you? if so, tell him I love him, and if he will write to me he will get as good as he sends—all but the good.

There is not much Nimrod about you, I believe, but this is a great place for wild geese, ducks, pigeons, partridges, quails, rabbits, prairie chickens, deers, foxes, &c., &c. The lakes and rivers abound in fish. If I should tell you what large pickerel they catch here, I am afraid you would call it a fish story, but if you will dine with us some day, I will drop one of them a line to be with us. M— had some scruples about cooking some fish the other day because I told her that the man I bought them of *hooked* them, but she saw the joke in time to prepare us a good dinner.

Among the additions to our town the past season, may be found a meeting-house bell and a village belle, a new school house and a new jail, a brass band and a band of Indians, a billiard saloon and a reading-room, two bowling allies and two new ministers. You can see by the above that we are about 'half

civilized.' We have people here from Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, New York, and New England. The yankees here, as everywhere, I believe, take the lead; and it is as true now as it was in days of old, that the wise men come from the east. Our Doctor Jewett has gone to New England on a lecturing tour, hoping thereby, to induce people to settle in this vicinity. Do the U— people keep me in the liquor trade yet? if so, tell them to ask Doctor Jewett, he can tell who sells it here and who does not. If he brings me in guilty, I will leave town, change my name and join the Indians.

Give our best love to both of you. Tell me all the news as soon as convenient, and believe me, as ever,

Truly, your cousin

WALTER."

Mathematics.

—
If there is anything in the world that resembles the ladder which the patriarch saw in vision, along which, forms of light and truth did come and go through all the night, it is Mathematics. By it we creep up round after round, out of the dust of this great cemetery, and descend with torch-like truths that blazed around the throne; the burning lamps that light the legislative chamber of the Infinite.

Where they curb the mountain spring;— where they put a nerve of thought into the bosom of the sea; where they make the gray canvass glow with the twilight sky, or fling a spidery web amid the clouds and thunders of Niagara, there you will find Mathematics.

One moment it gauges the dew-drop, that satellite of sod, and the next, measures the star-beam that shines in it; now we find it guiding the painter's hand as he parts with his pencil, the blank, unbroken wall, and lets in a cleft of heaven and a break of day; and

now the dialect of Nature's court, wherein her laws are rendered and preserved.

If any gift of prophecy remains upon the earth, sure we are, that it has passed from the poet to the mathematician. How much "at home" he walks along the centuries to come; how he foretells the shadow that shall fall on your forgotten grave and ours, and marks the wanderings of gipsy worlds amid the bright encampment of the sky.

The anatomy of mathematics is what we oftenest see; but this is to clothe it with its own wardrobe of life and beauty.—B. F. TAYLOR.

Public Schools of Rhode Island.

THE general supervision of the schools in this State is vested in a Commissioner, appointed annually by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Senate, whose duty it is "to visit, as often as practicable, every school district in the state, for the purpose of inspecting the schools, and diffusing as widely as possible, by public addresses and personal communications with school officers, teachers, and parents, a knowledge of the defects, and desirable improvements in the administration of the system and the government and instruction of the schools." The Commissioner makes a report annually, to the General Assembly, upon the condition of the Schools, and suggests modifications and improvements in the general plan of education. This report is made at the adjourned session of the Assembly at Providence.

The sum of fifty thousand dollars is annually appropriated for school purposes from a permanent fund. Of this, thirty-five thousand dollars is distributed among the various towns in proportion to the number of children therein under the age of fifteen years; and fifteen thousand dollars is apportioned among the several towns in proportion to the

number of school districts in each town, corporate or otherwise. No town, however, receives any part of this state appropriation unless it raise by tax a sum equal to one half of the money which would fall to it by such apportionment.

A sum not exceeding three thousand dollars is also appropriated annually by the State for the support of a Normal School, three hundred dollars for Teachers' Institutes, and about five hundred dollars for lectures and addresses in the various school districts on "the subject of education, and the best modes of teaching and improving the schools."

The following table contains a general summary of the condition of Schools in Rhode Island for 1867 :

Number of towns in the state,	32
Number of cities in the State,	2
Number of school districts,	386
Number of children due to the public schools, - - - -	35,902
Number of children registered as attending, - - - -	27,130
Average number attending during the year, - - - -	19,330
Whole No. attending summer schools,	22,046
Average number attending summer schools, - - - -	16,300
Whole No. attending winter schools,	25,893
Average No. attending winter schools,	19,281
Average length of summer schools, in weeks and tenths of a week,	17.8
Average length of winter schools, in weeks and tenths of a week,	17.6
Average wages of male teachers, per month, including board,	\$34.50
Average wages of female teachers, per month, including board,	\$20.34
Number of summer schools,	390
Male teachers in summer schools,	89
Female teachers in summer schools,	412
Number of winter schools,	457

Male teachers in winter schools,	270
Female teachers in winter schools,	311
Amount of money expended on school houses, in building and repairing,	\$33,084
Amount of money received from general treasury for support of public schools, - - -	\$49,996
Amount of money raised by town taxes for support of schools,	\$79,740
Total amount of money from all sources available for support of public schools,	\$151,843

—*American Educational Year Book.*

OPPOSITION.—“A certain amount of opposition,” says John Neal, “is a great help to man. Kites rise against, and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore because of opposition; opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He that cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lies down by the wayside to be overlooked and forgotten. He who but braces himself to the struggle when the wind blows, gives up when they have done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows.

THE AQUARIUM.—Take a tank, if the sides are of glass all the better, and in it place gravel and broken stone to represent the bed of the sea; then nearly fill it with sea water. The plants of the sea will soon begin to be developed, in forms of extraordinary variety and beauty. Introduce the animals of the sea, fish, eels, turtles, crabs, &c., any and all of them, and the exhibition becomes an interesting and useful study. Just now there is a great rage for these tanks in the parlors of England and thousands of homes are adorned with them.

Lines to My Teacher.

BY ISABEL C. BALLOU.

THE following ode was read at the “Reunion of the Young Ladies’ High School,” at the close of the last term, when Hon. JOHN KINGSBURY, LL. D., our present School Commissioner, who had been the teacher of the same school for thirty years, and who had over *five hundred graduates* during his administration, closed his connection with the school:

“Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances,
Trumpet and pibroch, to greet him, may sound;
We, to our chief, give five hundred bright glances,
Smiles from one lip to another, go round.
Dear will his greeting seem,
Where’er his face may gleam,
Under the bright sun, or where the dark shade is;
Then let our welcome be,
Long live JOHN KINGSBURY;
Hail to the chief of five hundred young ladies.

Thirty long years of his life has he striven,
Battling with Ignorance; harder, by far,
Than that which history to us has given,—
Europe’s remarkable “Thirty Years’ War.”
Long has he fought, and well;
But for his shot and shell,
Lexicons, at us, their “parts of speech” thundered.
Then give him all respect;
He, who for Intellect
Fought, and has conquered, this valiant five hundred.

Presidents of our most wonderful nation,
Find it hard work to rule men at their will;
What would you think of the nice situation,
Forty-three school girls, at once, to keep still.
Hark! from the sky a sound
Comes through the air around,
And from the depths of the lowermost Hades.
“Shall we not praise him, then,
Champion of married men;
He who kept silent five hundred young ladies.”

No more shall we, in our ante-room crowded,
Sad, of the length of our lessons complain;
Nor, when our forms in our wrappers are shrouded,
Shall we e’er hear of such kissing again.
Kisses to right of us,
Kisses to left of us,

Kisses in front of us, volleyed and thundered,
 And we shall see no more,
 What we have seen before,
 Out of the school-house door, charge out a five hundred.

But he has left us :—in vain we lament him ;
 Vain, to his High School we call him again ;
 For as Commissioner, Governor has sent him,
 ALL of our High Schools to superintend.
 But when we meet again,
 Where'er we may be then,
 Under the bright sun, or where the dark shade is,
 Let us all shout with glee,
 Long live JOHN KINGSBURY ;
 Hail to the chief of five hundred young ladies.

Progressive Development of the Human Faculties by Education.

We quote the following valuable remarks from the introductory address delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at their twenty-fifth annual meeting, in Providence, August 8, 1854, by Rev. Dr. WAYLAND :

" So far as I see, in the course of instruction marked out for young persons, but little respect is paid to the progressive development of the human faculties. A certain amount of time is allotted to education, and the earlier the age within which this period is passed over, the better, and the greater the number of studies that can be crowded into it, the more satisfactory is supposed to be the result. If a pupil can be made to repeat the text-book correctly, it is all that is demanded. Hence we see in the courses of study for mere children, subjects which can only be comprehended by the mind at the period of manhood. The result is unhappy. The pupil leaves school, as it is said, thoroughly educated, but utterly disgusted with the studies which he has pursued, and resolved hereafter never to look at them again ; a resolution to which he frequently adheres with marvellous pertinacity. But this evil is confined to no grade of schools. It exists, if I mistake not, in our

more advanced seminaries of learning. Many of our pupils are employed in studies which they cannot understand, and in which, of course, they can find no pleasure. I know very well that I read Cicero's Orations ten years before I could understand an oration of Burke. I read Tacitus long before I could comprehend Hume ; and Horace when I had no power of appreciating Burns. I had finished my course in rhetoric some years before I had any distinct conception of beauty of style ; and long after I had gone through Stewart, I should have been puzzled to distinguish between perception and conception. I presume that now we are doing better, but I should not be surprised if there were found many now studying the Greek tragedies, who can see no beauty in Shakespeare, and poring over the "Oration on the Crown," who would think it a task to read an oration of Webster.

I fear that it is from this cause that our pupils take so little interest in their studies. They come to them as to a task, glad when the task is intermitted, and happy when it ceases altogether. This should not be so. The use of the intellectual faculties is intended to be a source of happiness, and there must be some error where this result does not follow from the use of them."

BOYS AND GIRLS.—Speaking of the plan of separating the sexes in school, Mr. Stowe, the celebrated Glasgow teacher says :

" The separation has been found injurious. It is impossible to raise girls as high, intellectually, without the boys as with them ; and it is impossible to raise boys morally as high without girls. The girls morally elevate the boys, and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this, girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys.—Boys brought up with girls are made more positively intellectual by the softening influence of the female character."

Simplicity in English Dress.

IN families of many of the nobility and gentry of England, possessing an annual income which of itself would be an ample fortune, there is a greater economy of dress, and more simplicity in the furnishing of the dwelling, than there is in many of the houses of our citizens, who are barely able to supply the daily wants of their families, by the closest attention to their business. A friend of ours, who sojourned, not long since, several months in the vicinity of some of the wealthy landed aristocracy of England, whose ample rent-rolls would have warranted a high style of fashion, was surprised at the simplicity of manners practiced. Servants are much more numerous than with us, but the ladies made more account of one silk dress than would be thought here of a dozen.

They were generally clothed in good, substantial stuffs, and a display of fine clothing and jewelry was reserved for great occasions. The furniture of the mansions, instead of being turned out of doors every few years for new and more fashionable styles, was the same which the ancestors of the families for several generations had possessed; substantial and in excellent preservation, but plain and without any pretensions to elegance. Even the carpets on many suites of parlors had been on the floors for fifty years, and were expected to do service for another half century. With us how different is the state of things. We are wasting an amount of wealth in this country on show and fashion, which, rightly applied, would renovate the condition of the whole population of the world, and Christianize and educate all mankind.—*Exchange.*

Those who apply themselves too much to little things commonly become incapable of great ones.

The Cause of the Gulf Stream.

The deep sea soundings of Lieut. Berryman have done much to confirm a previous theory as to the cause, or one of the causes, of the Gulf Stream. It is ascertained that, at a depth of two thousand feet, in the straits of Florida, the temperature of the ocean is only three degrees above freezing, while in the deep soundings on the telegraph route it is found the temperature is ten to fifteen degrees below the freezing point. Hence, according to well-known laws, the comparatively warm and light waters of the gulf, made lighter by the masses of fresh water from the Mississippi and other rivers, rise and flow off towards the colder regions of the north. At the same time, the denser waters of the northern Atlantic make their way southward to restore the equilibrium. Thus there are two currents, an upper and an under, flowing in contrary direction. The upper is apparent and well known as the Gulf Stream; the under is frequently demonstrated by the fact of immense icebergs, reaching down thousands of feet below the surface of the ocean, being seen floating southward *against* the surface current.

FIRE IN A SCHOOL HOUSE.—On Friday morning a fire was discovered near a flue in one of the public school houses in Harlem, N. Y., and dense volumes of smoke poured into one of the large rooms, when Mr. Jacob Warner, one of the teachers, said to the scholars: "Now, boys, recollect my previous instructions—leave the building in order, and all will be saved." At the usual signal the children, 500 in number, rose from their seats, and without any undue excitement, left the burning building. The firemen soon arrived and extinguished the flames before the building was much damaged.

Keep your school-room clean.

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.

Answer to "Enigma of Natural Curiosities," in March Number.

We are glad to be able to state that our readers have been very successful in solving this enigma. They have not been as successful, however, in finding the errors in it. We have received answers from fifty-five persons, and only *seventeen* of them remind us that Doctor was spelled with an *e*.

Three speak of Kentucky as a *western*, and not, as said in the enigma, a *southern* state. Three object to the spelling [Weyer's] of Weir's Cave. It is spelled both ways with authority. Two others spell "Watt," "Wats," and consequently makes the phenomenon in Germany read, "Spectre of *Sho-broken*." One correspondent adds the following:

"If the above is a correct solution, it seems to me, that a little more care on the part of your correspondents, in getting up such articles, might prevent the transmission of erroneous impressions. For instance, if I am not mistaken, Dr. Franklin did not make the discovery "that electricity could be controlled," a fact which was previously known; but that lightning and electricity are identical.

Yours, truly, C....."

Friends, you must not trust us quite so implicitly, but look out for our mistakes. Especially would we counsel all *teachers* to spell Doctor and not Docter.

The following individuals have sent solutions in season for publication: I. L. C., G., F. H. D., M. S. G., Westerly; W. C. B., Smithfield; M. H. S., New London; E. B. C., A. A. M., W. G. C., M. A. C., B. C., K., A. M. R., R. A. H., R., M., A., R., A., Manfred, Talbot, and John Dudd, Providence; L., Pawtucket; C. A. B., T. C., and C. E., Woonsocket; H. K. H., Tower Hill; I. O. S.,

Phenix; Carrie and Lizzie, and C., Gloucester; A. E. M., Slatersville; E. K., Point Judith; L. A. W., Gardiner, Mass.; Z. B., Providence; I. S., A. B. S., R. A. S., N. S. B., Burrillville; M. A. W. C., Southampton; Helen, Taunton, Mass; Annie, Woonsocket; Nellie, Cleveland, Ohio; H. M., Newport; I., A., M., Portsmouth; L. C. H. and R. H. H., Cayuga Co., N. Y.; W. C. G., aged 12 years, Mansfield; N. A. C., North Anson, Me.; J. N. B., Dilworthtown, Pa.; and John White Oak.

ANSWER.

Peel, Port Lloyd, Solfatara, Towaligo, Pictured Rocks, Antiparos, Grand Banks, Weyer's Cave, Geysers, Fingal's Cave, Florida Reefs, Minnehaha, Sea of Rocks, Giant's Causeway, Natural Bridge, Mammoth, Java, Ouachitta, Spectre of the Broken, Sindree.

• *Whole* — Doctor Franklin's discovery that electricity could be controlled, and the knowledge of the power of steam by James Watt.

DESCRIPTION OF SOME OF THE ABOVE
CURIOSITIES.

At *Port Lloyd* on *Peel* island, the largest of the Bonin group in the Pacific ocean, is a remarkable tunnel supposed to be of volcanic origin. It is from 30 to 50 feet high, with pillars of volcanic rock, and extends across the entire width of the island.—*Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan*.

In the Campagna, between Rome and Tivoli, is the lake of *Solfatara*, into which continually flows a stream of tepid water from a smaller lake situated a few yards above it.—*Lyell's Principles of Geology*, page 243.

The *Pictured Rocks* on the shores of lake Superior, are described as follows in *Harpers' Magazine*, vol. vi. page 586, as seen from a distance of a few miles: "A portion of the appearance seems like standing columns, such as remind us of the ruins of *Tadmor*; another portion lower down the lake strongly resem-

bles a walled town, such as is given us in paintings of Asian and Syrian scenery. A little further on rises a magnificent temple with Grecian portico, in fact, on the model of the Parthenon. Still, a little further on, a row of huge masses almost deceive you into the belief of extensive warehouses, and the illusion is assisted by certain other masses which resemble the sails of shipping, together presenting the picture of an extensive commercial mart. These appearances are owing to the white sand-cliffs which for some miles bound this part of the coast, and which are more or less invaded by the forest."

Antiparos, is on an island by the same name in the Mediterranean sea.

The *Grand Bank* east of the coast of Newfoundland, is supposed to be formed by the Gulf Stream and the Arctic current.

An interesting description of the *Geysers* of Iceland may be found in Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, page 553.

The *Sea of Rocks*, in the Mountains of Odenwald, "is a large collection of rocks rounded smooth as by action of water, closely resembling waves, situated near the top of a mountain."

The Hot Springs of *Ouachitta* are found in Arkansas. They are quite numerous, and the water is within a few degrees of boiling heat. —*Schoolcraft's Lead Mines of Missouri*, p. 268.

The following, in reference to *Java*, is found in Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, page 363; "There is an extinct crater near Batur, called Guevo Upas, or the Valley of Poison, almost half a mile in circumference, which is justly an object of terror to the inhabitants of the country. Every living being which penetrates this valley falls down dead, and the soil is covered with the carcasses of tigers, deer, birds, and even the bones of men; all killed by the abundant emanations of carbonic acid gas, by which the bottom of the valley is filled."

Spectre of the Broken. This phenomenon is caused by the sun's rays striking the object upon the summit of the mountain in a particular direction; the shadow is reflected upon the clouds and any motion is visible. Superstitious people used to think it was caused by supernatural agency. There is authority for spelling the word *Broken* or *Brocken*.

The fort and village of *Sindree*, on the eastern arm of the Indus, above Luckport, are stated by the same writer to have been overflowed; and, after the shock, the tops of the houses and wall were alone to be seen above the water, for the houses, although submerged, were not cast down. Had they been situated, therefore, in the interior, where so many forts were levelled to the ground; their site would, perhaps, have been regarded as having remained comparatively unmoved.—Hence we may suspect that great permanent upheavings and depression of soil may be the result of earthquakes, without the inhabitants being in the least degree conscious of any change of level.

A more recent survey of *Cutch*, by Sir A. Burnes, who was not in communication with Capt. Marmurdo, confirms the facts above enumerated, and adds many important details. That officer examined the delta of the Indus in 1826 and 1828, and from his account it appears that, when *Sindree* subsided in June 1819, the sea flowed in by the western mouth of the Indus, and in a few hours converted a tract of land 2000 square miles in area, into an inland sea, or lagoon. Neither the rush of the sea into this new depression, nor the movement of the earthquake, threw down entirely the small fort of *Sindree*, one of the four towers, the northwestern, still continuing to stand; and, the day after the earthquake, the inhabitants who had ascended to the top of this tower, saved themselves in boats.—*Lyell*, page 461. M.

For the Schoolmaster.
Geographical Enigma.

BY A SCHOOL-BOY AGED 14 YEARS.

I am composed of forty-two letters.

My 31, 15, 7, 27, 14, 5, 35, is an ocean.

My 36, 40, 19, is a river in Asia.

My 6, 5, 20, 27, 37, 23, is an island south of Europe.

My 41, 18, 15, 37, are mountains in Asia.

My 42, 37, 21, 9, 17, is a lake in North America.

My 1, 25, 8, 4, 10, 21, 4, 28, 33, 15, is a sea in Asia.

My 39, 1, 15, 34, 15, 11, 21, 29, is a mount in Asia.

My 3, 38, 26, 8, 31, 10, is a country on the eastern hemisphere.

My 32, 13, 6, 1, 3, is an island of South America.

My 22, 21, 12, 30, 14, 22, 5, 6, 20, 15, 23, is a bay in Europe.

My 6, 19, 21, 16, is a country in Asia.

My 24, 36, 4, is a cape on the coast of Mass.

My 39, 29, 2, 30, 31, 3, is the name of a beautiful little bay in New England.

My whole, is one of the greatest events in the history of the world. L.

For the Schoolmaster.
Enigma.

I AM COMPOSED OF TWENTY-ONE LETTERS.

My 17, 9, 19, 15, 13, 21, 13, 4, 18, 1, 12, was a character well known to the ancients, whose title is applied to some modern scholars.

My 11, 2, 14, is never of any practical value till it is broken.

My 10, 20, 3, is a term never applied to anything warm.

My 6, 20, 7, 8, 5, 12, 16, is what every one who seeks me ought to say.

My whole has long been the study of eminent linguists.

For the Schoolmaster.
Curious Inscriptions.

In an old church, in Europe, built several hundred years ago, it is related that under the ten commandments were inscribed in capital letters the following :

PRSVRYPRFCTMN,
VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN.

For a long time no one could decipher the meaning, which had been lost, so ancient was the venerable edifice. At length a gentleman told his friends that he had solved the riddle, and insisted that they also could do the same thing.

To assist them, he informed them that, in order to read the inscription, they must insert a certain vowel, and *only* one vowel, in its proper places, and, this done, the inscription would make two lines of poetry, and would form an important injunction in reference to the commandments engraved above.

Will the readers of the SCHOOLMASTER inform us which of the vowels is to be used, and in what places?

ANTIQUARIAN.

The Game of Questions.

ONE thinks of a person, place, or thing; the others put questions respecting it, to assist them in guessing, and are answered by "Yes" or "No."

Suppose one thinks of a pin, the others ask—Is it a person?—No. A place?—No. A thing?—Yes. Having ascertained thus much, you know that you must put questions concerning things only. So you begin again:—Is it an animal?—No. Vegetable?—No. Mineral?—Yes. Now you must put questions concerning minerals:—Is it natural?—No. Artificial?—Yes. Then would follow: Is it made of metal? Earth? Stone? A natural product of this country? Light or

heavy? Strong? Large? Small? With many other questions concerning its use.

Perhaps there are few games more deserving to be cultivated than this; but it requires to be well played.

A Curious Circumstance.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REINECK.

As once I was taking a walk, you see,
A curious circumstance happened to me.
A huntsman I saw through the thorny brake
Ride to and fro by the woodland lake.
The deer came bounding across the spot,
But what did the huntsman? He shot them not!
He blew his horn by the forest green,—
Now tell me good people, what could that mean?

And as I strolled onward along the shore,
A curious circumstance happened once more.
A fisher-maid in a boat on the lake
Rowed to and fro near the thorny brake;
"T was sundown,—the fishes around her shot,
But what did the maiden? She caught them not!
She sang a song by the forest green,—
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean!

Retracing my steps at evening's fall,
The most curious circumstance happened of all:
A riderless horse stood in the brake,
An empty skiff reposed on the lake;
And passing the grove of alders there,
What heard I therein? A whispering pair!
The moon shone brightly, the night was serene,—
Now tell me good people, what could that mean?

Curious Facts About Figures.

We take the following interesting and instructive extract from a book recently published by Gould & Lincoln, entitled, "Marcus, the Boy Tamer," being the fourth of the series of "Aimwell Stories." It is an ingeniously written book, intensely interesting, full of thought, provoking thought, and pervaded by a high moral tone.

"I do n't see how any one can dislike arithmetic—I think it is a very interesting study," remarked Kate.

"How curious it is about the figure 9," said Oscar; "you may multiply any number you please by 9, and the figures in the product, added together, will make 9 or a series of 9's.

As—

9	9	9
7	3	12
—	—	—
636	+3=9	27 2+7=9
108	1+8=9	

and so on with any number, no matter how large."

"You can do the same with any of the multiples of 9," said Aunt Fanny, "as 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, etc. If you multiply these by any number whatever, you will have a series of 9's in the product. Try it."

Several experiments were made, with such results as the following:

46		
18		
—		
828	8+2+8=18	1+8=9
117		
27		
—		
3159	3+1+5+9=18	1+8=9

"There is another thing about the figure 9 very curious," said Marcus. "If you take any number composed of two figures, reverse it, and subtract the smaller from the larger, the sum of the figures in the answer will always be 9."

This was found to be true, as in the following examples:

96	64	84	98
69	45	48	89
—	—	—	—
27	2+7=9	9	36 3+6=9
			9

Marcus then explained that numbers composed of three or more figures, transposed and subtracted in the same way, would always give a series of 9's in the product. The

children tried the experiment, and the following are some of their examples :

723	8962
237	2698
496	6264
$4+8+6=18$	$6+2+6+4=18$
32189	
28913	
3276	$3+2+7+6=18$
863577	9216358
736578	1982536
$126999=\text{four } 9\text{'s}$	$7233822=\text{three } 9\text{'s}$

"That is curious ; but why is it so—does anybody know?" inquired Ronald.

"It will take a wiser head than mine to tell why it is so," replied Marcus.

"I found out something the other day about figures that I didn't know before," remarked Ronald ; "and that is, that if you wish to multiply a number by five, you can get the same result by dividing by 2, and adding a 0 if there is no remainder, or 5 if there is a remainder. Thus, 5 times 12 are 60. Divide 12 by 2, and add a 0, and you get 60. Or 5 times 83 are 415 ; divide 83 by 2, and add 5, because there is a remainder, and you have the same number, 415.

"That is quite a convenient process, sometimes," said Miss Lee, "but there is no mystery about it, like the properties of the figure 9. It is in fact the same thing as multiplying by 10 and dividing by 2.

"So it is," replied Ronald. "Well, it's queer that I didn't find that out myself—I thought that I had discovered something new."

"Do you know how to make the magic square, Marcus?" inquired Otis.

"I used to know how to make a magic square, for there are several hundreds of them," replied Marcus. "Let me see if I can do it, now—I suppose I have forgotten all about it."

"What is a magic square?" inquired Ellen.

"It is a table of figures that can be added together in a great many different ways with the same result," replied Miss Lee.

Marcus in a few minutes produced the simplest form of the magic square ; and turning to a book in the library, he found another both of which are here given :

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

1	16	11	6
13	4	7	10
8	9	14	3
12	5	2	15

The several columns in these tables may be added up in the usual way, or crosswise, or diagonally (from one angle to its opposite) and the result will always be the same—15 in the first, and 34 in the second square.

For the Schoolmaster.

Lines Suggested by an Evergreen.

In May I gathered flowers
And early buds for thee :
Too frail to linger long,
They quickly passed away.

Then earth more fair became
Beneath the sun's warm smile :
With summer glories then
I decked thy brow of snow.

Next I did bring to thee
The gorgeous autumn flowers,
With golden fruit, and leaves
That fairer grew in death.

To-day, beneath the snow,
An evergreen I found :
As hope in sorrow springs,
It grew amid decay.

A simple vine of green,
It tells my love to thee ;
Just as the verse I write
Without the flowers of rhyme.

'Tis said our life below
Is like the rolling year :
If so, then I will bring
Each season's fruit to thee.

In childhood's early spring,
My heart's first buds were thine ;
I fondly gave to thee
Affection's tenderest flowers.

Soon shall the summer come ;
Then thou shalt share with me
The sunlight of my joy,
My glory and my fame.

The harvest-time of life,
Rich golden fruit shall yield,
And fields of ripening grain ;—
All these shall be for thee.

And when the wintry wind
Of dreary age shall blow,
Around thy heart shall twine
Affection's evergreen.

HESIL.

Dr. Franklin's Wig.

FROM WHEEMS' LIFE OF FRANKLIN.

ON DR. FRANKLIN'S arrival at Paris, as plenipotentiary from the United States, during the revolution, the king expressed a wish to see him immediately. As there was no going to the court of France in those days without permission of the wigmaker, a wigmaker of course was sent for. In an instant a richly dressed Monsieur, his arms folded in a prodigious muff of furs, and a long sword by his side, made his appearance. It was the king's wigmaker, with his servant in livery, a long sword by his side too, and a load of sweet scented band-boxes, full of "*de wig*," as he said, "*de superb wig for de great docteer Franklin*." One of the wigs was tried on—a world too small ! Band-box after band-box was tried ; but all with the same ill-success ! The wigmaker fell into the most violent rage, to the extreme mortification of Dr. Franklin

that a gentleman so bedecked with silks and perfumes, should, notwithstanding, be such a child. Presently, however, as in all the transports of a grand discovery, the wigmaker cried out to Dr. Franklin, that he had just found out where the fault lay—"Not in his wig as too small ; O no, his wig no too small ; but de docteer's head too big ;—great deal too big." Franklin, smiling, replied, that the fault could hardly lie there ; for that his head was made by God Almighty himself, who was not subject to err. Upon this the wigmaker took in a little ; but still contended that there must be something the matter with Dr. Franklin's head. It was, at any rate, out of the fashion. He begged Dr. Franklin would only please for remember, dat his head had not de honoor to be made in Parree. No, for if it had been made in Parree, it no bin more dan half such a head. "None of the French Noblesse," he swore, "had a head anyting like his. Not de great Duke d'Orleans, nor de Grand Monarque himself had half such a head as docteer Franklin. And he did not see," he said, "what business any body had wid a head more big dan de head of de Grand Monarque."

Pleased to see the poor wigmaker recover his good humor, Dr. Franklin could not find in his heart to put a check to his childish rant, but related one of his fine anecdotes, which struck the wigmaker with such an idea of his wit, that as he retired, which he did, bowing most profoundly, he shrugged his shoulders, and with a look most significantly arch he said :

"Ah, docteer Frankline ! docteer Frankline ! I no wonder your head too big for my wig. By gar, I 'fraid your head be too big for all de French Nationg."

He who will not reason is a bigot ; he who cannot, is a fool ; and he who dares not, is a slave.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

[F] We send bills in this number to our subscribers. Many of them have paid very promptly, but a large number have not yet remembered us. Kind friends, we have to work very hard to sustain the SCHOOLMASTER, and if you could see our bills as they come in every week, staring us in the face so impudently, you would each go right home and send us a more modest and, to us, better looking BILL. You will GREATLY oblige us (and our creditors too) by a prompt remittance. Remember the printer's bill; face it now, and it will not face you in the future.

Schools Visited Last Month.

DURING the past month we have visited some of our Rhode Island and Massachusetts schools.

PAWTUCKET.

Here we spent a half day with Mr. Willard and Mr. Robbins. Mr. Willard is a veteran in the ranks. He may well be called an "old soldier," and faithfully and well has he waged the contest. He has armed himself with the whole armor in the teachers' warfare, and wielded the sword of wisdom not in vain. His school appeared a model of order and diligence.

Mr. Robbins, although "just over the river," and beyond the control of our little state, is yet a real, live, Rhode Island Teacher. He has had charge of the Grove Street Grammar School for half a dozen years, we believe, and we have had the pleasure of spending many half hours with him, and sometimes could not get away in four half hours. He is a well-trained, vigorous, faithful teacher. His success has been marked, and the people of Pawtucket would miss him much, were they to lose his services. We were much pleased with the general sentiment and spirit of the school. No great good can be done in a school where the teachers pull one way and the scholars the other. Here, they appear to pull together—"a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether."

We intended to have called on Mr. Tolman, of the High School, on the Massachusetts side; on Mr. Peaslee, of the Central Falls High School,

and on Mr. Allen, but were obliged to leave those schools for a future day. We were pleased to learn that all of the schools in Pawtucket are in good condition and successful. Mr. Peaslee, we understand, has now closed his first term, and had an exhibition, the proceeds of which were devoted to the "Aid Society."

WOONSOCKET.

The Woonsocket High School is an honor to the place. It is under the charge of Mr. H. R. Pierce, who has a rare faculty for teaching. He is devoted to his profession. We have called twice at his school, and we venture to tell our friends that it will repay any of them for an hour spent there.

Although the school has been very full, like all other public schools the past winter, the order was good, the system complete, the machinery simple, and—the true test—the lessons were well learned and accurately recited, showing a knowledge of the *subject*, and not merely of the *text-book*.

The Grammar Department of this school has had the advantage of the same teacher for several years. During several administrations of the High School, Mr. Perley Verry has been faithfully at work preparing his classes successively and successfully for promotion. His school presented the appearance of a well drilled and long disciplined company. Every one knew his place, and was found "at his post." It is a pleasure to visit such schools.

MILLVILLE, MASS.

The people of this thriving village, which, although not within our state, is so near as to *seem* like a Rhode Island village, have suffered from a constant change of teachers. The true motto is "*Festina lente*;" and we should learn a lesson from the pin-makers:

"'Twill employ

Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin.
Who makes the head, content to miss the point;
Who makes the point, agreed to leave the join.
And if a man should say, 'I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and point
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.
*Seven men to a pin, and not a man too much!
Seven generations, haply, to this world,*

*To right it visibly a finger's breadth,
And mend its rents a little."*

So with the school. It may take *seven terms*, or even *seven years* "To right it visibly a finger's breadth," and the teacher who wishes for success in teaching must *work, work, work,—patiently, perseveringly,—and even ploddingly*, if need be. But some communities think they must have the "seven generations" of teachers, and the quicker they are through with them the better. The sooner they find out their mistake the better for them and for their schools.

The Grammar school in Millville has been entrusted, during the past winter, to Mr. I. O. Seamans, recently of River Point, in this state.

Although Mr. Seamans found the school, as we were informed by the people of the place, in a state of great disorder, we have rarely been inside of a school-room where every thing seemed in better order, or under more complete control, than did this school on the day of our visitation. It presents a good illustration of what an energetic teacher may accomplish, when sustained in his efforts for improvement by the local committee having charge of the school, and the influential men of the place. Could Mr. Seamans, or any one energetic teacher, remain in the same school for a few years, there would be a marked improvement in the public sentiment, habits, manners and morals of the school, and a higher grade of scholarship attained. But so long as a new teacher enters the room with new rules, and new methods of instruction and of *school-keeping* every term, the rank of scholarship will be found, from year to year, *in statu quo*.

We must not neglect to say that the primary and intermediate schools exhibited careful training, under a mild and judicious, but firm system.

AMOS PERRY.—We are happy to welcome back to our state, and to this city, Amos Perry, Esq., so long and favorably known as a devoted, energetic and successful teacher. A graduate of Harvard; for many years identified with the educational interests of Rhode Island, while principal of the Summer Street Grammar school, in this city; having travelled extensively in Europe and

the East; and recently the successful principal of the only "Young Ladies' High School" in Connecticut,—at New London—he is eminently qualified to succeed Mr. Kingsbury, our present School Commissioner, as principal of the "Young Ladies' High School," in this city. We are glad to know that Mr. Perry has entered the school under favorable auspices. His school is, considering the prostration of business, and the consequent diminution of numbers in every private school, well patronized. We wish him that abundant success which he richly merits from this community.

What Our Exchanges Say.

FROM the many notices of our last number, we take the following extracts:

"We take pleasure in saying that this work would do credit to any community."—*Newport Mercury*.

"The Schoolmaster is conducted with industry and ability; some of the best writers upon education in the state contribute to it. It is a valuable aid to our system of instruction, and is eminently worthy of the public support."—*Providence Daily Journal*.

"There is a decided improvement in the Schoolmaster. It has a large variety of excellent matter, adapted not only to teachers, but much to interest the general reader. Its mechanical execution has also been much improved."—*R. I. Pendulum*.

"The Schoolmaster is an efficient aid to the cause of education in this state, and should be liberally sustained."—*Woonsocket Patriot*.

"Number one, of volume four, has just been issued, and maintains the previous good character of the periodical. Mr. Mowry has evidently entered upon the undertaking with the determination to succeed. The pages of the present number bear the evidence of a knowledge of what is needed to circulate among the friends of education. This organ of the teachers of Rhode Island should have a wider circulation; no better investment can be made by one who is engaged in teaching, or who is connected with our school system."—*Providence Evening Telegraph*.

"The Rhode Island Schoolmaster, for the present month, comes to us embellished by a beautiful engraving of Brown University, alone worth a good part of the yearly subscription to this excellent magazine. We are sorry to learn from its pages that a number of its patrons have discontinued their support, in consequence of the 'hard times.' The times are hard, we know, but they are not to be improved by parsimony towards the Schoolmaster, and inasmuch as the function of this periodical measurably corresponds to that of its indispensable namesake, we hope that the deficiency will speedily be more than made good by the friends of education."—*Warren Telegraph*.

"The Rhode Island Schoolmaster enters upon its fourth volume with the March number, which is now before us, fresh from the hands of the printer. The Schoolmaster, we can assure our readers, has come to be one of the best conducted, and most interesting, as well as best appearing, of the many educational journals in our country. It is a magazine for the family, as well as for the student and teacher, and should be welcomed and cherished by every parent in our little state. The number before us presents a beautiful engraving of Brown University, and a highly interesting article of eight pages, from the pen of R. A. Guild, Esq., librarian of the institution, giving briefly the 'origin, progress and present condition' of 'dear old Brown.' Other articles of a local character give much interest to this number. Orders for the magazine should be addressed to William A. Mowry, editor, to whose judicious management and untiring labor, we should not neglect to say, it is indebted for its present excellence."—*Prov. Daily Post*.

"The March number of this ably conducted periodical is adorned with a beautiful engraving of Brown University. The minuteness, chastity and truthfulness of delineation apparent in this 'perfect gem of art,' reflects great credit on the *artists* engaged in its execution. The number opens with quite an interesting historical account of the University from its commencement up to the present time, and contains, besides, a variety of valuable articles in small compass. This

little unassuming monthly, compares favorably with any work of its class that comes under our observation. One leading feature in it we admire particularly, namely: the linking closely together, or keeping continually in view, moral as well as intellectual improvement. It is sad to admit, but nevertheless unquestionably true, that the mere education of intellect, where the moral powers are left untutored, is oftentimes a curse instead of a blessing, not only to the individual but to community."—*Fall River News*.

To Our Subscribers, who wish to Discontinue.

Since the last number was sent out, we have learned that some of our subscribers do not understand the rule, that periodicals are *sent until ordered discontinued*. This, however, is the case with nearly all our periodical publications. The law also holds subscribers responsible for the subscription until arrearages are paid and such order for discontinuance has been sent to the Publisher. A few magazines, like Godey's Ladies Book, Peterson's Magazine and others, begin only with the commencement of the volume and stop when the year expires. The Massachusetts Teacher, and all similar publications with which we are acquainted, send to all subscribers until arrearages are paid and an order given to discontinue. This is the only rule that could well be applied. It takes you but a few moments, friends, if you *do* wish to have the SCHOOLMASTER discontinued, to write us a single line to that effect. We have sent each of you a circular and *printed envelope*, so that you might, with but little trouble, either send your dollar (with as many others from your friends and neighbors as you please,) or an order to discontinue.

It is the duty of each Postmaster to notify the Publisher, if the magazine be not taken from the office. Failing to do this, *he* is responsible to the Publisher for the subscription price.

It is *very strange* that persons *will* send their subscription or an order to discontinue, *without telling us where they live*. We think such people are like the boy who was so amused that his new acquaintance did not know his father.

"Do not know my father? You do not know my father? Why, *I know him just as easy!*"

So, many of our subscribers seem to think we *must* know where they live, *they* "know just as easy."

When you send us money, or an order to discontinue, (we hope by all means it will be the *former*, and *by no means* the latter!) will you be very particular to write distinctly your *post office address*?

✓ Heating and Ventilating School-Rooms.

OHIO UNIVERSITY, Feb. 13, 1858.

DEAR SCHOOLMASTER:

When I wrote my last letter—or rather my last rhapsodic, prosaic reverie—I did not reckon on its being so long before I should again resume my pen to write a few more lines. When I began my last note I fully intended to write a few words on the subject of ventilation in school-rooms. This, if I remember rightly, was the way I came to run off as I did, into such a queer sort of a strain about coal and coal fires. So now let me come back to my intentions and write a few words on this topic, so important and so absolutely necessary to the health of all children. It is quite certain that very many of the diseases of our people are owing to the fact that our women and children are so little accustomed to the open air and to good fresh invigorating oxygen. It cannot be too strictly nor too often insisted upon that those who are growing in body, and at the same time who are exercising their minds, more than all others, need a full supply of pure air. When the body is daily growing there must be in some way a proper supply of all the materials of flesh and blood, in order to make the person to be healthful. The man or the woman whose body does not grow—which only needs to repair the daily wastes of the system, may get along without so large and so constant supply of every element. But when the body is growing and therefore is absorbing daily much more than it wastes, and when it is laying that up for future use, there must be a still more constant and regular as well as a larger and more varied supply of all the elements of the body. This is the case

with our children who are in school. For their growing bodies to enlarge steadily and in the due proportion there must be the best and most important elements daily afforded. Hence oxygen, which can only be obtained from the fresh air, must be had for it continually. But still more strikingly does this appear to be needed when we consider that the brain is to be momentarily supplied with all the materials to make it healthful and vigorous, in order that it may think. There must be momentarily something to keep up the tone of this most delicate organ, and the one most necessary in the vital economy.

But this subject is very well understood as to its importance. Every body concedes that, in order to the proper development of man and his body and mind, he must be allowed an unlimited amount of fresh air in which to breathe while engaged in his manual or mental work. But how to supply a room in which fifty, sixty or a hundred young children, who have vigorous lungs and growing bodies, with a proper supply of this good air, when they are confined in the school-room, is the great question. It has not yet been answered to the satisfaction of any intelligent man. There are many plans which promise much, and many which do really effect much. But as yet none does command the approbation of any one, and not one plan—unless it be very expensive and be driven by some sort of machinery—will work in all situations, and in all weathers. There is no necessity to enumerate these plans nor to go over with their defects. They have done vast good, and will accomplish much, and all that is now in the range of our design is to state some of the conditions of ventilating and heating school-rooms.

And here we say, first, that one of the greatest objects to be aimed at, is so to heat the school in winter as not to use up the oxygen of the air in making that heat. It is thus that the sun warms the atmosphere. In some way its rays fall upon the earth, and the air or earth is heated with no diminution of oxygen it contains. But in our common school-room fires we use a large part of the oxygen the atmosphere contains, in making the heat which we use to keep the school-

are comfortable. A furnace below the school-room to force hot air into the room does not necessarily remedy this evil. It is designed to do so, and perhaps in many cases does partially do so. But unless there is some machinery to force the air along, a part, at least, of that which passes over the furnace will be heated too hot, and will be deprived of either its oxygen or of its moisture. We must then, in our attempts to solve this problem of heating and ventilating school-rooms, try to find some way to accomplish the work by saving the oxygen of the air, and by not using it up to produce the heat.

The second thing to be desired, is to find some way of removing the air which has once gone through the lungs of the children. If it be possible, they should not be allowed to breathe any of this air a second time. It should be at once taken away in some manner, and its place should be supplied with that which is fresh and pure, and full of life and vivacity. It will matter but little how cold this air is, if in some way a proper amount of heat can be secured, and if the bad and vitiated air can be driven off, how readily its place will be supplied is known to every one.

How, now, can these two conditions be satisfied? Or, in other words, how can a room be heated without at all diminishing the oxygen in the air it contains, and how can the vitiated air be removed at once? It is not my purpose to settle either of these questions. I only wish to call the attention of those who have time for these investigations to them, and to suggest that whoever will settle them will deserve the gratitude of the men who are engaged in the great work of education.

The time was when our school houses were open, and we had great open fire-places, so that we had good air at all times. The heat radiated to all parts of the room, and many a time it was uncomfortably warm. The lack then was not from poor air, or a small quantity of heat, but from its irregularity. But now with our very snug and close rooms, and our stoves and furnaces, we are in danger of spoiling the air by the very process by which we gain heat, and then of retaining that bad air till it ruins the health

of the children. Who will give this subject more attention? For though it has been written on by able pens, and has been discussed, yet it is not practically understood.

I have nothing new in the educational line to communicate. We are, in this western world, doing our part of the educational talk, and I think our part of the work, too. We have no other hope for the land than a thorough education, based on the principles of religion and of morality; and we begin to apprehend that for many years past—and perhaps even now—there is too much stress laid on the simple subject of education, considered as apart from nature. I hope the time will soon come when all will understand that the man who is not made virtuous by the process of his education is reckoned to be less than half educated. We must lay more stress upon morality, and upon virtue and piety in our schools, both high and low—not sectional piety, but the genuine, out-speaking, free-souled piety, that makes the man more of a man, as well as more of a Christian. May that time soon come!

Yours, as ever,

ROBT. ALLYN.

"I cannot do without the Schoolmaster."

The following is a letter received from one of our subscribers in the Old Bay State. We have received many such letters within the past month, and we only wish we could say we have *not* received many from those who have found the times so hard that they write: "We like the Schoolmaster very much, but we are *obliged* to say—*Please discontinue.*"

"S. W., Mass., Mar. 22, 1853.

DEAR SIR:

I received the March number of the Schoolmaster last week, and it reminded me that I had neglected forwarding my subscription for the coming year. The dollar has been put aside for this purpose for a long time, and it is only through neglect that I have not sent it before.

I cannot do without the Schoolmaster yet, if the times are hard.

Yours Respectfully."

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF THE COM. OF PUB. SCHOOLS. }
March 15th, 1898. }

The columns of the Schoolmaster having been kindly opened to the Commissioner of Public Schools, I shall, from time to time, avail myself of the opportunity for presenting such thoughts as I may deem important to the advancement of our schools. Among the numerous topics which, at once, suggest themselves for consideration, not the least important is that of

VISITATION.

The duty of visiting schools is incumbent upon all who have an interest in promoting the education of the young. The present school law makes it imperative upon Trustees and Committees to visit schools twice every term. This is undoubtedly a wise enactment of law. But a bare compliance with the requirement of the law is not enough. While this should be done—and done faithfully—voluntary visiting, which makes a deeper impression of interest on parents, teachers, and scholars, should not be left undone. Trustees and Committees should visit often, though the visits should be necessarily short. I have recently seen the reports of a Trustee of one of the districts in Smithfield, in which it is recorded that he has made 12 visits to the winter school and 22 to the summer school during the past year. It need not be said that these visits have been a blessing to that school. It must be so. Let a similar interest be shown by all Trustees and Committees during the next year, and we may safely calculate that there will be a rapid improvement in all our schools. Visitation, however, should not be confined to school officers. Parents and others, all, who would give the utmost value to the money and labor now expended on schools should make it a sacred duty to visit them. This should be done with the desire to aid both teachers and scholars. How many of the difficulties which daily arise between teachers and their employers might be entirely prevented, if the subject of visiting schools claimed that attention which it really demands. Teachers should also visit the families from which their scholars come. This should specially be done, whenever they

find it difficult to govern those committed to their charge. An opportunity is then offered for mutual explanation and mutual co-operation. In this work let teachers take the lead; because they are supposed better to understand the need of it, and have greater facilities for carrying it into execution.

But I took up the pen with the special design of speaking of this duty as it is enjoined on the School Commissioner. Section 2d of Chapter 58th of the Revised Statutes of the State, reads as follows: "The Commissioner shall visit, as often as practicable, every school district in the State, for the purpose of inspecting the schools, and diffusing as widely as possible, by public addresses and personal communications with school officers, teachers and parents, a knowledge of the defects and desirable improvements in the administration of the system and the government and the instruction of the schools."

I will not speak of the difficulty of carrying this provision of the law into full effect. To make it beneficial in the highest degree, it would require the entire time of the Commissioner, while the office business might also profitably occupy it all. I will merely say, that, intending to do all that is possible by way of fulfilling this duty, I would most earnestly invite the co-operation of all the friends of education, but especially that of school committees and trustees. For the best performance of this duty, the Commissioner must be accompanied by some one, who knows not only the locality of each particular district, but all the local circumstances which have a bearing on the condition of schools—some one who knows where public meetings may be held to the best advantage, and who will be influential in promoting the objects which the Commissioner has in view. In bringing these remarks to a close, I would add that in the course of the present year, I hope to be permitted to visit every district in the State; and that addresses and lectures either by myself or others may be given in every town. I would, therefore, solicit correspondence, in reference to this particular subject, with school committees, trustees, and all friends of Public Schools.

JOHN KINGSBURY.

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Geometrical Problem.

WE have received no answer to the "Geometrical Problem," under "School Exercises," in the March number. We fear our readers have exhausted their powers, or time, or patience, on the enigma of that number. The schoolmaster orders that the class be all sent back to their seats, and that they take the same lesson next time. He hopes surely to find the problem solved by some of the class, and the solution sent in before our next number. The problem is an original one, and the author is a member of the Providence High School. Friends, try it.

For the Schoolmaster.

Answer to "Mathematical Questions" in the December Number.

4. $x^2 + xy = 8$ (1)

$$x^2 + y = 6$$
 (2)

Subtract (2) from (1). $xy - y = 2$. (3)

Multiply by 2, and transpose. $2xy = 4 + 2y$. (4)

Subtract (4) from (1). $x^2 - xy = 4 - 2y$. (5)

Complete the square. $x^2 - xy + \frac{y^2}{4} = \frac{4 - 2y + y^2}{4}$

$$x - \frac{y}{2} = \frac{4 - y}{2}$$

$$x = \frac{4}{2} = 2$$

$$xy - y = 2$$

$$2y - y = 2$$

$$y = 2.$$

7. Let x = one leg of a right-triangle and y = other. Then the area = $\frac{xy}{2}$. The perimeter will be $x + y + \sqrt{(x^2 + y^2)}$. Now let the area be equal

to the perimeter, or $x + y + \sqrt{(x^2 + y^2)} = \frac{xy}{2}$.

Reduce this equation, and we have

$$x^2y^2 + 8xy = 4x^2y + 4xy^2.$$

Divide by xy . $xy + 8 = 4x + 4y$.

$$x = \frac{4y - 8}{y - 4}$$

We can substitute any number at pleasure for y , and obtain hence the value of x ; by which means we shall find the two legs of the triangle, and from them the hypotenuse. Let y , for instance, = 5. Then $x = 12$, and the hypotenuse will be 13. The perimeter will be 30, and the area = $\frac{5 \times 12}{2} = 30$.

P. H. H.

For the Schoolmaster.

A Few Queries.

I HAVE seen letters dated in each of the following forms, and would like to ask which is to be preferred:

Providence, March 12, 1858.

Providence, March 12, '58.

Providence, March 12th, 1858.

Providence, 12th March, 1858.

What punctuation marks should be placed after the address at the beginning of a letter? Should the "Dear Sir," or "Friend Smith," be followed by a comma, a semi-colon, a colon, or a dash, or by either of the first three and a dash?

In writing a letter to a perfect stranger, say to John Smith, shall I begin it with his name followed by "My Dear Sir," by "Dear Sir," or by "Sir," or shall I merely write his name without any complimentary address?

Should each word of the complimentary address begin with a capital?

What form of address is most appropriate for the commencement of a letter from a gentleman to a young lady with whom he has no special intimacy, or to whom he is a stranger?

What is the best form for the close of a letter addressed to a person with whom we have no particular acquaintance? I have seen many forms used, among which are "Yours," "Yours, &c.," "Yours Truly," "Yours Very Truly," "Very Truly Yours," "Respectfully Yours," "Very Respectfully Yours," "Yours Very Respectfully."

How should the address on the envelope be punctuated?

Should a letter ever be written on half a sheet?

P.

For the Schoolmaster.
Do You Read the Papers?

TEACHERS and scholars, do you read the magazines and newspapers. Not the "capital stories," but the foreign intelligence and home news. Do you know how much of contemporary history is to be learned by reading them? Let us see what we can glean from the papers of a single month.

1. First, the death of Gen. Havelock. Where did he die?

2. Also, the death of the poet, Beranger. What do you know of him?

3. The revolt in India. Can you give the date of the fall of Delhi?

4. What Kingdom is the chief seat of the war in India.

5. The Queen of Oude recently visited England. For what purpose? When did she die, and where?

6. Marshal Pelissier is president of the French Senate. In connection with what war have you seen his name mentioned?

7. Where is "Roumania"?

8. What questions relative to the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, are being discussed in European journals?

9. Give the name of the Japanese port recently opened to American vessels?

10. Can you give the dimensions of the steamer Leviathan? Owned by what nation?

11. The cause of the detention of the steamer Ariel?

12. In which of Shakspeare's plays do you find the name Ariel?

13. Where is lake Ngami and the falls of Mosioatunye? If you do not know, read Livingstone's work on Africa.

E. W. B.

East Greenwich.

TO THE "ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE FOR BOYS," in the "Fireside Department" of the March number, we have received three answers, which we give below. Answer number one is from the boy who sent us the puzzle; number two, is from

E. A. G., Mansfield, Mass.; and number three will explain itself.

NUMBER ONE

8	2	21	20	14
4	11	23	17	10
25	19	13	7	1
16	9	3	15	22
12	24	5	6	18

NUMBER TWO.

11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	6	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

NUMBER THREE.

RULE for Solving Puzzles similar to the "Arithmetical Puzzle for Boys," in the Schoolmaster for March, which will apply in any case where the number of columns is expressed by an odd number, as 3, 5, 7, &c.

Call the number of columns in the proposed square a common difference.

Begin at the top of the middle column, and write downwards, until the column is filled, as follows—1, 2+ com. dif., 3+2× com. dif., 4+3× com. dif., &c. Fill next right hand column by adding diagonally upwards the common difference to each number in middle column. Fill next right hand column, or columns, in the same manner.

When the right hand side of a square is filled, add, as before, to the last right hand column, and place the results in the outside left hand column. Fill the remaining columns in same manner, in each case adding diagonally upwards, and transferring the top number of each new column to the bottom of the same. Observe, that when a number + the common difference exceeds the largest of the given numbers, the sum must be diminished by that number.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Common Dif. = 5.

9	20	1	12	23
15	21	7	18	4
16	2	13	24	10
22	8	19	5	11
3	14	25	6	17

Com. Dif. = 3.

6	1	8
7	5	3
2	9	4

Each line of numbers added vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, will produce the same sum.

A. A. M.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE AMERICAN DRAWING BOOK: A Manual for the Amateur, and Basis of study for the Professional Artist. Especially adapted to the use of Public and Private Schools, as well as Home Instruction. By J. G. Chapman, N. A. J. S. Redfield, New York.

This great work on drawing is now ready. It consists of 6 parts, which may be had separately or bound together. For description, prices, and recommendations, we refer the reader to the Publisher's advertisement in the present number.

The work, in full, makes a quarto of over 300 pages, printed on excellent paper, with beautiful type, and illustrated throughout by remarkably fine engravings. It is itself a Model of Art. Embracing the various departments of drawing, etching and painting, it presents the fullest and most complete system of practical instruction in this beautiful and highly important, but much neglected art, that we have seen. We cheerfully commend this book to the examination of all who are in want of a practical work on drawing, feeling sure they will find it such a text-book as is needed in all our schools, to teach the art of design, as applicable to the pursuits of every-day life. Give the scholars thorough instruction, as taught in this book, and we shall have better qualified mechanics everywhere. For sale by G. H. Whitney.

MARCUS: or, the Boy Tamer. By Walter Aimwell. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

This is the fifth of the series of "Aimwell Stories," and is a pretty little book for the young—useful as it is pretty—good as it is useful. Full of interesting stories, each one of them conveying a lesson, and each alone and all together having a good moral inference. We advised a friend of ours, who is a teacher, to get it. He did so, and afterwards came and thanked us, saying it was a most valuable book for the teacher, from which to get original problems and miscellaneous exercises. Teachers and parents ought to pay more attention to these miscellaneous exercises and matters of general information.

BARNARD'S JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—March, 1868. Just received.

Three *fine* steel engravings, with memoirs of Dr. Thomas Arnold, Gideon F. Thayer and Dr. William A. Alcott. The number contains seventeen educational papers of great value, and of permanent interest.

Dr. Barnard is doing a great work in publishing such an educational quarterly; which, as we have been informed by eminent scholars, compares favorably with any educational work of Europe, and thus reflects credit on *America*. Teachers, will you not help sustain this great professional work?

Price, \$3.00 a year. We will send it with the *SCHOOLMASTER*, for one year, for \$3.25. For the sake of Mr. Barnard and the work, we wish a response to this call.

LIFE OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.—By Mrs. H. C. Knight. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

To those who have read Mrs. Knight's previously published works we need not say a single word for this book. That she has now written—or, we should perhaps say, edited—the life of such a man as Montgomery, is enough to secure it a reading with all such. To others, we would say, read it by all means. The style is charming, and it is thickly interspersed with quotations, extracts and letters from this Christian poet and philanthropist, the "admired of all admirers."

Of her subject, the authoress justly remarks: "As a model of the Christian citizen, he stands pre-eminent."

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY; or Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1868. Edited by David A. Wells. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

Like the previously mentioned work by the same editor, this is a valuable "Book of Facts." It is designed to give a complete synoptical account of the various discoveries in nature, science and art, during the past year. It treats of a great variety of topics, on a broad scale of subjects, from the discoveries in Astronomy and Electricity down to the Anti-Flickering Gas Burners and new method of making Baskets. For sale by Coggeshall & Stewart.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—By Charles Knight. Revised and Edited, with Additions, by David A. Wells. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

This is an excellent work of 500 pages, setting forth "in a concise and familiar manner the nature and variety of the various productive forces in modern society, together with the results which have been attained to by the union of labor, capital and skill."

It is a valuable repository of facts, fully establishing the title of the book as a truism. Every teacher should have a copy, from which to give general information to his school.

THE POOR BOY AND MERCHANT PRINCE: or Elements of Success drawn from the life and character of the late Amos Lawrence. By Rev. William M. Thayer. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

A capital little book of 350 pages, showing how a Poor Boy may become a Merchant Prince; how he may attain success in any pursuit of life. Mr. Lawrence was a model man. His life and character deserve to be studied by the young. That life and character are admirably portrayed in this little book.

PLEASANT PAGES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE; or Book of Home Education and Entertainment. By S. Prout Macomber. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

A *capital* book for the family, or the school; giving daily lessons on Morals, Natural History, History, Object Lessons, Travels, Physical Geography, and Drawing; with Hymns, Poetry and Music. The Drawing Lessons are worth the price of the book.

THE BOY OF PRINCIPLE, THE MAN OF HONOR. Or the Story of Jack Halyard. By William S. Cardell. Uriah Hunt & Son, Philadelphia.

A very pretty story for boys, inculcating the principles of morality and virtue. The young people will find it entertaining and instructive. Teachers who have school libraries, would do well to add this book.

We have missed our HARPER for March and April. We regret this.

THE NEW-YORK MUSICAL REVIEW is published every other Saturday, by Mason Brothers, New-York, and presents a rich amount and variety of musical matter. Dr. Lowell Mason, Wm. B. Bradbury, George F. Root, and others of the most eminent musicians of the country are among its regular contributors, each number containing more or less from the pen of one or all of them. A very useful and instructive feature of *The Review* is its Answers to Correspondents. All questions on musical subjects, as to its theory or practice, are carefully answered, often at length. The Review also collects musical news from all sources, and keeps its readers well posted up as to what is doing in the musical world. Each number also includes several pages of new and popular music. \$1.00 a year.

WE hereby tender our thanks to the several State Superintendents who have favored us with the following reports: Report of Superintendent of Public Instruction of Iowa; of State Commissioner of Common Schools of Ohio; of Superintendent of Common Schools of Pennsylvania, with Common School Laws; of Board of Education of Massachusetts, and Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board.

We shall refer to them, and quote from them from time to time.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is one of the best Religious Monthlies for the family. The April number is full of choice matter. We wish our families patronised such journals more, and the lighter trash less.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April, is the best number yet. The "Autocrat" grows better and better. It is full of good things. The poetry of this number is of a very high order. The political article is able, bold and manly.

WE are indebted to W. C. Damrell, M. C. for Patent Office Reports, and other Public Documents.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, April, 1858. Crosby, Nichols & Co. Just received.

The R. I. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1858.

NO. 3.

For the Schoolmaster.

Studies in English Etymology.—No. 2.

IN a former number of THE SCHOOLMASTER, (January, 1858,) we gave some results of etymological study, in an examination of a few lines from Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar." We propose to give, in this paper, some further illustrations of the same sort, in an etymological criticism of two of the opening stanzas of Gray's "Elegy."

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

There is an advantage in selecting for study a passage so familiar as this. We need to be reminded that in well-known words there lies concealed an unsuspected wealth of meaning. The common pebble by the way-side which we carelessly pass in our daily walks may enclose, or may itself be, an unwrought gem; it may, during its unrecorded history, have been washed down from a distant mine, side by side with the golden sands of some precious river; and it may have still clinging to it or united with it, something which shall give

it an intrinsic or an associated value. The new, well-cut, and polished jewel will attract any eye, but the familiar, and hitherto unnoticed stone, when its real worth is once discovered, will more gladden and better repay him who has the skill to discover it, and the wisdom to improve it. An unusual, newly imported or invented word cannot fail to be striking; but the old, and oft-recurring words of our every day speech may be shown to have equal, if not greater, impressiveness.

In our former paper we had occasion to notice many of the words of most frequent occurrence in our language,—the articles, the pronouns, and prepositions; the etymology of such as have been already traced to their source we shall not again refer to.

"Curfew" is one of the words which embody facts in national history. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had originally no such term in their vocabulary, even as they had in their social and domestic economy no such custom as it designated. Saxon lord and Saxon churl in the days of their independence piled high the logs in the blazing chimney, and trimmed their lights at as late an evening hour as they chose. But Norman rule brought with it from the continent a wise precaution against fires, and required alike of baron and of vassal that at the ringing of a bell at eight

o'clock in the evening both fires and lights be put out. Wise as the precaution was, it was an innovation upon Saxon habits, and being enforced by the Conqueror's power it was regarded as an oppressive burden. The very name of "curfew," "couvre feu," "cover fire," was offensive. We all remember the out-burst of passion which its unwitting mention called forth from Cedric in "Ivanhoe." The hated law was repealed by a successor of William, Henry I.; but the name of the bell had already become part of the English tongue; and for hundreds of years in many of the villages of England, the "curfew," though no longer an unwelcome sound, has been rung at the close of every day. The nine o'clock bell which still sounds from the steeples of so many of our New England towns and villages is one of the customs which our Puritan ancestors brought with them from their father-land. The hour for the "curfew," after it ceased to be required by law, varied in different places, and with the seasons of the year. Indeed there is a passage in Shakespeare which implies that industry or revelry turning night into day caused it to be rung as late as the early hours of the morning. Thus lady Capulet says to Juliet's nurse,

—"The second cock hath crowed,
The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock."
The antiquated diction of one of Bishop Hall's satires gives us the term with its original spelling, most clearly showing its derivation:

"A new rope to ring the couvre feu bell."

The bell which is tolled is lifted. A Saxon verb, "tilian," "to lift up," unquestionably a relative of the Latin "tollo," "I raise," probably survives in our verb, "toll." There is room, however, for the supposition that this word is onomatopoeitic. "Knell" was not originally limited to the funeral bell. Its Saxon root "cnyllan" meant merely to sound a bell. Old English forms of the word, *e. g.*,

"knoll," "knowls in the ear of the world," (Beaum. and Fletcher.) have the broader meaning. But as a language so long as it lives is ever striving after greater precision by distinguishing differences of ideas by corresponding differences of expression, it was natural that our later English should use this word to designate the "passing bell," the bell which at first announced a death, and afterwards was sounded at funerals. It was once the custom for the "passing bell" to strike, after a pause just before stopping, a number of strokes corresponding to the age of the person deceased. In many places the "curfew" sounded, in like manner, the number of the day of the month. It might then be most fitly called "the knell of parting day." "Parting" comes to us through the French "partir" from the Latin "partiri," and that from "pars," "a part." It may be well for us to remember that the "day" which dies at night, is but the matured "*dawn*,"—both being derived from a Saxon verb meaning "to begin to shine."

The instinct which prompts children to imitate natural sounds prompts nations in their childhood to coin words of an imitative character. Hence the Saxon, like most other tongues, has a class of terms at once describing and reproducing the cries of animals. To this class belongs the original of "to low," found in the passage before us in its participial form. A "herd" is something kept or guarded. The primitive form is "heorde," from the verb "hyrdan," "to keep." Among a pastoral people, cattle would naturally be the kind of possession most highly prized and most carefully kept. It is not strange, therefore, that they should have applied the name of the guarded possession exclusively to this sort of property. When, however, the cattle are exchanged for some marketable commodity, and especially for money, the "herd" becomes a "hoard"; the two derivatives hav-

ing this in common that the things they designate are jealously kept. It is to be noticed that in accordance with the usual economy of language, "herd" pays a double debt; it may designate either the keeper or the charge. "Hurdles," i. e. osier fences, aid the "herd" in keeping his "herd." "Winds," a word wisely chosen for its speciality, denotes the devious motion which our Saxon ancestors designated by the verb "wendan." "Slowly," with its final syllable perpetuating the Anglo-Saxon adverbial ending "lice," bears unmistakable marks of its parentage. In some of the older writers "lea" will be found spelled "lay." This spelling points distinctly to the derivation of the word. A "lea" is a meadow, a piece of land which *lies* uncultivated. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher say,

"Let wife and land,
Lie *lay* till I return."

By an obvious metaphor the unfruitful sea is, by Spenser called "the watery lea."

"Ploughman" illustrates one of the most frequent forms of composition in our tongue and in that of our ancestors. "Plough," the first of its constituents, is connected with an Anglo-Saxon verb, "pleggan," which describes the act by which the implement it designates is to be used. Tooke says it means "to lean upon," "to press." The ruder forms of plough in use among barbarous nations fully justify this etymological association. Thus the crew of the "Beagle" saw in the island of Chiloe men ploughing who thrust the pointed ends of long poles into the ground by leaning against their other and broader ends, and then turned up the soil by pressing down the broad end like the arm of a lever. "Plods," in the same line with "ploughman," and descriptive of his gait, is a word of kindred origin, for the laborious motion or sluggish action which it designates is a "leaning upon." "Weary," a word of

Saxon origin, is related to the verb "werian," "to wear." That which is "weary" is worn, and that which is "worn" is not only used, but according to a secondary meaning of the word, has been injured by wear. We must not fail to observe the two-fold alliteration in this line, in "ploughman" and "plods," "weary" and "way." English poetry lawfully inherits this ornament from its Anglo-Saxon parent; and in its earliest forms lavishly employs it. When moderately and skilfully used, as in the present instance, it adds a real beauty to the expression.

In the last line of this stanza, "world" may be traced to the Anglo-Saxon verb "waerlan," "to go round"; not that the Angles had a true view of the solar system, and knew of the two-fold revolution of the earth, but that they recognised the return of the season, the succession of the years, the *whirling* of the spheres, and borrowed thence a name for the planet with which they were personally connected, and with whose welfare they associated these natural changes. The rhetorical figure is not unlike that used by the apostle James where he speaks of "the course of nature," literally, the "*wheel* of nature."

"Fades," of the second stanza, comes from the French "fade," "impotent," "spiritless;" though both the meaning and the occasional old spelling of the word "vade" suggest a relationship with the Latin "vado," "I go." "Glimmering" is the present participle of a diminutive of the verb "gleam," the English form of the Anglo-Saxon "hloman," "to lighten." "Landscape" is the *land's shape*,—the termination, in the Saxon, "scipe," being expressive of form. Two early modes of spelling it more clearly display its origin, *e. g.* "Landakip" and "landschape." Our frequent ending "ship," as in fellowship, &c., has the same source.

"Solemn" is from the Latin "*sollennis*,"

a word which from its derivation, "sollus," "whole," and "annus," "year," denotes primarily that which takes place every year, and hence fitly designates a rare and sacred observance. From indicating the frequency with which such service was paid it came to describe its nature, and was then employed to describe anything possessed of a similar character. "Stillness," a term of Saxon origin, retaining a frequent Saxon termination, is related to "stilan," a word like the German "stellen," "to place." That which is *placed* is *still*. The preposition or conjunction "save" is the imperative of the verb of the same form, from the French "sauver." "Except" with the same meaning is similarly related to the verb "except." That which is *saved* is *excepted*. This connexion between the preposition "save" and the verb "to save" allowed Chaucer's somprou to offer the equivocal prayer for his companion, the friar :

"God save you all, *save* this cursed frere,"

Any one who on a summer evening has felt the clumsy insect mentioned in the third line of this stanza, strike against his person, or heard it dash blindly against the window-pane, appreciates the fitness of its name of "beetle." Though of almost airy lightness when compared with the ponderous mallet of the same name, it sustains by its decided blows its claim to be derived from the verb "to beat." Its lazy, humming flight is aptly called "droning." This word primarily denotes motion. It is from "dran," past participle of the Anglo-Saxon "drygan," "to drive." The droves are *driven* by the bees. Secondly it denotes the humming notes of these lazy out-casts. The epithet used here may have both meanings.

Merely noticing by the way "drowsy," from the Saxon verb "dreesan," "to droop," so. the head,—a precursor of slumber, "tinklings," an onomatopoeitic word, suggestive of

sheep-bells, "distant" from the Latin "distare," "to stand apart," and "folds" from the Saxon *fealdan*, "to enclose," we have time to notice only the verb, "lull." It is a word of childish memories, and tells us of many a time when we, with weary heads and tired limbs, have "*lolling*," fallen asleep to that measured but inarticulate song of mothers and nurses, which because thus indistinctly chanted,—"*lolloed*," or "*lulled*," (from the Dutch "*lollen*" or "*lullen*," "to sing inarticulately,") we call a "lullaby." The soporific, liquid sound of this first syllable repeated in manifold combinations, and with recurring cadences, produces an effect which may be well designated by the name of the act which causes it. This word with which we close our paper, in one of its derivatives, like that with which we began, has a story to tell. The first English Protestants, the followers of John Wiclif, like the early Christians, sung hymns of praise to God. This practice won for them, from those who despised them, the name of "Lollards," the men who sung or "*lolloed*." Their faith and constancy endured the test of persecution and imprisonment. The stone-walls of "the Lollards' tower" heard their nightly song—a Christian "lullaby."

Where Does Wood Come From?

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of the branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it mechanically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows?

The following experiment will show wheth-

er this conjecture is likely to be correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth was dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain water or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and, to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dirt being blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude everything but air from getting access to the earth below it.

After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and, on being weighed, was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which, in five years, fell from the tree.

Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not been sensibly diminished; but, in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven in the balance. Astonishing was the result—the earth weighed only two ounces less than it did when the willow was first planted in it! yet the tree had gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds. Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in this space of time was not obtained from the earth; we are therefore compelled to repeat our question, "Where does the wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives; the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are, consequently, unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion, it was derived from the air.

Can it be? Were those great ocean spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast but

solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were these all obtained from the thin air? Were the particles which unite to form our battle-ships, those noble walls of wood, ever borne the world about, not only on wings of air, but actually as air themselves? Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on which I tread, and much of the house in which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this was air.—*Life of a Tree.*

For the Schoolmaster.
Singing Birds.

—
BY J. SWETT.

By the river, by the lake,
Where the silver ripples break,
In the lonely mountain glen,
In the crowded haunts of men,
In the woods from footsteps free,
In the garden apple tree,
Lights and shadows fitting round,
Little singing birds are found.

In the northern land of storms,
'Mid the icebergs' awful forms,
Under burning tropic skies
Where the verdure never dies,
Where Siberian exiles roam
In their cold and cheerless home,
Where the Niger rolls his tide
Little singing birds abide.

In the valleys green and low,
Where the brooks through meadows flow,
Where the dark pines rear their forms,
Battling with the mountain storms,
In the fields amid the flowers,
In the sunshine after showers,
Lights and shadows fitting round,
Little singing birds are found.
Feather River, Cal.

For the Schoolmaster.

Relation of Christianity to Education.

THE history of the evangelists and the gospel writings plainly indicate that the idea of genuine religion, in union with enlightened knowledge, never existed in the world before the commencement of the Christian era. All other kinds of ancient intellection—the schools of philosophy, and general progress in knowledge, were hailed with delight among mankind. The grand maxims that entered the soul of Greece, and lodged in the minds of Athenian scholars, did not influence in any marked degree, their characters. The doctrines were embraced as speculations, not as great moral principles, and they never appear to have urged the recipients of them into a devotion to the higher obligations of life. The plant of genius was cultivated for the ease, repose and shade it transmitted, not for the precious fruit it yielded. The thought of imparting knowledge to the vulgar among the Greeks or Romans, was utterly at variance with all established usage; and even the religious regulations of the Jewish people, was never intended for those distant, idolatrous nations who knew nothing of a spiritual revelation.

Until Christianity became developed as a system, no universal and comprehensive use was made of knowledge, nor was instruction freely imparted to the whole living race of men. The heathen philosophers, many of them, believed in the immortality of the soul. Thales, one of the seven wise men, it is said, first declared the soul of man to be immortal, and the eloquent Cicero, in one of his orations, says: "If I err in believing that the souls of men are immortal, I am willing to err, not would I have this error, which is the delight of my life, extorted from me." What use, however, was made of this knowledge? Did they, with the zeal of sincere devotees, em-

body the principle in common life? Did they erect it into a system until it permanently existed, set forth in the moral nature of man? No, it never ranged itself along the heaven-touched confines of their being until Christ made it what God intended, a never-dying principle in the spirit of man.

When Christianity was established, it was upon a basis of free thought. "There is no distinction," said the Great Teacher, "between Jew and Gentile, but Christ is all in all." In this idea the freedom of all the nations was founded. The instructive epistles of Paul, exclusive of their doctrine, show how far he was animated with the spirit of a preceptor, and how faithfully he devoted himself to the service. There is in those writings, the most minute instruction with regard to the regulation of the world of home, and for all domestic virtues. To study them attentively, is to understand our duty to wife, child, father, mother, friend and servant. Were any sick, Luke, the physician, was ready among the disciples to blend his skill with mind healing. Were any in sorrow, John poured the balm of consolation into the wounded heart. Miraculous gifts ingrafted upon their knowledge, so freely imparted, gave them a might and majesty never before known in the world.

The miraculous gift of tongues teach us one great fact, the advantage of education, and how necessary it is for instructors to be possessed of the necessary endowments. Such supernatural aid is no longer vouchsafed to preceptors. There are no Pauls or Peters to speak with unknown tongues to wonder-stricken hearers. We must first be taught in order to teach, and by human meditation not only, but by the mandate of the Infinite Spirit.

To come down to our times. Free instruction allied to Christianity, is the grand conception of the modern era. The light of

knowledge now poured in upon the soul in heathen lands, where the labors of the missionary heal the deformities of life, is made palpable and abiding through the spirit of Christianity. The school house is the offspring of the church, and their agencies clearly assimilate; moreover, they can never have their true efficiency without a total disunion of church and state alliances. Such was early Christianity, and its spirit must exist in the same freedom in our day, in order to have its true efficiency. Two of the early fathers speak of a bishop, and none of them of a pope. Polycarp invariably calls the leaders in the church *presbyters*, literally ancients.

Reverence for the unseen world, and the glorious works of God, comes not through the panoply of power, and, in the blending of knowledge with religion, no political tendencies ought to intrude themselves. The covenanting spirit of grace organizing itself into beauty beneath the eye of God, knows not of thralldom. Who, in a time of distempered war and passion, brought about by the temporal policy of a sacerdotal system, is fit to enter this kingdom of love, peace and instruction?

In the actions of our Puritan ancestors, free religion and free instruction were collateral ideas. It was here, as it must be elsewhere, always retarded by Indian warfare. The general court of Massachusetts passed a law ignoring the expense of schools until each village reached the aggregate of a hundred families. For a lengthened period the Indian massacres limited the numbers far short of that requisition, consequently appropriations for schools were small and educational aid from the towns very slight. Notwithstanding, we see at that remote period the first beginning of that system of free instruction, now expanded and diffused into an august system.

Pestolozzi, of whose genius so much has been written, simply embodied the idea of christian teaching, irrespective of class, condition or nation. Unlike Aristotle and the philosophers of antiquity, who had only the rich and noble for pupils, he spread light among the dark places,—among the vulgar and poor, those by the way, who always require instruction most and who are generally prohibited from its benefits. Some new principles were applied to the mental conditions of pupils, to be sure, nevertheless, wherever he found pure native mind, rich in the power of acquisition and retention, rewarding the world and his own care with a redundant progress, it was in such a soil that he most improvingly and tenderly sowed the seed of thought, and waited for the harvest. So Christ chose his apostles from among all grades of humanity, and they stand forth huge, vast and grand in their proportions, successful builders of the temple of the human soul.

C.

For the Schoolmaster.

My First Day in School.

I remember it as though it were yesterday. It was more than thirty years ago. The "Merry month of May" was unfolding its flowers, and had already rendered the woodland vocal with the early song of birds. The sky was clear, and the air was balmy. From my father's door the old wagon road wound its way along the hill-sides, inclosed on either side by the crooked rail fence, newly repaired, with here and there an intervening piece of stone wall, until the distance of a mile and a half brought us to the old-fashioned country school house. My anticipations were high; at least, my curiosity was thoroughly awake. I did not recollect having traversed the way before; and on coming within sight of the residences of two intervening neighbors, I

felt quite sure that each, in turn, was the school house. I was accompanied by an older sister, who, from past familiarity with the route, was able easily to rectify my mistakes; and at length we reached the school house, standing unguarded by wall or fence, upon a triangular space left by the intersection of two public highways and a cut across, at some little distance from the apex, for the accommodation of such as might prefer a gradual turn to a sharp angle. When we arrived, the children were assembling from various directions with their books, and their baskets of dainties, to be duly deposited in the large cupboard beside the fire-place, against the hungry noon-time. The cupboard had been thoughtfully located there for security against the attacks of frost in winter; or, perhaps I should rather say, to undo its work, for it was no uncommon occurrence for the minced pies, sausages, and apples, on their way to school, during the frosty mornings of winter, to emulate the condition of the walrus beef of the parties of Dr. Kane, on their exploring expeditions in the frozen north.

I will not consume time in telling how strange it seemed to me, at first, to be debarred from a free expression of my sentiments, as inclination might dictate, or to be denied the free use of my limbs to carry me to the door when the rattling wheels gave notice of some passer-by; or how grateful was the hour of intermission, or how soon I knew the names of all the scholars—how much I enjoyed their sports, and how we sometimes quarrelled; I have invited attention for a different purpose.

In that old building—small and low, and shabby, guiltless of paint, within and without, and of all other ornament save that which the “great boys” had carved on mural desk of pine and seat of oak, a rough, four-legged slab, which did not always suc-

ceed in maintaining its own centre of gravity, and the summer display of mingled boughs of pine, and oak, and chestnut, and wild sun-flowers, and red and yellow lilies interspersed, in the broad old fire-place—my school-days had their beginning. During the first three months of my school-life, presided a teacher whom I cannot and desire not to forget. How much she knew, we could not precisely tell; perhaps we did not think. No doubt we all thought her very wise. One thing, however, we *knew*, for we *felt* it, *she was kind*, and we loved her. Beside her knee we stood to read our first monosyllables, and coveted no more enviable position. We learned rapidly, I am sure, for I could soon spell in “Baker Table,” and read “The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion;” and “The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.”

I think her “task” must have been “delightful.” Certainly she rendered that of her pupils so, and when she took leave of us, at the close of the term, we all wept tears of real sorrow at the thought of separation, for we all felt that we were about to lose a true friend. How much of our subsequent success we owe to this kind teacher it is impossible to say; doubtless much. For myself I may safely affirm it. Under her tuition I first learned to love my school, and this love never left me. School was ever afterward a pleasant place. I continued to love it in spite of the rod and ferule and other like appliances of the times. Under her guidance I won my first success and gained the reputation of a good scholar, which, notwithstanding the egotism, I shall venture to assert that I never lost. Through years of earnest study, amid difficulties and pecuniary embarrassment, it did not forsake me. After three fourths of a

score years of teaching, my love of study and of school still remains fresh; and, if there is truth as well as poetry in the familiar lines,

"Tis education forms the common mind;

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"

I might not transcend the limits of truth, were I to assert that I owe more of my success to this unassuming teacher than to all the rest whose instructions I have enjoyed. It is said of one of our most talented and successful public men, that he attributes his success in no small degree, to the impulses that he received from his village schoolmistress, who always insisted upon having every task performed *promptly and well*.

In conclusion, I would just hint a gentle reproof to those teachers who, while enjoying the most ample opportunities for giving a right direction to the intellectual and moral character of their pupils, are longing, painfully, to be teaching older pupils and higher branches. Let them remember there is no grade of scholars so low as not to furnish exercise for qualities of the highest order. Hon. Horace Mann gave a most fitting reply when asked his opinion respecting the right kind of a teacher to instruct young children, in saying, in substance, that the best teacher for the infant mind is the Infinite mind; thus indicating that the qualifications of a teacher, even for the young, cannot possibly be too high. I add one word of exhortation to those who would have their own "task" "delightful," in the present, and have it prove a source of delight, both to themselves and their pupils, in the future,—be ever kind, faithful and true in the discharge of your duties, in all circumstances whatever.

L. F. C.

If you have a friend who loves you — who has studied your interest and happiness, — defended you when persecuted and troubled, — be sure to sustain him in his adversity.

For the Schoolmaster.

Deaf and Dumb Institute, Hartford, Ct.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

I AM under obligations to the officers of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Hartford, Connecticut, for a copy of the forty-first Annual Report* of the directors of that institution. The report must have been drawn up—not by the directors, as it purports to have been—but by the Rev. Mr. Turner, the efficient principal of the institution. With regard to the literary execution of the report, it is evidently the production of a scholar. At the risk of wearying your readers, I print in full the following catalogue of the officers of the institution:

Principal—Rev. William Turner, A. M.

Instructor of the Gallaudet High School—Jared A. Ayres, A. M.

Instructors—Laurent Clerc, A. M.; Samuel Porter, A. M.; Henry B. Camp, A. M.; Rev. John P. Keep, A. M.; John C. Bell, A. M.; Richard S. Storrs, A. M.; Edward M. Gallaudet, Wilson Whiton, James L. Wheeler, Elizabeth Bacon. Mary A. Mann, Sarah W. Storrs.

Teacher of Articulation—Eliza H. Wadsworth.

Teacher of Drawing—F. Julius Busch.

Teacher of Penmanship—W. R. Small.

Attending Physician—E. R. Kent, M. D.

Steward—I. M. Allen.

Matron—Mrs. Phebe C. White.

Assistant Matrons—Nancy Dillingham, M. A. Hull.

* The report is embellished with a beautifully executed lithographic portrait of the late Lewis Weld, for many years the principal of the Hartford Institution. To him belongs the merit of having educated some of the most gifted mutes in the country. Mr. John Carlin, of New York, a miniature painter of merit, and an author besides; Mr. Henry W. Conrad, of Philadelphia, a painter, and Mr. Albert Newsom, of Philadelphia, one of the best lithographic engravers in the United States, were his pupils.

Master of the Shoe-Shop—Rufus Lewis.

Mistress of the Tailors' Shop—Margaret Greenlaw.

The Gallaudet High Class was originated within the walls of the institution a few years ago, for the instruction of the most promising pupils in the higher branches of an English education, such as Rhetoric, Astronomy, Philosophy, Civil Engineering and Physiology. Mr. Ayres, the instructor, as before observed, of this class, is married to a deaf and dumb lady.

Laurent Clerc, whose name heads the list of instructors, was born deaf, and is a native of France; having been taught by the celebrated Abbe Sicard. He had the degree of A. M. conferred upon him by the trustees of Yale college, while yet a young man. He was biographed in the December number of the New York National Magazine for 1856, and his likeness also appeared therein. His wife was educated in the Hartford institution. One of his daughters is the wife of the mayor of that city. One of his sons now ministers in St. Louis. Laurent Clerc's salary is not far from \$1200 per year. Samuel Porter edits the "American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb," a quarterly periodical of decided merit, which contains in part contributions from deaf mutes. Edward M. Gallaudet, the youngest son of the late Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, LL. D., and scarcely twenty-two years of age, has recently been appointed principal of the Deaf and Dumb Institute in the District of Columbia. He is assisted by his mother in the general supervision of the female department. She is a mute. Her other son, Thomas Gallaudet, besides being a teacher, breaks the bread of life to the mute portion of the population of New York every Sunday afternoon. Like his father, he is married to a deaf lady; whose brother not long ago married one of her (Mrs. Gallaudet's)

daughters. Wilson Whiton and James L. Wheeler, of the corps of teachers, are both mutes, and have each a salary of one thousand a year, which certainly goes a great way towards relieving them from a harrowing sense of their inferiority, in a pecuniary point of view. May He who saith, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," bless the directors of the institution for their liberality in placing them on an equal footing with their hearing associates. Mary A. Mann and Sarah W. Storrs are both deaf. Nancy Dillingham, one of the assistant matrons mentioned in the catalogue of the officers, is a deaf mute. Her sister, also deaf, was employed as assistant teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institution of Philadelphia when it was in its infancy. She is well connected in Philadelphia.

The list of pupils from the commencement of the institution in 1817, who had left previous to May 16, 1857, (the date of the report,) covers more than 28 pages, giving the residence, cause of deafness, and occupation of each pupil. I glean from this list the following items:

Levi S. Backus is publisher and editor of the "Register," and not the "Radie," as stated in the list. John Brewster, now dead, was a portrait painter. George W. Caldwell is a bookseller. James J. Chamberlain is a conveyancer. John W. Compton is a clerk in the U. S. Treasury, with a salary of \$1500 a year, and married one of three mute sisters. John Everson is a nurseryman and seedman. William Genet is master of the cabinet-shop in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at New York. George Homer is a custom-house boatman. Derwin Langdon is a merchant, doing business at Kennebunkport, Maine. Miss, or Mrs. (I don't know which) Laura A. Merri-man is represented as a clock-face painter. Philip H. Neilson, besides being a farmer, holds the office of postmaster at Warr

Springs, N. C. Olivia J. Record is a teacher of drawing. H. Scovel is a pedlar.

Thus, it will be seen, that the graduates of Hartford Institution fill different spheres of life, some of them, doubtless, with credit to themselves. I had almost forgotten to say that Mr. Edmund Booth, formerly a pupil and subsequently a teacher in that establishment, is employed as editor of the "Eureka," in Iowa.

For the Schoolmaster.

Our Life.

—
BY N. A. W.
—

With change on change doth roll
The wave of human life,
Bearing onward to the goal,
Its freight with beauty rife.

It is a common lot;
To all the fate is given,
That here our home is not;
Oh! look for one in heaven.

And where are we to-day?
Have we the *power*, if will,
The unrelenting flood to stay?
The hidden strife to still?

Our life is but a little space
For preparation given,
That when we've run our earthly race,
We may find rest in heaven.

For the Schoolmaster.
Cruelty to Animals.

How often may be witnessed, in almost every place, and especially in large towns and cities, public exhibitions of this most detestable vice. It is strange that men who are indebted to the noble animals which they own for both pleasure and profit, are mean and cruel enough to repay them for their valuable services, with kicks and blows. But it

is pleasant to know there are many who are worthy exceptions to this cruel treatment of animals; noble-minded persons who would scorn to degrade humanity by stooping to such low acts. How common, yet how revolting a sight, to one of tender feelings, is that presented by a horse taxed with the labor of bearing burdens to which his strength is wholly unequal. Even the most patient and docile of animals will, at times, resent the harsh and unjust treatment of a cruel master, but the man who is merciful to his beast gains all his love and gratitude; which, in the hour of danger, combined with the sagacity which all animals have in various degrees, may be of great service to him.—Many of the brute creation are known to have been the medium through which life was saved.

How constant and unchanging is the attachment of a faithful animal to his master, and that his companionship and love are not to be lightly estimated, many a person who has been deprived of human society might testify. I have read of wild animals being so touched by the helplessness and dependence of their prey that their brute natures were made subservient to their compassion, but I have seen a *man*, or one who had arrived at the years of manhood, who, having been offended by some person, expended his terrible anger in beating a poor, defenceless beast.

Cruelty to animals is by no means significant of bravery. Far from it,

"The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture aught below,
'Is even first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe."

Children should always be taught to treat with tenderness and care the creatures which God has made and placed here. We often hear of desperate characters who commenced their course of wickedness by inflicting pain

upon the smallest insect, and it is certain that those who are kind to animals will extend that kindness and love to suffering humanity. The knowledge that we are dependent upon a Supreme Being for all that we have, and all that we are, should teach us to be kind to every creature dependent upon us.

N. A. W.

For the Schoolmaster.

Frequent Changes in Educational Policy Unfavorable to Mental Improvement.

BY REV. WILLIAM BATES.

MEN, in order to rise to civilization and refinement, must have a fixed abode: Committees that would develop the intellectual powers of their youth must rely on no chance or spasmodic efforts in behalf of education. Government should establish and cherish institutions of learning—should pursue a steady policy—one looking to remote results. The supplies, the means for sustaining our schools, should be as unfailing and as reliable as the government revenue. Change of policy, fickleness in plans and principles in relation to our system of education will be destructive of all true and healthful progress, of all permanent good. A rolling stone gathers no moss, neither does the mountain-top that is swept by ceaseless winds. The ocean's beach, shifting its sands and washed by restless and ever-returning waves, presents no verdure. Lands subject to the influence of the winds and driven before the tempest are a perpetual desert. But give those waste places rest, let the spirit of quiet brood over them, and little by little vegetation springs up, and they are clothed with verdure. A fruitful soil covers the sands; the once barren rock is adorned with vegetation, and the once dreary desert smiles in living beauty. Neither the delicate plant nor the sturdy oak can take root if they must be subjected to continual transplantings,

or if they have nothing to cling to but shifting sands. But let them have a fixed position or a permanent soil, and they will have the means of growth; they will flourish in vigor and beauty. Roving tribes of men have uniformly been barbarians. No people ever came out of a state of barbarism without choosing a permanent residence—without establishing certain fixed principles of life—certain rules of national policy. Fickleness has been the bane of France.

Let this condition of excellence be regarded in our state and city policy in respect to our system of education. Change is not reform. Experimenting is not progress.

For the Schoolmaster.

William Shakspeare.

J.

His Memory—Irving—Criticisms of Hallam—Dryden and Jeffrey—General Meris—Conclusion.

THERE are three rivers Avon on the map of England. That which flows by Stratford, the birth-place of Shakspeare, rises in the interior and joins the Severn above Gloucester. William Shakspeare has lain in his grave in the chancel of Stratford Church many long years; his mulberry tree has been metamorphosed in snuff-boxes and walking sticks, his portraits have been smoked, weather-faded, restored and retouched, but Shakspeare lives to-day as truly as ever author lives, in the life pictures which his productions everywhere exhibit. Poets and essayists, no less than the drama, have joined to keep his memory green.

The style of Irving was never more pleasing than when he paid that beautiful tribute to the memory of the poet which he records on his journey to his birth-place. It is a spontaneous acknowledgment of his own idea of the poet by which he invests the old house,

the church, and his tomb with an interest and a beauty which show that Irving himself cherished the memory of the bard of Avon.*

Quoted, and following in the order of mention, are passages on the subject placed at the head of this article from the writing of Hallam, Dryden and Lord Jeffrey. Respect to the opinions of such men is a sufficient apology for this course, even if it were not vanity and folly to attempt an imitation of what able pens have done before.

"The name of Shakspeare is the greatest in our literature; it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in the creative powers of the mind: no man had ever such strength at once, and such variety of imagination. Others may have been as sublime; others may have been more pathetic; others may have equalled him in grace and purity of language, and have shunned some of his faults; but the philosophy of Shakspeare, his intimate searching out of the human heart, whether in the gnomic form of sentence, or in the dramatic exhibition of character, is a gift peculiarly his own."

"He was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps all ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it, too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clinches, his serious swelling into

bombast. But he is always great when some occasion is presented to him."

"The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images and descriptions are given with such brevity and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellencies, like those of nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator."

Minds which are not sufficiently developed to see these merits in Shakspeare, cannot of course, appreciate them. To the general reader are apparent, first, the genuine wit and the rare conceptions of character which the poet has at command; afterwards, his unusual power of description which makes the most careless thoroughly acquainted with the persons introduced before the first act is finished. The beautiful Miranda, the ugly Caliban, half man, half beast, are perhaps the characters strongest and clearest delineated in the Tempest. Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice, Beatrice, in Much ado about Nothing, become at the first, well known and interesting personages. But in King Lear, Macbeth, and Hamlet, are those exquisite delineations of feeling which charm and surprise the reader. Other dramatists present to us images, pictures, but Shakspeare acquaints us with persons who seem to be living, breathing, actu-

* Sketch Book.

al; they are men and women; not figures or representations.

We cannot praise Shakspeare as a man; he doubtless had excellent qualities, and, being human, possessed faults; but this age knows most and cares most for him as a writer. In this character he efficiently sustains the part which he acts. The greatest critics award him deserved praise.

Shakspeare was born April 23, 1564, and died on his birth-day, 1616. No lineal descendant remains.

He so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Milton, 1630.

For the Schoolmaster.
What is Life?

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

Oh, what is life,—a restless dream
That death will waken soon,—
A fading mist, a passing gleam—
A morn without a noon.

Oh, what is life,—'tis like the breath
Of summer's withering flowers,
In vain we bind the rosy wreath,
It dies e'er evening hours,
And far upon the night winds sad,
Each falling leaf is borne,
So is it with life's visions glad,
So with the hopes we mourn.

Oh, what is life,—'tis like the light
That paints the closing day,
'Tis lost amid the deepening night,
Soon gone its last pale ray.

Above the night-cloud's deepening shades
Another day will dawn,
The light of life forever fades,
Death's night proclaims no morn.

Oh, what is life,—'tis like the star
That glimmers o'er the wave,
And lures the traveller's eye afar,
But leads him to his grave.

In vain the sweet illusion blinds
To earth's scenes all so fair,
Time soon life's brittle thread unwinds,
And ends his record there.

Great God, within whose mighty hand
Our destinies abide,
Lead us into that better land
Beyond the mortal tide.

For the Schoolmaster.
Burning School Houses.

THE notices lately inserted in the papers concerning the fires in school buildings, and the risk incurred from the present mode of constructing the warming apparatus ought to receive immediate attention.

The agent of an insurance office told me that when he was requested to insure a *new* house, he replied that he would first examine the furnace by which warmth was procured. He afterwards assigned as a reason for *refusing* to issue a policy, that the furnace was so constructed as to render the building liable to destruction from the brick and stone work being so near to the wood work. The owner, who, like the majority, did not know about furnaces, told the insurance agent that the furnace was built by one who had erected a number in Providence, and, of course, had the reputation of being capable of suitably arranging a warming apparatus. The agent explained the defect, and told him that he had seen *twelve* furnaces constructed after the same pattern, and, of course, liable to burn the wood-work as soon as it becomes dry, which would require but a short time. The owner had his furnace altered as the agent suggested, and *then* the building was insured. How many school houses and dwellings are *now* exposed to be burned, will not be known; but surprise will be frequently expressed that this calamity should be so common, when, apparently, the work was so *securely* done.

As my article is suggested by the dangers to the school houses chiefly, I will hint to the teachers, male and female, the importance of making themselves *thoroughly* acquainted with whatever mode of warming their school-rooms the committee see fit to adopt, and not remain so ignorant upon this *very important* subject, as to be obliged to depend upon the assertions of a workman, that the building is perfectly safe from fire. Your responsibility is so great in this respect that no hesitation should be felt at suggesting improvements, or, at least, of investigating the question for your own satisfaction. School committees, who have had meetings since the New York catastrophe, have proposed alterations in the arrangements of doors, stairs and fire apparatus.

The State Prison and Athenæum, in this city, are warmed by water passing through iron pipes. The temperature seems agreeable, and the mode of warming safer than furnaces or stoves.

G. H. T.

Memory.

Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew each one of his eighty thousand soldiers by his right name.

Seneca was able to rehearse two thousand words, which were given to him in the same order.

Hortensius kept in his memory all the prices paid on a day of auction.

Hugo Grotius, on being present at a review of some regiments in France, re-called all the names of the single soldiers which were there called up.

Justus Lipsius ventured to rehearse the works of Tacitus from the first word to the last, forward and backward, even when somebody was standing before him with a drawn

dagger, to pierce him at the very moment he had forgotten but an only word.

A Venetian lady, well known by her erudition, when asked for the sermon she had attended in church, repeated scrupulously every word.

Racine knew by memory all the tragedies of Euripides, Bayle the whole work of Montaigne, Hughs Doneau the Corpus Juris, Metastasio the entire Horatius, and Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, all of the New Testament, from the first chapter of Matthew to the end of the Apocalypse. The learned Scotchman, Thomas Dempster, affirmed he knew not what it was to forget; and Scalliger is told to have apprehended within twenty-one days the whole Homerus, and within four months all the Greek poets.

The notorious and mysterious Count of St. Germain surpasses them all. Any newspaper he read once he knew by memory, and was furnished with such a gigantic, comprehensive power of numbering that he retained a series of a thousand numbers, which he could recite forward, and backward, and pulled out from the middle. From the court of Henry III. in Cracow, he demanded one hundred packs of picket-card, mixed them together in disorder, let him tell all the successions of the cards, ordered it to be noticed exactly, and repeated their names, following one after the other, without being wrong once.

He played almost every musical instrument of the world, was an excellent painter, and imitated any hand-writing in the most illusive manner. He had but one passion—playing all games with absolute mastery. In chess no mortal has vanquished him, and in faro he could break every bank by calculation.

The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way he would train up his child.

Employment.

I say it is employment that makes the people happy. This great truth ought never to be forgotten; it ought to be placed upon the title-page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to head the columns of every farmer's magazine and mechanic's magazine. It should be proclaimed everywhere, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness, and I admit the high usefulness, of cheap food—notwithstanding that the great truth should be proclaimed everywhere, should be made into a proverb, if it could, that where there is work for the hands of men, there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread; and in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good; in a country like ours, where with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment, there is always great willingness for labor. If they can obtain fair compensation for their labor, they will have good houses, good clothing, good food, and the means of educating their children from their labor, that labor will be cheerful, and they will be a contented and happy people.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Cambridge Chronicle has the following:

Copy of an address of a letter remaining in the Post Office in this city for pre-payment:

"Misturs Jimi flins bruthir
rale rode wuks
bac his hous
Nuten Kornur
Americy
Mass."

A man can no more believe with another man's faith, than he can satisfy his hunger by seeing another eat.

A School Without a Master.

In the annual report of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, Secretary Boutwell gives the following account of a self-governing school:

"In Chillicothe there is a high school without a master. It contains about seventy pupils of both sexes, whose ages average between fifteen and sixteen years. They assemble together in a hall, where the studies assigned by the teachers are pursued. The recitations take place in the adjoining rooms. Two recitations daily are conducted by the Superintendent of the Public Schools in the city; the others by teachers appointed for that purpose. I entered the school-room unobserved, and though there was no teacher present, there was no appearance of disorder nor neglect of study. The school has been managed upon this plan for two years, with entire satisfaction to the teachers and to the public. I had no opportunity to become acquainted with the intellectual character of the pupils, but a school in which the power of self-control is so early and so thoroughly developed, cannot be unworthy of public notice."

If a Teacher can do no more than repeat the printed questions at the bottom of the text-book, and hear the ready-made answers he had better quit the business.

If there be any such art of teaching, we ask how it came to pass that a man shall be considered fully qualified to exercise it without a day's practice, when a similar attempt in any other art would expose him to ridicule.

He who occupies two years in teaching what might as well be taught in one year, does his pupil a great injury. He not only abstracts from the pupil's acquisition, that bears improvement, but all the knowledge which would have been the fruit of it for the remainder of his life.—FRANCIS WATLAND.

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.**Answers**

To "Geographical Enigma" in the April number have been received from N. T. E., Slatersville; Myra and Marie, Bristol; S. N., Pawtucket; Rosa, Marblehead, Mass.; C. J. C., Charles, Westerly; O. A. T., Uxbridge, Mass.; M., A., R., A., Talbot, Z. B., Jabez, Providence; Minnie, Slatersville; P. B., N. S. B., T. J. B., Burrillville; Nellic, Cleveland.

ANSWER.

Pacific, Obi, Sicily, Ural, Slave, The Dead Sea, Mt. Ararat, Europe, Hoste, Bay of Biscay, Siam, Cod, Mt. Hope.

My whole—The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

HOSTE ISLAND, better known as Terra del Fuego, is 90 miles in length, from east to west, and 50 miles in its greatest width, separated eastward from Narvarin Island by Ponsonby Sound.

ANSWERS to "Enigma" received from Z. B., Manfred, Talbot, Jabez, Providence; Myra and Marie, Bristol; Rosa, Marblehead, Mass.; Minnie, Slatersville; I. S., P. B., Burrillville.

ANSWER.

Philosopher, Egg, Icy, I can try.

My whole—Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

THE "Curious Inscription" has been read by S. C., Pawtucket; Manfred, Marshall, C. A., Z. B., E. H. B., J. H. A., M., A., R., A., A. K. D., Providence; Myra and Marie, Bristol; Rosa, Marblehead, Mass.; M. A. M., Nan-tucket, Mass.; O. A. T., Uxbridge, Mass.; Charles, C. J. C., Westerly; Jabez, Providence; Minnie, Slatersville; S. E. B., Mohegan; P. B., T. J. B., I. S., Burrillville.

ANSWER.

The letter **E**.

**PERSEVERE YE PERFECT MEN,
EVER KEEP THESE PRECEPTS TEN.**

For the Schoolmaster.
Miscellaneous Enigma.

I AM COMPOSED OF EIGHTY LETTERS.

My 23, 34, 57, 41, 76, 29, 52, 12, 47, 44, 42, 61, 56, 70, 58, 57, 26, 77, 80, 67, is a palace in Persia, the front roof of which is sustained by a double row of columns, 40 feet in height and each standing on the united backs of four lions of white marble.

My 50, 67, 51, 64, 38, 47, 66, is the city containing the above palace.

My 19, 3, 17, 43, 64, is an island on the north coast of Africa, containing a pyramid of human skulls 30 feet high.

My 67, 20, 8, 36, 1, 74, 15, 9, 25, 67, is a town of France, the ancient burying-place of her kings.

My 55, 11, 7, 18, 4, 39, is an island in the Pacific ocean containing the ruins of an ancient fortification, supposed by some to be the work of Spanish pirates.

My 6, 24, 52, 28, 59, 67, is a city of Turkey, formerly containing a bronze statue, one of the seven wonders of the world.

My 19, 35, 55, 49, 27, 78, 69, 17, is a celebrated fortress in the south of Spain.

My 67, 46, 53, 20, 45, 11, is a mountain on an island of Italy ascended by more than 500 steps cut in the rock.

My 34, 73, 77, 76, 27, 31, 42, 54, is a town and castle on the above mountain.

My 76, 2, 72, 17, 55, 44, 79, 45, 10, is a sea-port of France containing a break-water 4120 yards in length, 102 feet in breadth at top, and in water 60 feet deep.

My 10, 33, 63, 10, 22, 62, is a town in British India, built on three rocky hills, and containing a seven storied tower.

My 13, 17, 29, 9, 66, is a city of Austria surrounded by embattled walls, and containing an old Gothic castle of vast extent.

My 68, 46, 6, 19, 32, 77, 21, 48, 34, 65, is a

mountain on a small island of Norway, about 200 feet high, perforated near the centre by an immense cavern, 6000 feet long, and 600 feet high. On the top of the mountain is a small lake.

My 37, 11, 5, 17, 67, is a city of France, containing the finest bridge in Europe, which 1423 feet long, with 15 arches.

My 40, 39, 53, 74, 72, 80, is a canal in Netherlands, 50 miles long, 125 feet broad, 21 feet deep.

My 14, 8, 26, 57, 64, 71, is a town in Asiatic Turkey, the modern representative of ancient Babylon.

My 28, 60, 16, 12, 79, 67, is a castle in Scotland of great antiquity.

My whole, is one of the most daring exploits ever performed by the United States Navy.

M. S. O.

For the Schoolmaster.
Enigma Literary.

I AM COMPOSED OF TWENTY-TWO LETTERS.

My 10, 12, 4, 22, recently wrote a work in two volumes, and formerly travelled in India, Egypt and Europe.

My 6, 2, 13, 1, 16, 18, 5, 9, is the author of a favorite poem beginning, "Blessings on thee, little man."

My 12, 21, 7, 19, 8, 11, 15, can write, *he* thinks, as well as the author of *Maud*.

My 19, 20, 14, 6, 3, 17, is a popular writer of yellow-covered literature.

My whole is the name of a newspaper published in the English language.

A Piece for the Pocket.

Among the victims of the Henry Clay was Stephen Allen, Esq., an aged man of the purest character, formerly Mayor of New-York, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

In his pocket-book was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy:

"Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you can support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week."

For the Schoolmaster.
Riddle.

What is that which, in an instant, forms a bad or a good character which it can as quickly change, and though so fickle when acting, that it is always running from one thing to another yet when left to itself, never alters its position.

For the Schoolmaster.
Cloud and Sun.

The lively Cricket chirpeth merilee,
The Robin singeth from the old elme Tree,
Ah, well may Bird and Insect praise the Day!

But when the Sun long veiled in Clouds hath beene
The Bird and Insect wil be sad, I ween,
Although in sunshine they are glad and gay.

Alike is Man. In Sunshine doth he sing,
But cloudy Skye a drooping head doth bring.
Deth taketh where the Sun doth shine away.

Franklin and the Dead Languages

FROM WEEB'S LIFE OF FRANKLIN.

"G. BURNET'S compliments await young Mr. Franklin, and should be glad of half an hour's chat with him."

"G. Burnett!" said Ben, "who can that be?"

"Why, 'tis the Governor," replied the Captain, with a smile. "I have just been to see him, with some letters I brought for him from Boston. And when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed a curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace."

Ben instantly set off with the captain.

The Governor's looks, at the approach of Ben, showed somewhat of disappointment. He had, it seems, expected considerable entertainment from Ben's conversation. But his fresh and ruddy countenance showed him so much younger than he had counted on, that he gave up all his promised entertainment as a lost hope. He received Ben, however, with great politeness, and took him into an adjoining room, which was his library, consisting of a large and well-chosen collection.

Seeing the pleasure which sparkled in Ben's eyes as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores of knowledge

which they contained, the Governor, with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him, "Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the Captain here, that you have a fine collection, too."

"Only a trunk full, sir," said Ben.

"A trunk full!" replied the Governor. "Why, what use can you have for so many books? Young people at your age have seldom read beyond the 10th chapter of Nehemiah."

"I can't boast," replied Ben, "of having read any great deal beyond that myself; but still, I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full of books to read every six months." At this, the Governor regarding him with a look of surprise, said, "You must then, though so young, be a scholar; perhaps a teacher of the languages."

"No, sir," answered Ben, "I know no language but my own."

"What, not Latin nor Greek?"

"No, sir, not a word of either."

"Why, don't you think them necessary?"

"I don't set myself up as a judge. But I should not suppose them necessary."

"Aye! well, I should like to hear your reasons."

"Why, sir, I am not competent to give reasons that may satisfy a gentleman of your learning, but the following are the reasons with which I satisfy myself. I look on languages, sir, merely as arbitrary sounds, or characters, whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now, if I already possess a language which is capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire, were it not wiser in me to improve my time in getting *sense* through that one language, than waste it in getting mere *sounds* through fifty languages, even if I could learn as many?"

"Here the Governor paused a moment, though not without a little red on his cheeks, for having only a minute before put Ben and the 10th

felt quite sure that each, in turn, was the school house. I was accompanied by an older sister, who, from past familiarity with the route, was able easily to rectify my mistakes; and at length we reached the school house, standing unguarded by wall or fence, upon a triangular space left by the intersection of two public highways and a cut across, at some little distance from the apex, for the accommodation of such as might prefer a gradual turn to a sharp angle. When we arrived, the children were assembling from various directions with their books, and their baskets of dainties, to be duly deposited in the large cupboard beside the fire-place, against the hungry noon-time. The cupboard had been thoughtfully located there for security against the attacks of frost in winter; or, perhaps I should rather say, to undo its work, for it was no uncommon occurrence for the minced pies, sausages, and apples, on their way to school, during the frosty mornings of winter, to emulate the condition of the walrus beef of the parties of Dr. Kane, on their exploring expeditions in the frozen north.

I will not consume time in telling how strange it seemed to me, at first, to be debarred from a free expression of my sentiments, as inclination might dictate, or to be denied the free use of my limbs to carry me to the door when the rattling wheels gave notice of some passer-by; or how grateful was the hour of intermission, or how soon I knew the names of all the scholars—how much I enjoyed their sports, and how we sometimes quarrelled; I have invited attention for a different purpose.

In that old building—small and low, and shabby, guiltless of paint, within and without, and of all other ornament save that which the “great boys” had carved on mural desk of pine and seat of oak, a rough, four-legged slab, which did not always suc-

ceed in maintaining its own centre of gravity, and the summer display of mingled boughs of pine, and oak, and chestnut, and wild sun-flowers, and red and yellow lilies interspersed, in the broad old fire-place—my school-days had their beginning. During the first three months of my school-life, presided a teacher whom I cannot and desire not to forget. How much she knew, we could not precisely tell; perhaps we did not think. No doubt we all thought her very wise. One thing, however, we *knew*, for we *felt* it, *she was kind*, and we loved her. Beside her knee we stood to read our first monosyllables, and coveted no more enviable position. We learned rapidly, I am sure, for I could soon spell in “Baker Table,” and read “The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion;” and “The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.”

I think her “task” must have been “delightful.” Certainly she rendered that of her pupils so, and when she took leave of us, at the close of the term, we all wept tears of real sorrow at the thought of separation, for we all felt that we were about to lose a true friend. How much of our subsequent success we owe to this kind teacher it is impossible to say; doubtless much. For myself I may safely affirm it. Under her tuition I first learned to love my school, and this love never left me. School was ever afterward a pleasant place. I continued to love it in spite of the rod and ferule and other like appliances of the times. Under her guidance I won my first success and gained the reputation of a good scholar, which, notwithstanding the egotism, I shall venture to assert that I never lost. Through years of earnest study, amid difficulties and pecuniary embarrassment, it did not forsake me. After three fourths of a

score years of teaching, my love of study and of school still remains fresh; and, if there is truth as well as poetry in the familiar lines,

" 'Tis education forms the common mind;

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"

I might not transcend the limits of truth, were I to assert that I owe more of my success to this unassuming teacher than to all the rest whose instructions I have enjoyed. It is said of one of our most talented and successful public men, that he attributes his success in no small degree, to the impulses that he received from his village schoolmistress, who always insisted upon having every task performed *promptly and well*.

In conclusion, I would just hint a gentle reproof to those teachers who, while enjoying the most ample opportunities for giving a right direction to the intellectual and moral character of their pupils, are longing, painfully, to be teaching older pupils and higher branches. Let them remember there is no grade of scholars so low as not to furnish exercise for qualities of the highest order. Hon. Horace Mann gave a most fitting reply when asked his opinion respecting the right kind of a teacher to instruct young children, in saying, in substance, that the best teacher for the infant mind is the Infinite mind; thus indicating that the qualifications of a teacher, even for the young, cannot possibly be too high. I add one word of exhortation to those who would have their own "task" "delightful," in the present, and have it prove a source of delight, both to themselves and their pupils, in the future,—be ever kind, faithful and true in the discharge of your duties, in all circumstances whatever.

L. F. C.

If you have a friend who loves you — who has studied your interest and happiness, — defended you when persecuted and troubled, — be sure to sustain him in his adversity.

For the Schoolmaster.

Deaf and Dumb Institute, Hartford, Ct.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

I AM under obligations to the officers of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Hartford, Connecticut, for a copy of the forty-first Annual Report* of the directors of that institution. The report must have been drawn up—not by the directors, as it purports to have been—but by the Rev. Mr. Turner, the efficient principal of the institution. With regard to the literary execution of the report, it is evidently the production of a scholar. At the risk of wearying your readers, I print in full the following catalogue of the officers of the institution:

Principal—Rev. William Turner, A. M.

Instructor of the Gallaudet High School—Jared A. Ayres, A. M.

Instructors—Laurent Clerc, A. M.; Samuel Porter, A. M.; Henry B. Camp, A. M.; Rev. John P. Keep, A. M.; John C. Bell, A. M.; Richard S. Storrs, A. M.; Edward M. Gallaudet, Wilson Whiton, James L. Wheeler, Elizabeth Bacon. Mary A. Mann, Sarah W. Storrs.

Teacher of Articulation—Eliza H. Wadsworth.

Teacher of Drawing—F. Julius Busch.

Teacher of Penmanship—W. R. Small.

Attending Physician—E. R. Kent, M. D.

Steward—I. M. Allen.

Matron—Mrs. Phebe C. White.

Assistant Matrons—Nancy Dillingham, M. A. Hull.

* The report is embellished with a beautifully executed lithographic portrait of the late Lewis Weld, for many years the principal of the Hartford Institution. To him belongs the merit of having educated some of the most gifted mutes in the country. Mr. John Carlin, of New York, a miniature painter of merit, and an author besides; Mr. Henry W. Conrad, of Philadelphia, a painter, and Mr. Albert Newsom, of Philadelphia, one of the best lithographic engravers in the United States, were his pupils.

Gough on Water.

THE following is another of Gough's apostrophes to water. Its beauty, however, becomes more conspicuous when recited by the world-renowned lecturer :

"Water! O, bright, beautiful water for me! Water! heaven-gifted, earth-blessing, flower-loving, water! It was the drink of Adam in the purity of his Eden home; it mirrored back the beauty of Eve in her unblushing toilet; it wakes to life again the crushed and fading flower; it cools, O how gratefully! the parched tongue of the invalid; it falls down to us in pleasant showers from its home with the glittering stars; it descends to us in feathery storms of snow; it smiles in glittering dew-drops at the glad birth of morning; it clusters in great tear-drops at night over the grave of those we love; its name is wreathed in strange, bright colors, by the sunset cloud; its name is breathed by the dying soldier, far away on the torrid field of battle; it paints old forts and turrets from a gorgeous easel upon your winter windows; it clings upon the branches of trees in frost-work of delicate beauty; it dwells in the icicles; it lives in the mountain glacier; it forms the vapory ground-work upon which God paints the rainbow; it rushes in pearly streams from the gentle hill-side; it makes glad the sunny vales; it murmurs cheerful songs in the ear of the humble cottager; it answers back the smiles of happy children; it kisses the pure cheek of the water-lily; it wanders like a vein of molten silver away, away to the distant sea. O! bright, beautiful, health-inspiring, heart-gladdening water! Everywhere around us dwelleth thy meek presence: twin angel-sister of all that is good and precious here: in the wild forest, on the grassy plain slumbering in the bosom of the lonely mountain, sailing with viewless wings throughaming air, floating over us in curtains

of more than regal splendor, home of the healing angel, when his wings bend to the woes of this fallen world.

'O water for me, bright water for me!
And wine for the tremulous debauchee!'"

Arithmetical Slate.

It has been considered until very lately that the wooden frame of a common slate could be made to serve no other purpose than that of keeping the slate itself from being broken. If it accomplished even this while the owner was cyphering out an education, it was considered as having done the state some service. But modern ingenuity has imposed an additional duty on the frame. An inventor has copyrighted what he calls the "arithmetical slate." His invention consists in increasing the width of the frame to an inch and a half, and pasting thereon a neatly-printed slip which extends all round and on both sides of the frame, on which appears in tolerably large type all the principal tables of the Arithmetic. The quantity of information which the frame is thus made to bring directly and constantly under the eye of the learner is surprisingly great. There is, first and most important, the multiplication table, table of fractions, all the different tables of measures, Federal and English money, interest, compound interest, per cent, discount, par value, and various other leading lessons in knowledge which every pupil should have indelibly impressed upon his memory. All these lessons, from their position on the frame, are constantly before the learner. He cannot escape from them. Turn in which direction he may, his eye inevitably comes back to them a hundred times a day. It is impossible that a boy could not thoroughly learn a series of lessons thus pertinaciously set before him. The whole is very effectually protected from wear and tear by a transparent varnish of great hardness and durability.—*New York Tribune.*

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Benefit Street Grammar School.

MR. CHARLES HUTCHINS.

THE friends of education in Rhode Island will be very sorry to learn that this accomplished and eminently successful teacher, who has been for four years the efficient Principal of the Benefit Street Grammar School, in this city, has left us.

He has been called to the sub-mastership of the Dwight School, Boston. Salary, \$1200, with an annual increase of \$100 for four years. Mr. Hutchins is a devoted teacher. He is laborious and persevering—two qualities which are emphatically the *sine qua non* of a *successful* teacher anywhere.

One of our city papers thinks that the Boston people ought to congratulate themselves on their *ability* to secure from us such teachers. It will be remembered that their recent Superintendent, Hon. Nathan Bishop, was called from Providence.

In supplying, for two weeks, the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Hutchins' resignation, we had ample opportunity to observe the result of his instruction. The classes which had been under his especial charge gave evidence of having had thorough and systematic teaching.

The order and discipline of the school was simple and complete. Rarely have we seen a school where each one *knew his place and kept it—his duties and discharged them*, more completely than in this school. The rules were few and simple, and were *well observed*. There was no friction of the machinery, but everything moved with the regularity of the clock, without the noise of its constant tick.

HIS SUCCESSOR.

The successor of Mr. Hutchins is Mr. N. W. DeMunn, of the Grammar School in Boonton, New Jersey. Mr. DeMunn, we understand, is a graduate of the Albany [N. Y.] Normal School, when it was under the care of Mr. Page. He is an experienced teacher, and comes to us highly recommended. May he prove as successful and judicious a teacher, as was the subject of this notice.

We present below some statistics of this school, with regard to attendance, and commend them to the attention of our teachers.

STATISTICS OF ATTENDANCE.

Whole number of scholars belonging to the school for the term ending Feb. 12, 1858, 381. Belonging at the close of the term,—boys, 183; girls, 183. Total, 366.

Number of scholars who have *not been absent*, 210. Number absent only on account of sickness, 96. Per cent. of absence for the term, 2.6. Per cent. of absence for other causes than sickness, 0.6. Per cent. of absence for the last fifteen terms—14.5, 8.6, 3.5, 2.3, 3.4, 1.8, 2.7, 2., 1.7, 1.2, 1.7, 1., 1.2, 3.7, 2.6.

Number of scholars who have not been absent one term, 210; two terms, 61; three terms, 10; four terms, 11; five terms, 5; six terms, 7; seven terms, 3; nine terms, 2; ten terms, 4; eleven terms, 1; twelve terms, 1; fourteen terms, 1.

FRIENDS, have patience. Don't scold. You won't feel any better after it. If you do not want THE SCHOOLMASTER do please notify us, and it will be discontinued. But we do not think it fair for you to take three or four numbers and *then* order it stopped. We won't allow it either. We shall charge you for it until you notify us that you wish it discontinued.

Do see into what a fix one kind friend has brought himself. The last clause of the note is entirely superfluous:

"MR. WM MOWRY

Sir

J Do not wish to take the school Master this year and if you send it J shal not pay for it

Yours &c."

By way of contrast, and to show how it should be done, we append the following specimen:

"MR. MOWRY:

I ought to have written you before, that I do not wish to take the Schoolmaster any longer. I will enclose postage stamps to pay for those you have already sent.

Yours."

School Discipline.

TO PARENTS.

THE chairman of the school committee of the town of Winchester, Mass., has favored us with a copy of his annual report to the town. We quote the following remarks on the above-mentioned subject and commend them to the careful consideration of parents:

"The troubles that constantly bubble up in some of the schools, are traced to the family, as streams to their sources. To cure the evil thro' remedies applied in the school-room, is impossible. A fountain is not purified by cleansing its streams. Children must be *accustomed* to a rigid discipline at home.

The parent's authority, by the law of nature, is absolute. Implicit submission to it should be demanded. If once you allow that authority to be successfully resisted, the consequences will be dark and terrible. 'Goodness and severity' are the grand principles of God's government, and they must be adopted by parents, to secure the welfare of their offspring, and domestic peace. Very few children, if any, can be fully trusted. What the Germans call *untamed self-hood*, is a two-fold element, manifesting itself in *hatred*, when the selfish desires of children are hindered; and in *lying*, especially in their self-justifications before parents and teachers. 'Evil ventures not to be itself.' Hence duplicity in speech and action.

Too much confidence is reposed in children. Bridles must be put into their mouths. Even then, they will drive, if they are not driven. The blindness of parents to the faults of *their own* children, is proverbial. Impatience with those of others, is equally proverbial. Lenity of supposition is the sin of parents, and the ruin of the young.

Let parents accustom their children to obedience; to stern accountability; to the idea of certain and just retribution at home, and the teacher will have no trouble. Instruments of punishment will then be as seldom used in the school-room, as they are now in the family. Let the thing be reversed. Let parents undertake

the discipline of children. Teachers do not covet the privilege.

The frequent forfeiture of his word by the parent, and his readiness to forgive without a *good reason*, as the child well knows, weaken in that child's mind all sense of responsibility, and all reverence for justice. It grows up under a fatal imposture as to the meaning of such words as law, subordination, penalty, etc. It comes to believe that teachers, rulers, and all in authority, and even Deity, will be as weak, and partial, and lenient, and as easily duped or evaded, as parents.

In almost every example of juvenile delinquency the parents have been recreant to their trust. Said a woman to Philip, "If you have no time to do justice, you have no time to be a king." If parents have no time to be faithful to their children, they have no right to be parents. And they publish their own deep condemnation, when they send their off-spring to school with out-breaking habits of idolence, insolence, and insubordination. Remember, as looks and features indicate family origin, so speech and deportment betray parental habits, opinions, and example. On the play-ground, and in the school-room, children re-produce (perhaps re-duplicate) the ways of thinking and of acting common at home.

It is by no means the object of Public School instruction to form character or to furnish principles of action and motives. The parent, not the teacher, the parent is the potter, having power over the lump. And the sound of his wheels must be heard within the house, or the clay will be marred. Yet still, a teacher of refined manners and broad culture, can finish and color what has been moulded, when the home influences are congenial, true and good. Otherwise his task, like that of the daughters of Danaus, will be to fill everlasting sieves.

To sum up all. If you want to enfeeble the authority of a teacher, and render the most earnest and judicious efforts fruitless; if you wish to break up all habits of order, punctuality, studiousness, energy, obedience and reverence in your children, and foreclose all prospect of their future honor and usefulness, you can easily

do so by sustaining their *ex parte* complaints; by condemning the rules and discipline of the school; by disparaging the labors of the teacher, and by neglecting home education and control."

WE COPY the following from the Illinois Teacher, for April, one of the *very* best of our educational exchanges, and growing better every month. We insert it to call the attention of our exchanges to the "*Old Schoolmaster's Story*," originally published in the first volume of THE SCHOOLMASTER, which, as our brother editor remarks, is "lying around loose, like the drunken man's milk." We have seen it in nearly a dozen of our exchanges within the last three or four months, and generally credited to HON. ROBERT ALLYN, our recent School Commissioner, and late editor of THE SCHOOLMASTER. The author of the story is DANA P. COLBURN, Esq., Principal of the Rhode Island State Normal School, and one of our special contributors.

"CREDITS.—We see that Bro. MOWRY, of the R. I. Schoolmaster, 'shakes a stick at' those who borrow (or steal) from his pages without crediting the Schoolmaster. We are reminded of some wise man's advice about how to find the best fruit in the orchard—'look for the tree that has the most sticks and stones under it.' We have a suspicion that the '*Old Schoolmaster's Story*' in our March number was stolen from Bro. MOWRY, but we found it 'lying around loose,' like the drunken man's milk. Its author is one of the special contributors to the Schoolmaster."

JAMES L. STONE.—We regret to learn that this gentleman, well known as one of our most active teachers, is about to leave our state.

We understand that he has associated with himself, Mr. Nathaniel G. Bonney, late Principal of the Public High School, Edgartown, Mass., and is to open an English and Classical School in Foxboro', Mass.

The town of Foxboro' have recently erected a large and commodious High School building, at an expense of \$15,000, the free use of which

they have granted to Mr. Stone for a term of years.

Mr. Stone was for four or five years the Master of the Summer Street Grammar School, in this city, and we remember the pleasure with which we were accustomed to take our friends to his school, as to one of the best appearing schools we had ever seen.

For the past year he has been the Principal of a Select School of a high order, and for the last six months has had associated with him Mr. Samuel Richards, under whose management he leaves the school.

Mr. Bonney is a graduate of Brown University, a Christian gentleman of high character and talent, an accomplished scholar and a successful teacher. Associated with him Mr. Stone can hardly fail of being successful.

His first term in Foxboro' will commence May 12. We bespeak for the Foxboro' English and Classical School, the liberal patronage of the public.

The Mathematical Journal.

WE have received the Introduction to a new monthly magazine to be issued at Cambridge, Mass., under the above-named title. It is to be devoted to the *advancement of the science* and the *elevation of the standard*, of Mathematical learning.

It is designed to have a "scope sufficiently comprehensive and elastic to embrace all grades of talent and attainment, and, therefore, corresponding elements of interest." It has received the hearty commendation, by written letters in answer to a "Circular Note," of hundreds of the first educational men in the country, many of whom "pledge it their constant and active co-operation." The Introductory Note is beautifully printed on fine, heavy paper, large octavo.

We append the prospectus, giving terms, and hope the work will receive the cordial support of the friends of mathematical science:

"Each number of the Mathematical Monthly will contain at least twenty-four pages, in the

same type, page and paper as the "Introductory Note."

TERMS.

A single copy,	\$3.00 per annum.
Two copies to one address,	5.00 "
Five copies, " "	11.00 "
Ten copies, " "	20.00 "

Payable on the receipt of the first number.

The subscriber will undertake the publication when the subscription will cover the cost of manufacture.

JOHN BARTLETT."

Cambridge, April 21, 1858."

"Noatis."

PEOPLE *will* crack jokes, and the jokes are *usually* at the expense of somebody. There are various classes of persons who constantly come in for a share. Old maids, ministers' sons, and deacons' daughters, and the universal yankee nation generally. It *may* be that these several classes deserve, to *some* extent, the abuse that is heaped upon them. But that the *schoolmaster* should be the subject of ridicule from all classes, and everywhere, is beyond endurance. *We* are THE SCHOOLMASTER, and when the *schoolmaster* is attacked, how can we help smarting under the blow? So, beware how you trifle with the *country pedagogue*.

[We do not wish to be understood as saying that the statements made about these individuals are not true, nor that they *are* true; we leave others to judge, but we would like to have you read the following and say whether you do not think it slanders somebody:]

"AN ARKANSAS NOTICE.

"IN a recent tour through one of the wildest and most sparsely settled regions of Arkansas, I arrived at a ferry on Cache river.

A little log-house grocery stood on the near bank, about fifteen feet from where the flat-boat lay, tied to a snag at the edge of the water. Several bear skins, deer skins and coon skins were nailed up to dry against the side of the grocery, but no ferryman, barkeeper or other person was

in sight. I halloed at the top of my voice, some half a dozen times, but no one answered.

Seeing an advertisement on the door, I read as follows :

'*Noatis* Ef enny body cums hear arter lickor or tu git sot Akross the River They ken ges blo this ar Horne and Ef I dont cum when mi wife betsey up tu the Hous heres the horne a bloin shele cum down and sel um the lickor or set um akros the river ime guine a Fishn no credit When ime away from Hom Jon Wilson them that cant rede wil hav tu go the hous arter betsey Taint but A haf a mild Thar.'

In obedience to the '*noatis*,' I took the blowing horn, which stuck in a crack of the wall, close by the door, and gave it a 'toot' or two, which reverberated far around through the cane and swamp, and in a few moments was answered by a voice scarcely less loud and reverberating than that of the horn. It seemed to be about half a mile up the river.

In about fifteen minutes, a stalwart female made her appearance, and asked if I wanted 'licker.'

'No, madam, I want to cross the river, if you please.'

'Don't ye want some lickor fust?'

'No, madam—don't drink—never touch liquor.'

'Never tetch lickor! Then you must be a preacher.'

'No, I'm only a Son of Temperance; I wish to get across the river; do you row the boat, ma'am?'

'Oh, yes! I can take you over. Fetch up yer hoss.'

I obeyed; asking, as I led the horse into the boat:

'Did your husband write that advertisement on the door?'

'No sir-ee! *Schoolmaster Jones writ that. John haint got no larnin*.'

And the good woman rowed the boat safely across the ugly stream; and handing her the ferriage fee, I bade her good morning.

WE are indebted to W. C. Damrell, M. C., for congressional speeches.

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

School Laws.

OFFICE OF THE COM. OF PUB. SCHOOLS. }
April 21, 1856. }

ONE of the most important obstacles to the progress of our public schools, is that which arises from the neglect of the school laws. If all were united and anxious to have good schools, any informality in the proceedings of towns and districts would produce but little harm. Unhappily, however, people are not so united, and many have little interest, or think they have little interest in sustaining schools. Hence, every informality, however small, becomes a source of difficulty. Those who do not like to pay taxes for education will evade them if these taxes are not strictly legal; and those who have a grievance of any sort, will be sure to find out every loop-hole of illegality, through which to escape from the performance of what is disagreeable to them. The friends of education, school committees, trustees and others, should make themselves familiar with the school laws as they are found in the revised statutes of 1857. Some of these informalities may be avoided by attending to the following extracts from the revised code:

TO TOWNS. — CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE.

"SEC. 4. No town shall receive any part of the state appropriation, unless it shall raise by tax for the support of public schools, a sum equal to one half of its proportion of the sum of thirty-five thousand dollars apportioned to such town from the state treasury; and shall appropriate the sum so raised as required by the provisions of this title.

"SEC. 5. If any town shall refuse to raise or appropriate the sum required in the section next preceding on or before the first of July in any year, its proportion of the public money shall be forfeited, and the general treasurer on being officially informed thereof by the Commissioner shall invest the amount in stocks, to be added to the permanent school fund."

TO TOWN TREASURERS. — CHAPTER SIXTY.

"SEC. 8. He shall, on or before the first day

of July, annually, transmit to the Commissioner of Public Schools a certificate of the amount which the town has voted to raise by tax for the support of public schools for the year; and also a statement of the amount paid out to the order of the school committee, and from what sources it was derived, for the year ending with the thirtieth of April next preceding."

TO DISTRICTS. — CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE.

"SEC. 9. If any school district shall neglect to organize, or if organized shall for any space of six months, neglect to establish a school and employ a teacher, the school committee of the town may themselves, or by an agent, establish a school in the district school-house or elsewhere, in their discretion, and employ a teacher."

CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO.

"SEC. 5. Notice of the time and place of every annual meeting, and of the time, place and object of every special meeting, shall be given for five days inclusive before holding the same."

TO TRUSTEES. — CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE.

"SEC. 2. They shall provide schools-rooms and fuel, and shall visit the schools twice at least during each term, and notify the committee or superintendent of the time of opening and closing the school."

"SEC. 5. They shall make returns to the school committee in manner and form prescribed by them or by the Commissioner, or as may be required by law, and perform all other lawful acts required of them by the district, or necessary to carry into full effect the powers and duties of districts."

TO SCHOOL COMMITTEES. — CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX.

"SEC. 7. The committee shall examine by themselves or by some one or more persons by them appointed, all applicants for the situation of teachers in the public schools of the town, and shall after five days' notice in writing annul the certificate of such as prove unqualified or will not conform to the regulations of the committee, and in such case shall give immediate notice thereof to the trustee of the district in which such teacher is employed.

"SEC. 8. They shall visit by one or more of their number every public school in the town, at least twice during each term, once within two weeks of its close, at which visits they shall examine the register and other matters touching the school-house, library, studies, books, discipline, modes of teaching and improvement of the schools."

"SEC. 22. The committee shall prepare, and submit annually, a report to the Commissioner, on or before the first day of July, in manner and form by him prescribed; also a written or printed report to the town at the annual town meeting, when the school committee is chosen, setting forth their doings, the state and condition of the schools, and plans for their improvement, which report, unless printed shall be read in open town meeting, and they shall transmit a copy thereof to the Commissioner, on or before the first day of July in each year."

JOHN KINGSBURY,
Com. of Pub. Schools.

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Questions for Examination.

THE following were the questions for the examination of candidates for admission to the Providence High School, at the examination for that purpose, held April 13th and 14th:

QUESTIONS IN MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

1. If a bushel of corn cost $5\frac{1}{2}$ of a dollar, how many bushels can be bought for 11 $2\frac{3}{4}$ dollars?
2. How many pounds of sugar, at $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents a pound, can be bought for \$20?
3. A farmer sold $3\frac{1}{2}$ of a flock of sheep to one man, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ of the remainder to another, when he found he had 10 sheep left; how many sheep were there in the flock at first, and how many did he sell at each time?
4. What is the number, to which if we add its fourth and its fifth, the sum will be 58?
5. What is the number, to which if we add itself, its half, its third, its fifth, its sixth, one fourth of the sum will be 48?
6. A farmer sells hay at \$16 a ton, which is $4\frac{1}{3}$ of the cost; what is the cost, and how much does he gain per cent?
7. A person being asked the time of day, said that the time past noon was equal to $4\frac{1}{5}$ of the time to midnight; what was the time?
8. A man bought a horse and chaise and harness for \$360. He paid $2\frac{1}{3}$ as much for the horse as for the chaise, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ as much for the harness as for the horse; how much did he pay for each?
9. A boy being asked his age, answered that if $4\frac{1}{5}$ of his age and 3 years were added to his age, the sum would be 30 years; what was his age?
10. James said his purse and money were worth 27 dollars, but his purse was worth $1\frac{1}{8}$ of his money; how much money had he in his purse?

QUESTIONS IN WRITTEN ARITHMETIC.

1. What is the least common multiple of 8, 16, 24, 32, 48?
2. If $4\frac{1}{3}$ yards of silk are worth 30 $1\frac{1}{5}$ yards of cotton, how many yards of silk would 40 $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of cotton be worth?
3. A grocer buys butter at 18 $3\frac{1}{4}$ cents a lb.; and sells the same at 23 $3\frac{1}{4}$ cents a lb.; what per cent. profit does he make?
4. What is the interest of \$376.40, for 7 months and 3 days?
5. A merchant buys goods for \$475.60, and after keeping them on hand 7 months, sells the same for \$560.80; what per cent. profit does he make?
6. For what sum must a note be written in order to receive from a bank \$540, for 60 days?
7. What sum must be insured on \$5000, to include the premium of $2\frac{1}{8}$ per cent., and a commission of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the property insured?
8. A man bought a watch for \$75 and sold it for 20 per cent. more than it cost, which was 15 per cent. less than he asked for it; what did he ask?
9. Divide \$1476 between A, B and C, in such a manner that as often as A receives $1\frac{1}{2}$ of a dollar B receives $3\frac{1}{4}$ of a dollar and C $4\frac{1}{5}$ of a dollar.

10. One side of a right-angle triangle is 15 feet, which is one fourth of the sum of the three sides; what is the length of the longest side?

QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

1. Write the plural form of *tyro*, *cargo*, *hero*, *alkali*, *beef* and *sheaf*.
2. Define an *abstract* noun.
3. Give the principal parts of the verbs *sit*, *clothe*, *drink*, and *eat*.
4. Compare *evil*, *much*, and *former*.
5. Parse *liberty* in the following sentence:—"He was allowed great liberty."
6. Parse *dollars* and *yard* in the following sentence:—"Cloth is worth five dollars a yard."
7. Parse *what* in the following sentence:—"James was told what he ought to do."
8. Parse *who* in the following sentence:—"Tell me who he is."
9. Parse *father's* and *judge* in the following sentence:—"I knew of his father's being a judge."
10. Correct and analyze the following sentence:—"I intended to have written to him yesterday."

WORDS FOR SPELLING.

Osseous,	Ossicle,
Lassitude,	Lacerate,
Pavilion,	Postillion,
Piebald,	Calipers,
Maguay,	Zeugma,
Mechlin,	Styptic,
Trisyllable,	Proselyte,
Apocryphal,	Epaulet, (or <i>ette</i>),
Glycerine, (Web. <i>rin</i>),	Diarrhetic, (Web. <i>rhet</i>),
Chrysolite,	Apocalyptic.

QUESTIONS IN HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

1. What were the principal causes of the French and Indian War?
2. Give an account of the expedition of Washington against Fort Du Quesne.
3. Relate the circumstances of Gen. Braddock's defeat.
4. Give an account of the siege and capture of Quebec.

5. What were the proximate causes of the Revolution?

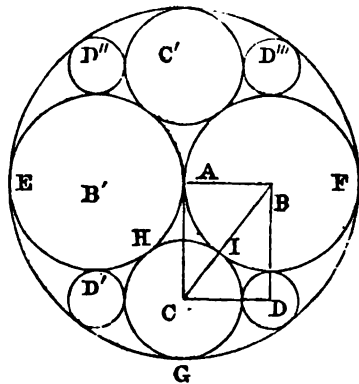
6. Describe the Battle of Bunker Hill.
7. Name the principal events of the War during the year 1776.
8. Describe the treachery of Arnold.
9. Give an account of the surrender of Burgoyne.
10. Describe the siege of Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis.

For the Schoolmaster.

Answer to "Geometrical Problem" in the March Number.

"WITHIN a given circle draw eight smaller circles, which shall not intersect or be included within each other, in such a manner that the unoccupied space shall be equivalent exactly to one sixth the original circle."

The proper solution is represented in the following figure:



First, draw the circles B and B', with radii each equal to one half radius A. Then, as the areas of circles are to each other as the squares of the radii, it follows that they together are equivalent to one half circle A.

Next draw the circles C and C', with radii each equal to one third radius A. That these circles are tangent to the circumferences of circles A, B, and B' (and therefore do not intersect) may be thus proved:

Let us suppose that circle C, with a radius

equal to two thirds of the radii B and B', be drawn to touch externally the circles B and B'. Then will the circumference of circle A be tangent to those of circles C, B, and B'.

In proving this it is necessary simply to show A G to be equal to A E and A F.

It is evident that A B C is a right-angled triangle. By construction B C is equal to five thirds of radius B; and as A B is three thirds, then, in accordance with a well known property of right-angled triangles, A C must be four thirds. C G is two thirds, thus making A G equal to six thirds, to which A F, and A E are also equal. From this it follows that circles C and C', answer the conditions named in the problem.

These circles, having each a radius of one third radius A, have together an area of two ninths circle A. This, added to the former one half, gives us thirteen eighteenths, the space occupied by circles B, B', C and C'.

Next, draw the circles D, D', D'', D''', each with a radius one sixth of radius A. That they will not intersect the previously drawn circles is evident from the case of D. Completing the rectangle A B C D, C D is equal to A B. The radius C forms two thirds of this line. Hence radius D is one third, which is equal to one sixth of radius A. In the same manner, B D is equal to A C or four thirds of radius B. Take from this radius B, radius D remains, equal to one third, or one sixth of radius A. The circles, therefore, do not intersect.

As each of these four circles has a radius of one sixth radius A, their areas must together equal four thirty sixths; which, being added to the former thirteen eighteenths, gives an aggregate area of five sixths of circle A. The unoccupied space must, therefore, be equal to one sixth.

From the discussion of the above, several inferences may be drawn, to the consideration of which, the reader is, in conclusion, most respectfully invited.

HESIL.

Providence High School, April 21, 1858.

☞ Please send in your subscriptions.

Mathematical Questions.

1. Two men, A and B, travelled the same road, and at the same rate, from New York to Boston. When A had travelled to within 50 miles of Boston he overtook C, travelling at the rate of 3 miles in 2 hours, and in two hours met D, travelling at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. B overtook C 45 miles from Boston, and met D 2 hours before he came within 31 miles of Boston. Where was B when A reached Boston?

2. What two numbers are those whose product is equal to their difference and the quotient from the division of the greater by the less is equal to the square of the greater?

THE School Committee of Boston have recently forbidden the assignment of lessons for study, out of school, in the grammar school for girls. This action was taken at the instance of the city physician, who, after giving his attention to the subject, had become convinced of alarming consequences resulting from such studies — cases of broken constitutions, feebleness, insanity and death.

MESSRS. LONGMAN have signified their intention of inserting the word "telegram" in all the dictionaries published by them. It will, therefore, appear in the new edition of Johnson's Dictionary, upon which Dr. Latham is now engaged.

MR. WILLIAM S. KENT, who has been for a long time an efficient teacher at Phenix, has recently taken charge of the Grammar School at River Point. We wish him abundant success.

THE SECOND VOLUME of the *New American Cyclopædia* is now ready, and offered to subscribers by D. Kimball & Co., Market Square.

WE shall notice Eaton's Arithmetic in our next. See the advertisement of the publishers, Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

LIVE THOUGHTS, gathered from the extemporaneous discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, by one of his congregation. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. 1858.

There is no necessity for our saying a word for this book. But we must speak. It is full of *Live Thoughts*. Here are recorded and preserved the richest and choicest of the thoughts and sayings of this great man, and eloquent preacher. Very few writers or speakers are so felicitous in illustration as Henry Ward Beecher. The writer of this volume remarks, in the preface, that "it is not given to the world as the full-boughed tree; but only as some of the leaves which have fallen from it through two successive seasons." We think that it is rather the full, ripe, golden grain of two successive seasons, plucked from the dry stalks, separated from the chaff, and served up as nutritive, wholesome, palatable bread.

Price, \$1.00. For sale by Gladding & Brother.

A NEW SYSTEM OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—Progressively arranged, concisely embodying the Principles of Analysis and Synthesis. By W. S. Barton, A. M. Gould and Lincoln, Boston.

Here is another Grammar added to the already infinite number of text-books on this subject. But, unlike many, it has *some* good things in it; some things worth learning. It is evidently the result of study and practice. In many things, it follows with remarkable closeness Greene's system. For example, see Pronouns, Conjunctions, and especially Syntax.

Teachers will do well to procure a copy, as we feel assured they will find it useful.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION: or the Young Composer's Guide. By W. S. Barton, A. M. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

This seems to us, on a hasty examination, to be a well-arranged and very useful work. It gives abundant practice in the difficult art of composition, calling attention to the most common and natural mistakes, and placing before the pupil's eye, what appear to us, simple,

practical rules, to govern him in the work. It embraces the principles of Punctuation, Syntax, and Prosody.

Its exercises for *Reading, Reproducing* and *Comparing* with the original, are admirable. We commend the book to the favorable attention of those in want of a work for the school-room on English composition.

A THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC: Designed for Common Schools and Academies. Revised Edition. By Daniel Leach and William D. Swan. Hickling, Swan & Brewer, Boston.

Arithmetic is one of those subjects, with regard to which there is a great diversity in teaching, and on which there is such a variety and number of text-books that many find it difficult to decide which is *the best*. The work before us claims to be "eminently both a practical and a theoretical treatise on the science of numbers." The authors say "they have bestowed great labor on the rules and definitions, in order to make them *concise, lucid and accurate*."

The book is not cumbered with unnecessary and extraneous matter, and is therefore not so large and high-priced as some other text-books on this science.

The *contractions* in the Appendix are, many of them, original, ingenious and useful. There is a simplicity and conciseness about many of the rules which we like. It is the text-book in the Public Schools of Providence.

THE TEACHER AND THE PARENT; A Treatise upon Common School Education; containing practical suggestions to Teachers and Parents. By Charles Northend, A. M. Eighth Edition, Enlarged. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

This is a book that **EVERY TEACHER** and **EVERY PARENT** should own. It is one of the *few* standard educational works that are really practical. It ranks side by side with the world-renowned "Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching."

On the receipt of \$1.25, the publishers will forward a copy, free of postage. Teachers, send for it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May completes volume 1. It contains the following articles:

"American Antiquity; Roger Pierce; Amours de Voyage; Intellectual Character; Loo Loo; Charley's Death; The Catacombs of Rome; The Pure Pearl of Diver's Bay; Camile; The Hundred Days; Epigram on J. M.; Beethoven, his Childhood and Youth; A Word to the Wise; Henry Ward Beecher; Mercedes; The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table."

The literary character of this work is undoubtedly of a higher order than that of any other Monthly Magazine in America. Those who wish to improve themselves in English literature should, by all means, read the ATLANTIC MONTHLY monthly.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for May comes to us with its usual full supply of stories, poetry, fashions, and an original steel engraving. It is one of the cheapest magazines in the country.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION, on the basis of Dr. Rush's *Philosophy of the Human Voice*. To which is added a copious selection of exercises for Reading and Declamation. By Sam'l R. Gummere. Uriah Hunt & Son. Philadelphia.

The work of Dr. Rush, which forms the basis of this book, is known as one of the best extant on Elocution. Mr. Gummere is an experienced teacher of celebrity in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and has devoted himself with great zeal and labor to the preparation of a work on Elocution, which should at least receive his own approbation. He is independent in his views, many of which will strike the common scholar as, at least, quaint, especially his system of pronunciation, with regard to which, he frankly says many will "find him a skeptic, beyond all hope of redemption."

GODEY'S LADIES BOOK for May is excellent. We regard this magazine as standing at the head of this department of family reading. The May number is embellished with a very fine steel engraving. It is an exquisite picture, alone worth the price of the book.

SMITH'S ILLUSTRATED ASTRONOMY, designed for the use of the Public Schools in the United States. Illustrated with numerous original Diagrams. By Asa Smith. Sanborn, Carter, Bazin & Co., Boston.

We are personally acquainted with this book in the school-room. It is the best elementary work on Astronomy that we have ever seen. It consists of a quarto book of 79 pages, with numerous illustrations, which seem to us admirably adapted to assist the scholar to understand the movements and relations of the earth and the heavenly bodies, and to apprehend the laws of Astronomical Science.

SARGENTS SCHOOL MONTHLY. — This is just one of the nicest magazines for children and youth that comes to our table. The school-children and the home-children to whom it makes its monthly visits, will all thank Mr. Sargent for so instructive and entertaining a book. The April number is excellent.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—We welcome the monthly visits of this excellent magazine. Its contributions are of a superior order, and its visits cannot fail to be pleasing wherever it goes. The May number has some choice articles.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS, during a thirty-five years' residence in New Orleans. By Rev. Theodore Clapp. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

The author of this book is an aged Universalist clergyman, who in his old age has given to the world the story of his life. He portrays with vigor and pleasing earnestness the scenes of his early life in New England, his college course at Yale, and Theological study, at Andover, his call and settlement at New Orleans, his change of doctrinal views, and subsequent ministerial and philanthropic labors. The book is written with talent and scholarly ability, but appears to us false and sometimes unfair in its reasonings.

We are indebted to Hon. James F. Simmons, U. S. S., for the fifth volume of the Report of the Pacific R. R. Exploring Expedition.

The R. J. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1858.

NO. 4.

For the Schoolmaster.

The Reciprocal Influence of Language and Character.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

Among the noble powers given to man by his Creator, and which we must suppose he shares in common with angelic beings, is that faculty by which he communicates his thoughts, feelings, desires, to another.

Among the renowned and valuable inventions of man, is especially prominent that of clearly and understandingly representing to the eye, the burning thought as it is conceived in the soul, or the priceless result of calm and laborious study and reflection.

That speech has an untold power upon the mind, is so much an axiom that it need not be questioned here. That the orator and the writer exert a powerful influence upon the character of such as come within their magic circle, is equally clear, and need not be discussed or disputed. It will be our aim in the present article to render it evident to all, that character, on the other hand, has an equally powerful influence upon language; so that one would hazard little in saying that the latter may be an accurate index to the former. We shall endeavor to point out some of the ways in which this reciprocal influence is ex-

erted, and to adduce a few illustrations for proof and amplification.

But before we proceed to our subject, it will be well for us, that we may have a correct perception of the ground upon which we tread, to define our terms. "Language," says Webster, "consists in the oral utterance of sounds, which usage has made the representatives of ideas. This is the primary sense of language. Articulate sounds are represented by letters, marks, or characters, which form words. Hence, language consists also in words duly arranged in sentences, written, printed, or engraved, and exhibited to the eye." Custom is defined to be "an habitual practice, an established manner, a repetition of the same act."

Now the act pre-supposes the idea which called it into existence; and as words are the representatives of ideas, it is evident that the idea must have had existence previous to the word; and since we may naturally conclude that the first forms of language were names of things and actions, it follows that language must have been preceded by things and actions, for a name would never be given to a thing without existence.

Therefore, since custom is the "repetition of an act," we conclude that custom precedes language. "Shadows," says one, "follow

substances, so words result from things. There will, therefore, be a correspondence between the customs of a people and their language, and as the one changes, so changes the other.

It would be easy to show from history that those nations which are sunk the lowest in ignorance and degradation, have a greater number of words to designate the various species of vice, and a less number relating to the development of the higher faculties of our nature.

It is said that a Brazilian tribe has no word to express the idea of "thanks;" and we do not wonder at all, when we are also told that although "inveterate askers," upon receiving a gift, it is their custom merely to remark, "I am glad of this," or "this will be useful to me."

The language of Van Dieman's Land has four words to designate the taking of life, not one of which conveys any reprehension, or points out the difference between "to kill" and "to murder," and although abounding in words denoting "hate," even of the deepest dye, yet they have not one word to convey the idea of "love!"

History shows, also, that as a nation has improved in the arts and sciences, in general civilization and happiness, so has its language been refined and purified. As one vice after another becomes extinct, the very name by which it was known eventually is lost. As the practice of a virtue becomes established, the name of that virtue, its attributes, and numerous words more or less nearly related to it, become established and received into general use. So also is the contrary true, that as a nation degenerates in character, the language deteriorates in like proportion.

A missionary tells us of a Caffre tribe in Africa, having at one time a word designating the Supreme Being, and in a single genera-

tion this word entirely disappeared, except as it was applied by sorcerers in their superstitious incantations, as the cognomen of a fabulous ghost.

The Chinese have maintained but a limited commerce and a restricted intercourse with other nations, while they have preserved a rigid adherence to the customs of their fathers, and a strong aversion to every species of innovation upon established usage. Confining themselves within their huge walls, and permitting no foreigner to intrude upon their domains, they have presented the anomaly of a people retaining the same unchanged customs and language for thousands of years. While in other parts of the world nations have fallen, and others risen to the first rank of power, this people—remaining *in statu quo*, and plodding on in the same path in which their fathers were accustomed to tread—has stood apart, as if forming no portion of the human family.

If, then, there exists this correspondence between a people's character and language, and if the one be an index to the other, then national peculiarities and distinctions must be found to correspond to certain characteristics in their language, and we should be able to prove from history our position that as the character of the people changes, so changes the language. Let us now examine a single peculiarity of several nations, and the corresponding indices of their languages.

The three prominent modern languages are the French, the German, and the English. These three languages contain nearly all the modern literature of the world, and the nations speaking them are the leading and the most powerful nations. We also find, in proof of the position we have assumed, that the prominent characteristics of these three languages point to the distinctive peculiarities of the several nations.

The leading features of the German mind

seem to be conservatism and skepticism. The Germans are slow to try a novel experiment, and they accept the *ipse dixit* of no man. Where the skeptical tendency has predominated, it has produced an ethereal, speculative, rationalistic element of character, and where the conservative has been in the ascendancy, it has resulted in a cold, technical, minute and rigid logic. All this is apparent in the structure of their language, and is observable in their literature no less than in the daily life of the people. In ease and grace, conciseness and animation, the general structure of the language is quite deficient. The style is discursive,—by no means conversational—and the sentences are long and complicated. The simple meaning is often mystified by a vast pile of parenthetical clauses. They seem often to use language as a sheath for the meaning, rather than as a simple dress in which to present the meaning to the listener or the reader. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to find a single undivided sentence occupying one, two, and sometimes three complete printed pages.

The peculiarities of the French are quite different from those of the Germans. As a people they are noted for their politeness, suavity and sociability, their fickleness and want of logic. Perhaps there is no language which so clearly exhibit all of these characteristics, as the French. Its sentences are terse, perspicuous, brief. Its periods short, rapid, unelaborate. It possesses a peculiar adaptation to conversation, a fitness for the fireside, the drawing-room, and the social gathering.

The English is rather a medium between the two, being neither so terse and conversational as the French, nor so tedious and technical as the German. This is a direct result of a national characteristic. The English mind is not so shackled by the artistic rules of eti-

quette as the French, but has more real dignity and stability; more thought and principle; while, on the other hand, it is less ethereal and speculative, but more animated and practical than the German. The genius of the language, according to these very principles and peculiarities of the people employing it, is well adapted both to the easier forms of conversation and sociality, and to the more rigid terms of logic and the most technical metaphysics.

By comparing the Anglican language of the present day with what it was two centuries since, the change exhibited will aptly illustrate in what respects the race has made progress and where it has retrograded. But it should here be observed that in comparing one age with another, less difference of style will be found among the more polished and refined writers, than among those of the ordinary class; since the former are conversant with the best classics of past times, while the language of the latter is moulded more by the mass, upon which existing customs exert the strongest influences.

Another illustration of our subject may be drawn from the peculiar differences of the character of the people of Old and New England at the present day, which can be quite correctly determined by comparing their literature. Although it is true that some English and American authors differ comparatively little in style, yet with the great mass there may be observed, on the one side, an easy, conservative, phlegmatic style, which indicates the settled character of the mother country, and her attachment to the "*Recepti inter veteres mores*;" and on the other, a more active energy, a more fiery zeal, and often a more earnest desire for advance, with consequently far less respect for the ancient landmarks, plainly showing the character of young America.

The evidence of a new country is seen also in coarse, rough words, and provincialisms, which are introduced to express the peculiar customs of the section whence they have arisen.

Our geographical names, *e. g.*, "Dismal Swamp," "Big Bone Lick," and "Cape Lookout," are generally less elegant and euphonic than those of Europe. This arises principally from the heterogeneous sources of their derivation, coming, as they do, from some circumstance connected with the early history of these places, from their natural appearance, or from the aborigines of the country.

The influence of custom upon language is manifest in the varied style of different writers. As we judge the unknown by the known, we must continually use similes and comparisons, and it has often been remarked that the early occupation and manner of life of a writer may be known from the character of his comparisons. Franklin's epitaph, in which he compares his body to the "Cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its lettering and gilding," forcibly remind us that he was a printer, and that his life from early youth was spent among books.

The sweet bard of Israel, when he says, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, he maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters," plainly tells us that in early life he was a shepherd boy. So we may naturally suppose that the author of the adage, "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," sat, in his boyhood, beneath the gnarled oak, and played among the tender saplings, watching their growth from year to year, perhaps intertwining their branches to form his summer arbor, where he might withdraw from the scorching heat of the summer solstice and spend the hours of childish innocence beneath its cool, refreshing foliage, and thus had witnessed the huge

hickory preserving in after years the very direction which his own tiny hands had given it when a mere shrub.

But, to take a more specific example of this reciprocal influence, we may adduce the effect of the introduction of new words from new customs, and the decay of others. As language is solely for the accommodation of the people, when, by some change of custom, a word is no longer needed, it immediately falls into disuse, and exists only in the literature of the past; "Letters, like soldiers," as Horne Tooke says, "being apt to desert and drop off in a long march." Or, it may change its signification as the custom it symbolizes changes, and be used with a new meaning,—the same dress, but covering a very different personage. This process is constantly going on in every spoken language.

On the other hand, some new circumstance takes place, some new custom arises, or some old one must needs be revived with a new dress, and must certainly be christened with an appropriate appellation. Hence a new word is coined to supply the demand, or an old one is set apart and baptized for that specific use.

We have in our political language a very expressive appellation for a certain class of men, often, indeed, too numerous for our country's weal, whom we call "old fogies." I suppose—although the word is not given in the dictionaries, and I have never met with its derivation—that it is derived from the word "fog," or, as its former orthography was, "Fogge," which signifies dead grass, which remains in pastures during the winter, and is therefore applied to one who is one generation behind the times, and only a hindrance to the growth of society.

Much is learned from the history of words, retaining their form but changed in signification, of the history of the past. For example, in speaking of a man who subscribes his

name to a written document, we say, he "signs his name," by no means intimating that he makes a sign or mark for his name, although that custom—which was undoubtedly the origin of the phrase—is shown by the word sign. This phrase shows an elevation of society since its introduction into the language; whereas we often find in the history of words the evidence of retrogression.

The Latin word *conjuratio* originally meant merely "a swearing together," which might be for a good or a bad purpose, but as men oftener took an oath for some wicked design, it finally came to denote "a banding together for unlawful purposes."

Not unfrequently the history of a word shows some logical process of reasoning, by which a new inclination has been given to its meaning.

The primal signification of the Greek *κοσμος* was "order," "arrangement," but it was subsequently applied to the "world," inasmuch as there was evident in the arrangement of all things such perfect order. This new application of the word speaks volumes for the age whence it originated.

In this age of speculation and theory, many are violently crying out against classical study; but should such reflect, they might perceive that every year our language is greatly enriched by the accession of new words and phrases from the noble languages of Homer and Virgil, to pass by those received from our sisters, the French and Spanish.

It is a distinguishing feature of our language, that it readily adopts as its own words from foreign languages, and thus increases its flexibility and power. We use many more words of foreign extraction than did our fathers, in consequence of which the old Saxon words have been restricted in their signification, and more precision and nicety of expression given to them.

We may therefore observe, that, by the analysis of language, we perceive the true connection of the present with the past. "The most familiar words and phrases being connected," as an old writer says, "by imperceptible ties, with the reasonings and discoveries of former men and distant times. Their knowledge is an inseparable part of ours; the present generation inherits and uses the scientific wealth of all the past."

We may observe, also, that language, like all else, is subject to change and decay, and that each age and each individual leaves his impress upon it. Hence it is in evidence that our age, and each one of us, especially the teachers of the young, should leave upon a language, which is spoken by the two most powerful and most enlightened nations of the world, whose literature is more extensive and valuable than that of any other language, of modern or ancient times,—a language which may yet be spoken by all christendom,—an impress which will honor our memories in after times and be a blessing to ages yet to come.

For the Schoolmaster.

Education Necessary to Arrest Natural Tendencies to Degeneracy.

BY REV. WILLIAM BATES.

THERE is in all things a proneness to deterioration. Illustrations of this principle are numerous in the natural world. They are often met with by the gardener, the farmer, the shepherd. A garden, if neglected, runs to waste. A house unoccupied, or a ship lying unused at the wharf, rapidly decays. A farm, if uncultivated, declines in value. Its tendency to degeneracy and barrenness can be arrested only by diligent culture, by a rotation of crops, and by a generous enrichment of the soil. Many plants speedily degenerate under neglect. Only the most skillful and at-

tentive culture, can prevent them from declining.

Illustrations of this proneness to degeneracy may be found also in the history of nations. All history testifies that those nations which have preserved to themselves the advantages of an enlightened civilization, have done so only by a constant and energetic struggle against the downward currents of social decline that have ever set powerfully against them. How many nations, by these currents, have been speedily swept down to social disorganization and ruin. Nations that have struggled up to the heights of civilization, have stood there only while they have contended, with a watchful eye and a strong arm, against the besetting tendency to deterioration. As soon as they remitted their efforts against corrupting influences, they sunk into anarchy and barbarism.

Of all beings that inhabit the earth, man most needs culture. And although susceptible of high cultivation, he is ever prone to run down to an inferior rank. It is only by the united influence of government, religion and education that this downward tendency can be successfully resisted. Whenever these, the three great pillars of civilization, are removed or become weak, the social fabric falls.

The importance of education as a conservative power in our republic to preserve the people from a retrogressive course, can hardly be over-estimated. Through its neglect in parts of Virginia and North Carolina, great bodies of the people, whose ancestors were educated men, of cultivated manners, have deteriorated in valuable qualities of character and sunk almost below the point of civilization. It is well understood that there are, all along our western frontier, a body of men (whose fathers were well educated and intelligent) who are sunk to a very low grade of character. This class is annually increasing.

To these may be added the masses in our cities and in sparsely inhabited regions who are neglecting the means of education and are deteriorating in enterprise, intelligence and virtue. Now how are we, as a nation, to escape the corrupting influence of such ignorance without the diligent appliance of the means of education? How are parts of this nation to be saved from relapsing into barbarism, and going down, at least, below the capacity to rise, without the elevating power of knowledge?

For the Schoolmaster.
The Message.

BY J. SWETT.

Cloudless set the burning sun,
Shades of twilight had begun
And the miner's work was done.

From New England's far off shore,
Dear to him forevermore,
Came a message wafted o'er.

And it breathed in accents low,
"Wheresoe'er thou go
Kindest wishes round thee flow,

Friendship is a golden grain;"—
Memories dear awake again,
Like the flowers in summer rain.

Musing on his lonely lot,
Half he thought himself forgot,
Buried in that unknown spot.

"Friendship is a golden grain;"
To *one* heart across the main
It was not a message vain.

Feather River, Cal., Feb, 20, 1858.

So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.

For the Schoolmaster.
Ancient Coins.

BY MANFRED.

Nor to the antiquarian alone belongs the right to make ancient coins a part of study and research. They stand forth as prominent and truthful guides to one tracing the events of by-gone ages; they serve to explain many of the obscure passages in the writings of the ancients; they preserve the delineations of some of the most beautiful edifices of olden time, not now even existing in their ruins,—in fact they form an almost indispensable part of the world's history. In the later part of the Greek series, they illustrate the chronology of reigns. In the Roman series they fix the dates and succession of events.

The word "coin" is derived by some from the Greek, *κοινος*, *common*; by others, from the Latin, *cuneus*, *a wedge*, as probably the first currency was in the form of a wedge or ingots.

Through all of the early part of scripture, and in the poems of Homer, we search in vain for aught to indicate the use or even the existence of stamped money. Herodotus speaks of the Lydians as the first who coined gold and silver into money, while the Parian Chronicle ascribes its origin to the Æginetans, under Pheidon, king of Argos, 895 B. C. This is corroborated by Ælian in his "Various History," and the best versed antiquarians are of the opinion that this statement is correct.

The Lydian coins are probably next in antiquity, and then the early Darics of the Persian kings, probably coined between 522 and 486 B. C., in the reign of Darius the First.

Coins are divided into two classes, ancient and modern. The ancient is divided into three divisions, Greek, Roman and Barbarian. The ancient coins comprise those issued be-

fore the fall of the Western Empire and the modern, those which have been struck since.

The first copper coins of Greece, known, are those of Gelon, king of Syracuse, about 490 B. C. There is no proof of gold coinage in Greece before Philip of Macedon. Athens had no gold money at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, 431 B. C.

About this time money began to be used at Athens to sway the judgment of the officers. Plutarch tells us "that in Athens the first man who corrupted a tribunal was Anytas, the son of Anthynion, when he was tried for treason in delivering up the fort at Pylos, at the latter end of the Peloponnesian war."

The earliest Roman coin was copper, issued in the reign of Servius Tullius, 578 and 534 B. C. Silver coinage in Rome took place 266 B. C., and the coinage of gold, according to Pliny, about 206 B. C.

The barbarian coins were those of Lydia, Persia, Judea, Phœnicia, Numidia and Man-sitania, Carthage, Spain, Gaul and Britain. It is stated that Alexander the Great, upon his conquest of Persia, 331 B. C., ordered the Darics melted down for his own coinage. Hebrew coins were struck under the dominion of the family of the Maccabees, and chiefly in the time of Simon, the high priest, 150 years B. C. They were nearly all copper, and rude in workmanship. The Phœnician coins are not considered older than the reign of Alexander the Great, and principally referred to the cities of Tyre and Sidon. The Numidian coins are those of Juba I. and II., about 50 B. C. The Carthaginian coins were struck off by Greek artists. Spanish coins illustrated the different nations by which its colonies were settled. The impress of the ancient coins of Gaul was but a rude device, yet after they mingled with the Romans, some of their coins bore an inscription which looked like Latin, principally in single words, and

not capable of an easy interpretation. The earliest coin found in Britain has inscribed upon it the letters *sego*, possibly for Segonax, one of the four Kentish monarchs, who attacked Cæsar's camp at the time of the invasion. It also has the word *tascio* upon it, which is found upon many other ancient coins known to be British.

It seems that the art of counterfeiting and making bad money was practised in olden times, for Rollin tells us "that in the first payment made by the Carthaginians for the sum to which the Romans had condemned them, at the end of the second Punic war, (about 200 B. C.) the money brought by their ambassadors was not of good alloy, and it was discovered upon melting it that the fourth part was bad. They were obliged to make good the deficiency by borrowing money at Rome."

Thus we have given a limited sketch, compiled from standard authorities, of the ancient coins of various nations. We have aimed at accuracy more than originality, for on such a subject a correct description is all important. We have not given a detail of the inscriptions these coins bear, for our limits will not allow anything but a concise account. Some day, if we chance to feel in the humor, we will endeavor, in our humble way, to enlighten you more in regard to these antique coins. We intend to speak, ere long, in relation to early American currency, but we reserve it for a future article.

For the Schoolmaster.

Do Good and be Good

Do good, and the deeds thus performed shall be like a necklace of choice pearls fastened about thy neck, glistening with innocence and purity;—like a garland of sweet flowers, encircling the brow with beauty and dropping ambrosial fragrance around thy pathway;—like a rainbow shall they span the

sky of thy life, dispelling the dark clouds of evil, and bringing the bright sunshine of gladness and joy wherever thou goest. In Heaven's sight they shall be accounted worthy of high honor.

Be good. Let thy life be pure and spotless, suffer no evil to take root in thy heart, allow no outward circumstances to contaminate thee. Then shall thy heart-strings ever discourse sweet melody, soothing thy spirits; then shall the well-spring thereof ever gush forth in sparkling fountains, refreshing thy inmost soul, and thy path through life shall be strewn with the flowers of gladness and joy; cheerfulness shall scatter her blossoms around thee, and love surround thee with a perpetual wreath of perennial blossoms.

When thy spirit leaves this mortal mansion bright angels shall attend thee, and in the immortal thy Father's glad welcome shall greet thee, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

ROSA.

For the Schoolmaster.

My Living Schoolmates.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

THERE is but little in the history of my living schoolmates to interest the general reader, yet I must be permitted to tell it in my own way. Should the heroes or heroines of the following story see reflected from the light of my pen their private actions, and the peculiarities of their persons and minds, they will doubtless thank me, for they receive much pleasure from flattery. I am, however, not disposed to flatter my friends or enemies. The names of the persons to be introduced here must be fictitious.

WILLIAM is now in the far distant Paradise of America, as California is figuratively called. He was the first mute who set foot on

the shore of California. The acquisition of wealth is the all-absorbing passion of his soul, though he stands a poor chance of realizing his fondest hopes. His motto is, "sink or swim." Upon the news of the gold discovery in Australia, he repaired thither, in the hope that in that quarter he would meet with better success; but his hopes proved futile. He returned to California, and has resided there ever since. In 1856 he published an account of his adventures in Australia, which found its way into the report of the Philadelphia Deaf and Dumb Institution for that year. In a literary point of view it does not come up to the point of merit requisite in compositions of that kind. William, however, writes better than most persons similarly situated. He is a well made man; his brow lofty, his eyes gray and bright.

ANGELINE,* of Maryland, has a form that is the necromancy of female loveliness; it is divine,—no other word can sufficiently express its magnificent proportions, and even the term "divine" seems ridiculously feeble as I write it. Her beauty draws around her crowds of suitors, who are of one opinion, that she is the most beautiful girl this side of the grave. A bachelor of my acquaintance, on seeing her, involuntarily exclaimed, "Thunder and lightning, I cannot resist the power of those eyes. Such black eyes! and beautiful, too!" Perhaps her form rivals in outline that of Aspasia, but her literary attainments amount to nothing; every line which she pens swarms with grammatical blunders. "It is not all gold that glitters."

JANE, of the same State, has seen much affliction. She reads much, and writes perhaps as much. All the specimens I have seen of her prose, indicate a remarkable command of

language, and a fervid imagination. Her last letter, though written in prose, is fraught with all that constitutes true poetry. I would be most happy to publish it, but it is strictly private. She looks "love in a cottage" in every lineament of her face. Many men go and see her, but it is doubtful whether she will consent to marry and keep house, she is so strenuously attached to liberty. She possesses what the world would call a handsome face. *Vive la Jane.*

JAMES, now assistant teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford, Connecticut, with a salary of one thousand dollars a year, had quite a number of fights with me, arising from his jealousy. He was one of the largest boys in the institution; but what a remarkable change has taken place in his character! see his elevation to the post of teacher, with a fair salary into the bargain. I rejoice at his good luck. He is a handsome man, affable in his manners, and agreeable in conversation. His wife, also a mute, looks pleasant, exceedingly. Several years ago I received a letter from him, which was remarkable for grammatical accuracy. Common sense prevails in it throughout. His forehead is very broad and high.

HANNAH—now Mrs. Hannah, for she married the ideal of her soul last summer—well, Mrs. H. is indebted to nature for those qualities of body and mind which so adorn her. Her style of writing nearly approached, without positively reaching, the masculine. As a proof that her literary tastes lean to the masculine, I here insert her last communication:

"A man in Kentucky pushed a little girl into the gutter, but he did not pick her up. A large and powerful dog saw the affair, and immediately attacked him by seizing his throat with its mouth. Several men who stood by, went to save him from the dog. The girl was injured by the fall. The people

* Since writing the above, I have learned that Angeline has married a schoolmate of ours, whose parents move in the best society.

thought that he had been sufficiently punished by the noble dog for treating the girl unkindly. What a sagacious dog it was!"

JOHN, of the sunny south, went to California, in common with the gold-stricken yankees, but returned home penniless and distracted. He came to me and lectured on the vanity of earthly glory. "Riches are nothing in comparison with a contented mind," said he, "gold cannot bestow upon you true happiness and peace of mind." I could not but smile to hear him talk in this lofty strain; I thought it strange that a man who spoke so eloquently on that topic, should have gone on running after the "filthy lucre." John is a good natured fellow after all.

ROBERT is trying to get a name by writing occasionally for the papers. Such of his pieces as I have seen, show some talent, although they betray that want of literary acumen which is the curse of many young writers. He ought, however, to persevere. "Practice makes perfect. A poem, so called, from his pen, consisting of about ten lines, and which was published in a country paper, was a miserable performance. He ought to write only in prose, as it seems to suit his mental calibre.

ANDREW keeps store—and he a mute! He makes money, and ere many years he will be rich. His wife is able to hear and speak. A more economical wife I do not know of. Andrew is bound to succeed. His brother, also deaf, is engaged in the hardware business, and is going up hill. He once taught school, that is to say, he was employed as an assistant teacher in the Philadelphia Institution.

THOMAS has a brother and a sister both deaf from birth. He has once been a ruler in a Baptist church. He goes about doing good. He tried to open a Sunday school for mutes, but it was no go. He talks of *preaching*—in what way I am not informed. His mind,

singularly, is a blank. No one can hate him. He is love personified; he loves everybody. I delight in his eccentric virtues, and cannot help considering him one of the best Christians here below. I wish I were half as good as he.

FRANKLIN, of New Jersey, like a good boy, married a "sweet sixteen," and has three children. He possesses talent, and converses fluently. Frank is a noble specimen of young America. He works on the farm, and lives comfortably.

MARGARET rejoices, as she should, in the possession of a wealthy, and, what is best of all, an affectionate husband. She is beautiful and lady-like. I saw her many years ago; her teeth are whiter than I had ever before seen teeth in a human head. I have had the privilege of reading several of her letters, and could not help falling in love with them. Grace and common sense are characteristics of her letters. Her brother, who studied with me, stands alone in the wide, wide world, without a Mrs. to take care of him. Poor fellow! I hope, though, that he will marry before he dies. Margaret, albeit though several years his junior, writes ten fold better than he.

ELLEN, red-haired Ellen, owns an excellent heart, she supports her aged mother *single handed*, sweet angel. She writes pleasantly, Her brother, deaf, lives in the southern part of Maryland.

ELIZABETH, justly called the belle of the Institution during her pupilage, set her cap for a handsome young man, and succeeded, hurrah! She looks her prettiest when she talks with her dearly beloved husband.

But something too much of the "dummies." I will content myself with saying, in addition, that my next communication will treat of my *dead* schoolmates.

For the Schoolmaster.
Peace and War.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

WAR.

A shout of war ! each host assails,
And clash the guns like falling flails,
While leap the shot like scattered corn,
And louder rings the bugle horn.

The peaceful night's offended shade
Hath known no peace, the hosts invade,—
The cannon's vapor skirts the morn,
And louder rings the bugle horn.

If stillness lap the crimson fields,
'Tis for the crop death's harvest yields,
And then anew the strife is born,
And louder rings the bugle horn.

If right demand, and country needs,
Then fall the gallant forms like reeds ;
And hearts from loving breasts are torn,
And louder rings the bugle horn.

Up, soldier, and unsheath your sword,
The voice of freedom is God's word ;
Of foemen let your fields be shorn,
While rings the blast of bugle horn.

Still, there are peaceful homes afar
Protected by these shocks of war,
And babes within their bosom born
Fear not the ring of bugle horn.

PEACE.

Peace, the life of God in man expanding,
Unto the sphere of love out-lasting time,
Transmutes the soul to sympathies commanding,
Something above our own terrestrial clime.

Her harvest home, a garner for all beauty,
That makes the storm of fate benignant balm ;
Kindles our faith 'mid life's distempered duty,
To know the fullness of her sacred calm.

The laurelled hero with his sword may gain thee,
When the invader's foot usurps thy shore,
Yet scarcely routs the myriads that profane thee,
When raves the tempest fiercer than before.

But peace of soul ! thy trembling garlands twining

Around the sacred kingdom of the breast,
No trumpet-trace of war's delusive shining
Blows clamor to disturb such gentle guest.

Like some dusk bird before the day is risen,
With pinions babbling to the folded gloom,
So struggles in a darkened world the teaching
Of peaceful tongues, life's mazes to illumine.



Girls' Schools.—No. 1.

"*Ye mak' it not 'what is she?'*" but "*what has she?'*"—SCOTCH PROVERB.

THE principles I advance here are not new. They have been inculcated, again and again, by the best thinkers. But they have not, I believe, been applied exactly and in detail to this practical purpose, and it is especially here that they are needed.

Their daughters' education is so very important a subject to mothers, that they will probably never tire of it, and will be glad to keep the best theories constantly before their minds. It is very necessary that they should be able to distinguish a good school from a bad one, and I propose to suggest how to do it.

Parents will assent with promptitude to my assertion, that most girls' schools, as at present conducted, are very unsatisfactory institutions, having false aims, and pursuing them with feeble ill-directed efforts, and generally with no method at all.

They seem to be patronized for two reasons. First, that the young ladies may be kept out of mischief. Second, that they may be crammed with miscellaneous facts, such as will best enable them to avoid appearing uneducated in society.

It is unnecessary to mention the weighty reason that "everybody goes to school, and it would be *so odd* not to."

Parents and guardians, reflect, since your girls must be placed in expensive establishments, must spend years in irksome study, must risk strength, beauty, and the health of the future generation by close confinement through the years of adolescence,—whether it does not behoove you to see that money, and time, and health, and future happiness are not thrown away?

Are the ends above stated worth the price now paid for them?

“Certainly,” you say, “it is important that our children should be kept out of mischief, and that they should acquire general knowledge, so as to avoid appearing ignorant.”

Then, since the ends are worthy, do the means used secure them? The general voice answers: “No; for such of our young ladies as are dependent solely upon fashionable education in schools, and have not the natural advantage of sound, vigorous minds, or sensible, restraining parents, are *not* kept out of mischief—if ridiculous extravagance in dress, if ‘idleness, which because it squanders such vast powers of benefit, has the mischief of a crime,’ if unprincipled devotion to the follies of fashionable life, to the neglect of home duties, be mischief. Besides, they are notoriously the fools and imbeciles of the world, to whom no man in his senses will talk anything but foolishness! Witness the ordinary conversation of such young ladies, either with gentlemen or each other. Every one knows it is confined to scandal, dress, and soft nonsense, or flattery. The result of their schools is to make Flora Finchings of them—or at least it does not prevent that laughable, but deplorable catastrophe. Even at the best, the knowledge they acquire is such as they naturally forget in a few months after leaving school, having no use for it in actual life and feeling no real interest in it.”

We have heard such remarks a hundred

times. Indeed, it is becoming the fashion to advocate a return to the system of the “good old times,” when women spent their days at the spinning wheel and knitting-needles, at least accomplishing something, and being more effectually “kept out of mischief.”

Education is of course of incalculable benefit to women, but they do not appear to attain it through the channels provided for them. There must be some mistake, then, somewhere. Where lies it, and its remedy?

I offer a few suggestions. Girls’ schools are at fault at the very start; they do not aim right. They do not even see the true end to aim at. Mrs. Browning says:

“Behold, who blames

A crooked course when not a goal is there,
To round the fervid striving of the games?
An ignorance of means may minister
To greatness—but an ignorance of aims
Makes it impossible to be great at all.”

The reasons given for girls going to school are very well, but they are aside from the true point. There is a nobler and to-be-striven-for individual perfection,—for we are commanded by Jesus to aim at that—“Be ye perfect.” And Solomon says, “With all thy getting, get *understanding*,”—not miscellaneous knowledge to ever so great an amount, but *understanding*, power, and comprehension of mind.

The true idea of a school, is a place where every intellectual trait of the pupil is discerned and developed; not where feeble minds are crammed with food to repletion, but where strong minds are *grown*, who will snatch hungrily at food themselves, digest it, and thrive upon it.

The teacher of such an institution must combine in himself a knowledge of mental philosophy in general, and an acute perception of the idiosyncracies of mental power in the individual,—ingenuity in devising and

adapting a good system of mental training, and power to put his theory into practice. I mean by that, a force of mind which shall dominate over both scholars and their parents.

These things are indispensable in a master. But for subordinate, or inferior persons, who for pecuniary reasons devote themselves to teaching, it will be sufficient to earnestly study the method of such a master, and to be unflinching in carrying it out. In the midst of competition those who have the sense to see, and the firmness to pursue, the true end of education, will soon gain patronage. The public may not recompense the righteous, but it generally sees its own interest with sufficient clearness to reward the able.

There are certain mental powers which rank first in importance, and without which man is a helpless imbecile. He may be a shrewd fellow, possessing only the smallest embryo of imagination, but there are other faculties which are imperatively necessary in large measure.

First, comes Attention, or the power of concentrating the mind upon any subject. Incapacity to do this is idiocy. Next comes what is generally called Judgment. To be destitute of this is to be insane.

Then comes Memory — the emptiness of which is childishness. These faculties have a principle of growth within themselves, and are, besides, very susceptible of cultivation. If nature had not decreed it so, what would have become of the female mind by this time, for what proper means have ever been taken in schools to secure the development of those important functions? Compulsory exercise alone—and that quite unregulated;—nothing whatever adapted precisely to the object. They put feeble little girls into the treadmill, keep them “exercising” there until they attain womanhood, and then they wonder that they have not acquired the strong, joyous, springy

gait of health and freedom, nor learned to go through the minuet of life with dancing grace!—*N. Y. Independent.*

For the Schoolmaster.

The Stone of Ancient Error, the Cube of Truth, and the Sphere of Falsehood.

THE following extract from the “Autocrat of the-Breakfast-Table,” in the March number of the Atlantic Monthly, is worthy of careful perusal. No one, who has a taste for rich thought and beautiful imagery, carrying with it a moral which cannot be mistaken, can fail to be interested in it; especially may those who are instructors of the young derive benefit therefrom.

I. D., JR.

“I wonder if anybody ever finds fault with anything I say at this table when it is repeated? I hope they do, I am sure. I should be very certain that I had said nothing of much significance, if they did not.

Did you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges,—and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick, or your foot, or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, ‘Its done brown enough by this time’? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colorless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling crea-

tures, some of them coleopterous 'or horny-shelled,—turtle-bugs one wants to call them ; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like *Lepine* watches ; (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern live time-keepers to slide into it ;) black, glossy crickets, with long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches ; motionless, slug-like creatures, larvæ, perhaps, more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity ! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them that enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for under-ground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay ; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole ; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate thro' their glorified being.

—The young fellow whom they call John saw fit to say, in his very familiar way,—at which I do not choose to take offence, but which I sometimes think it necessary to repress,—that I was coming it rather strong on the butterflies.

No, I replied ; there is meaning in each of those images,—the butterfly as well as others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes that are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless

by it. He who turns the stone over is who-soever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and color—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings, had not the stone been lifted.

You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.

* * * * *

When we are yet small children, long before the time when those two grown ladies offer us the choice of Hercules, there comes up to us a youthful angel holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold—*TRUTH*. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters *L, I, E*. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world ; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all ; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his

way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behavior, all insisting that truth must *roll* or nobody can do anything with it; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.”

Reading Aloud.

THERE is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. An indistinct utterance, whines, nasal twangs, guttural notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday School, gives the style in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if anything is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way he said Watts' hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheel wagon; another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to.

A Thrilling Incident.

THE Hon. George N. Briggs, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, delivered a temperance address some time since, in the course of which he related the following anecdote with thrilling effect:

Mr. Briggs said this question of the introduction of intoxicating drinks assumed somewhat of a practical form last Spring, in a thriving borough in Pennsylvania. The inhabitants had assembled, as was their usual custom, to decide what number, if any, of licenses the town should petition from the County Court, from whence they were issued. There was a full attendance. One of the most respectable magistrates of the borough presided, and upon the platform were seated, among others, the clergyman of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens of the borough rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses. They had better license *good* men and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. It was an excellent way to get along quietly, and one and then another in their turn expressed their hope that such a course would be adopted.

The president was about to put the question to the meeting when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose careworn countenance was the painful index of no light suffering. And yet there was something in the flash of the bright eye that told she had once been what she was not. She addressed the president, and said, with his permission, she wished to say a few words to the meeting. She had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question.

"You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me the mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons; and woman never had a kinder husband—mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask where are they now? In yonder-burying ground there are six graves filled by that husband and those five sons, and oh! they are all drunkard's graves. Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them good. And you, Sir, addressing the clergyman, would come and drink with my husband; and my sons thought they could drink with safety, because they saw you drink. Deacon, you sold them rum which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by rum. And now," she said, "I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is my home. You, reverend Sir, you, Doctor, and you, Deacon, I shall never meet you again, until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined and lost husband and those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkard's grave."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting; shall we petition the court to issue licenses to this borough the ensuing year? and then one unbroken "No!"—which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman's appeal.

Does not the echo in the sea-shell tell of the worm which once inhabited it? and shall not man's good deeds live after him and sing his praise?

LIGHT things will agitate little minds.

Evening Hours for Mechanics.

WHAT have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil? Harken to the following facts:

One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the London Daily Journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the London Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Witness was a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; and another was a watchmaker in Bauff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd boy in Rhyne. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College, at Hong Kong, was a soldier in Huntly; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India, was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Morap. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Bauff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose; Mr. McGregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Rosshire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington, and Arthur Anderson, the member from Orkney earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.

HOW TO JUDGE OF CHARACTER.—It has been shrewdly remarked that what persons are by starts, they are by nature. You see them, at such time, off their guard. Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion; but intervals best discover the man. We fancy this is strictly true.

The Ready Reckoner.

WHEN a pupil sees his teacher or an accountant rapidly adding a long column of figures or performing easily any of the primary operations of arithmetic, it excites an almost envious admiration as he contrasts it with his own tardy reckoning. "If I could only do like that!" He thinks such facility the crown of arithmetical science and art.

Yet no distinction is more evident after fuller experience than that between the ready reckoner and the expert arithmetician. Says Mr. Robinson, after the consideration of the ground rules of arithmetic, "Those persons who are quick in what precedes may very properly be said to be quick *at figures*, though some such persons may be very unsuccessful in future progress, as that will depend on a *philosophical* rather than a numerical turn of mind. A good reasoner can always be a good arithmetician; on the contrary, one may add, subtract, multiply, and divide, with the rapidity of intuition, and if [he is] not a quick and sound reasoner, quickness of operation will only make weak logic the mere glaring. It is a mistake to suppose that long practice is most essential to make a good arithmetician." He adds an illustration of fact: "Zerah Colburn astonished the world by his numerical power of computation, but it was mere computation. He was a very indifferent arithmetician, his reasoning powers being such that even education could do little for him. The author has known many expert *reckoners* who were, and always must be, unsuccessful *arithmeticians*."

Nevertheless, quickness in reckoning should not be depreciated. We might as well undervalue good tools because tools alone could not build Solomon's Temple, or carve the Venus de Medici. Perfection of tools aids perfection of work. Some one says, "If a man has wood to cut, it is better to wait to

grind an axe than to go at it with a hoe." The power and inspiration of an artist can not have free course while his instruments delay him. A good arithmetician *needs* the skill of a reckoner, and this does require practice and often long practice; and only thus can most persons obtain it. If the pupil has occasion to gain it, let him not be discouraged by his early slowness.

We introduce here some methods suggested by Prof. De Morgan, an eminent English mathematician, to aid in developing the skill of the ready reckoner, for which purpose their persevering practice will be very effectual.

—DR. S. WILLARD, in *Illinois Teacher*.

1. Supposing the learner to be able to count with sufficient rapidity backward and forward, by single units, he should then learn to count backward and forward by twos, by threes, by fours, up to tens, beginning with different numbers. For instance, commence with three and add four—thus: 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, etc., or commence with sixty-one—thus: 61, 57, 53, 49, 45, etc. *No retteration should be allowed. It should not be three and four make seven, and four make eleven; but simply 3, 7, 11, 15, etc.* If there be difficulty, let the pupil be allowed to take his own time; but let him be prevented from repeating any single word, except one which expresses a result.

2. The next exercise is the formation of the defect of a lesser number from a greater, when the defect does not exceed nine. The manner in which it should be required is by giving the lesser number, and the units only of the greater—the learner having to supply for himself the tens which should be in the greater, so that the defect may not exceed nine. Thus, having fifty-six and seeing four, the exercise consists in learning immediately to supply both the eight in 'fifty-six and eight make sixty-four,' and also the six tens. To perform this exercise by itself, write down

any line of figures, as 823417554. Make examples by taking the first two figures for the lesser, and the next for the units of the greater; then the second and third, and the fourth, and so on. The process then is to make out, as rapidly as possible, eighty-two and one are eighty-three, twenty-three and one are twenty-four, thirty-four and seven are forty-one, forty-one and six are forty-seven, seventeen and eight are twenty-five, and so on.

3. The multiplication-table is now to be learned, up to nine times nine at least, but not in the common way. Of all the drawbacks, upon the rapidity of computation, none is so great as the common habit of reproducing in regular form the assertion, eight times seven are fifty-six, every time that eight and seven are seen and multiplication is known to be coming. The exercise we now speak of, consists in stating instantly the product of two digits as soon as they are seen. Take a line of figures, as before, and learn to repeat rapidly the product of every pair, without naming either of the pair. 72698593376598. The following products are to be caught instantly: 14, 12, 54, 72, 40, 45, 27, 9, 21, 42, 30, 45, 72, etc. One advantage of this process will be, that the learner will become equally habituated to the products, whether the greater factor be seen first or the lesser.

4. The next thing to be acquired is the formation of a product increased by a given digit, or a given digit by a product, instantly, without repetition of the factors or addend. Instead of four times eight are thirty-two, and three are thirty-five, we ought to require only the words 32, 35; that is, only the results. If rows of figures be again taken, and if the exercise be repeated on each three figures consecutively — slowly at first, if necessary, but keeping strictly to the rule of allowing no additional words to be either articulated or thought of — it will not be found very diffi-

cult to make the results come as readily as those of the simple multiplication-table. Thus, taking 62987401328, the object is to arrive rapidly at 21, 26, 79, 60, or $6 \times 2 + 9$, $2 \times 9 + 8$, $9 \times 8 + 7$, $8 \times 7 + 4$; also at 72, 88, 119, etc., or $(6+2) \times 9$, $(2+9) \times 8$, $(9+8) \times 7$, etc.

5. The next process is to catch the result of the preceding process, and to add to it another figure, naming the first result only, and none of its constituents. Taking again a row of figures — 725836294759 — the object is to arrive at 19 and 27, 18 and 21, 43 and 49; or, taking the sum of the two first numbers, multiplying the third and adding the fourth. and so on—thus, 45 and 53, 56 and 59, 39 and 45, etc.

6. The next of these exercises resembles that in (2), only that the smaller number is found as in (4). A product increased by a digit is to be taken from a number, of which the unit's place is before the operator, while the ten's is to be supplied, as wanted, to make the defect not exceed nine. Thus, out of 7861, is to be instantly supplied 62 and 9 are 71, or $7 \times 8 + 6$ is to be made up to the next number that ends with one.

7. The last process is the inversion of (5), namely: finding the quotient and remainder of tens and units divided by a single digit; but this should be practiced without repeating, as in eight in fifty-nine, seven times and three over. It should be, at most, eight in fifty-nine, seven and three. A row of figures may be used for practice, as in the preceding cases.

As soon as these seven rules become as familiar as counting, so soon and no sooner is the drudgery of computation annihilated. These are the steps by which the calculator walks; and, let his journey be in what direction it may, no single pace can be any thing but one or another of the preceding.—*Companion to the British Almanac.*

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.

Answers

To "Miscellaneous Enigma," in April number, have been received from D. R. A., Centreville; Maria S. B. and Myra D. G., Bristol; Lizzie, Phenix; Manfred, Raymond, M., A., R., A., Roscoe, E. B. C., Providence.

ANSWER.

Palace of Forty Pillars, Ispahan, Gerba, Saint Denis, Bonibe, Rhodes, Gibraltar, Solaro, Anacapri, Cherbourg, Gingee, Trent, Torghattan, Tours, Helder, Hillah, Duffus.

Whole—The burning of the frigate Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, by Lieutenant Stephen Decatur.

There were several mistakes in the "Miscellaneous Enigma" of last month, the occurrence of which we regret. Contrary to our usual custom, it was inserted without a careful revision, hence the appearance of the errors, which are palpable. We hope to avoid a repetition.

For the Schoolmaster.

Enigma.

I AM COMPOSED OF NINETY-FOUR LETTERS.

My 50, 91, 27, 84, 6, 58, 17, 53, 8, 38, 73, 48, 69, 14, 2, 6, is a recent missionary martyr.

My 52, 1, 10, 30, 63, 90, 65, 11, 52, 36, 82, 38, is a curious phenomenon seen in swamps and battle-fields.

My 5, 87, 81, 59, 33, 77, 46, 4, 70, 31, 25, is the native name of a waterfall in Central Africa.

My 60, 49, 78, 43, 47, 34, 44, 29, 12, 25, 13, 26, 42, is the name given the above by the discoverer.

My 35, 18, 86, 39, 51, 16, 54, is the river on which the above waterfall is found.

My 67, 55, 74, 17, 92, 32, is a tree which produces Gum-Arabia.

My 23, 56, 80, 41, 3, 31, expresses one of the properties of this tree.

My 75, 69, 30, 83, is a mineral used for money in East Africa.

My 66, 40, 79, 33, 37, 9, 29, is a high hill, rising from the middle of a lake in East Africa.

My 28, 14, 71, 85, is an ancient tower in Asia Minor.

My 89, 15, 7, 72, 40, 57, 22, 77, is a river which empties into the gulf of Cambay.

My 19, 74, 88, 23, 61, 34, 62, 58, 4, 93, 68, 61, 45, is a place in Switzerland, near which is a single waterfall of 800 feet.

My whole, is a curious circumstance which happens twice during the year on each side of the mountains alternately, which run parallel with the western shore of the Red Sea.

*JERRY.

AN ENIGMA said to have been written by Mr. Canning, which, for a length of time, baffled all England to solve:

"There is a verb of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber.
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding *s*, you plural make;
But if you add an *s* to this
How strange the metamorphosis:
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet what bitter was before."

Dr. Franklin in Paris.

IN the early part of the American war, Franklin went to Paris, in hopes of obtaining pecuniary resources from France. For some time he was unsuccessful, and being invited to a large party, a gentleman observed:

"It must be owned, sir, that America now exhibits to us a grand and magnificent spectacle!"

"True," replied the doctor, dryly, "*but the spectators do not pay.*"

The Honest Woodcutter.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY, IN IRREGULAR RHYME.

A woodman lived by the river side,
And all day long his axe he plied;
A blithe and happy man was he,
And blessed with a wife and children three;
Though coarse his garb and scant his fare,
His debts he paid by thrifty care;
His neighbor's trust he freely won;
They styled him "Honest as the sun."
One day he stood by the water's edge,
Away rolled his axe from the slippery ledge;
A woful look had the woodman then,
For what shall give him his axe again?
He sat him down on an oak-log rude
(Albeit unused to the pining mood),
And gazed on the river's rapid flow;
His treasure sunk to its caves below;
While visions of want, and care, and woe
 Floated over his brain,
 A maddening train;
 When more rapid than light
 To his startled sight,
Forth springs a fairy, lovely and bright.
Of her wondrous beauty none may tell,
As she floated along in a nautilus' shell.
She knew our honest woodman well,
And thus her kindly accents fell—
 "What is thy woe?
 I fain would know
What grieves a man so just and true."
"Ah, me! my axe is in the river,
And, much I fear, is lost forever."
Forth to the astonished woodman's view
A silver axe the elfin drew.
"Is this thy axe?" the fairy cried;
"Not mine, indeed," the man replied.
("I'll try," said she, "each wily art
To tempt this honest woodman's heart.")
"This, then, perchance?" and lo, behold!
She showed an axe of solid gold.
"Twas vain to change his steadfast will,
—The self-same answer still.
 Was steel, its handle oak,

Well worn by many a sturdy stroke."
Again she held an axe to view,
His own the honest woodman knew,
And, claiming his most valued prize,
Joy sparkled in the woodman's eyes.
"The three are thine!" the fairy said,
"The silver, gold, and iron blade;
Use wisely this, your rightful meed,
A guerdon meet for honest deed,"
She spoke; and, sailing from the shore,
The woodman saw her never more.

But far and wide the tidings flew,
And neighbors came in crowds to view
The sudden wealth of one so poor
That Envy's self had shunned his door.
But one there was of "sordid mould,"
Whose only love was love of gold;
Forth by the morning's light he hied,
And hastened to the river's side;
In its still depths his axe is thrown,
Then, seated on a mossy stone,
The woods re-echo with his moan.

 Rapid as light
 Uprose the sprite,
And said, in accents soft and low,
 "What is thy woe?
 I fain would know
What grief can touch a heart so rude."
"Alas! my axe fell in the river,
And, much I fear, is gone forever."

Forth to the crafty miser's view
A golden axe the elfin drew,
"Is this the one you lost?" she cried;
"The self-same axe," the man replied.
Down sunk the axe beneath the wave;
One stern rebuking look she gave,
And, steering swiftly from the shore,
Was seen by mortal never more.

—Christian Inquirer.

SPINNING AND REELING.—In the streets of Leicester, one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who, staggering against his reverence, said, "I have been spinning it out." "O, yes," said the Dean, "I see you have, and now you are reeling it home."

Honor Among Boys.

If, as it is said, there is "honor among thieves, why should this noble quality be lacking in so many little boys?"

"Boys will be boys," said one in reply to a remark of mine on this subject. This I know, and do not desire to see "old heads upon young shoulders." What I want is to beg boys to be governed by honor, and honesty, in their dealings with one another.

"Why don't you lend your skates and sled to the other boys when you are not using them?" I have asked, and been answered, "Because *boys* think nothing of breaking one another's things, and sometimes consider it *smart*, and then laugh at you for being so *green* as to lend them."

"But don't they pay the damages?"

Now was my turn to be laughed at for the absurdity of my question. "Pay damages! never!" This grated harshly upon a mother's ears, and I'll tell you why. Because, in the first place, I know how much a boy thinks of his *first* sled, first skates, and first pocket-knife. Many rich men who live in free-stone palaces in New York will confess that they never had a greater prize than their *first sled*, with its bright paint and well-ironed runners, and that the possession of skates gave them many sleepless hours of delight. Now when boys know so well how much they prize their own things, is it not very much like *stealing*, to carelessly injure another boy's property and make no effort to repair the loss?

"But how can a boy pay, when he has got no money?" I hear one of my readers say, perhaps impatiently.

He can go home and tell his father what he has done, and beg him to give him the means of repairing his loss. If his father sees fit to refuse his request, he can save his pennies till he has enough money of his own; or he can

select from among his playthings something worth enough to pay for the harm he has done, even if he has to give away a very precious toy. If he is too poor for this and has a little Yankee contrivance, perhaps he can mend the injured article and make it as good as new. If this cannot be done, he can go to his playmate, and say he is very sorry for the accident, and that he is not able to repay the damages, and then show his sorrow by improving the first chance to do his injured friend a favor. He will not have to wait long for an opportunity to show *kindness*, which is better than money.

This is as much a young boy's duty as it will be when he is a few years older, and accidentally injures a borrowed horse and carriage, to repay the owner for his loss. A boy who will break another's knife, lose his ball, drop his new book in the mud, or break his sled, and then laugh at his playmate's distress, or even refuse to pay him in some way for his loss, will be very likely to make a forger, defaulter, burglar, or perhaps something worse.

A mean unfeeling boy is a sad, hopeless sight. Like a crooked, dwarfed, young tree, nothing grand or noble can be made of it. Age will only make it more ugly and despised.

It is too much the fashion among boys to scorn gentle loving manners, or leave their sisters to learn such ways, while they try to be what they call *men*. A boy who wishes to be a *true man*, "the noblest work of God," must begin while he is young to be honest and *honorable*, and "do as he would be done by," for he will be the same person when he grows up that he is now, only stronger, larger, in mind and body, and better able to do good or evil. Let us, by all means have "*honor among boys*."—*M. E. W., in New York Independent.*

School Anecdote.

JOE DOWNS was a dull boy at school, always behindhand with his lessons, and always at the narrative end of his class. Every Saturday we were obliged to commit a large number of words from the dictionary, spell them, and give the definition. At the end of the recitation any scholar could ask the class a word and its meaning, the questioner to answer if none of the rest could, and go above all who missed. Joe's turn to "pop the question" came, and he put out the word *Aceph*, It was spelled, but the meaning could not be given. Around the class it went, from head to foot, till it came down to Joe, who triumphantly spelled and defined it—"A-c-e-p-h, a louse without a head!" The roar of laughter did not disconcert him in the least; but when the smoke cleared away, he appealed to the dictionary, and pointed to the word and definition—"A-ceph-a-lous, without a head." Joe's name was changed, and he was called from that day onward "Seph," or a "louse without a head."

The above funny story reminds us of a smart saying of our brother Sam. When we were picaninies, we knew by heart all the "bible stories." "Joseph in Egypt" was a favorite.

One day Sam had been busily reading in that famous old school-book of fifty years ago, the "American Preceptor," and at length he exclaimed, "Charlie! I've found out *what Joseph's last name was!*" "Well," said we, "what was it?" "Why it was Ab-rig-id," said Sam, triumphantly, "Joseph Ab-ri-ged." We looked at the book; Sam was reading under the caption, "History of Joseph Ab-bridged."—*Exchange*.

A word once spoken, a coach and four horses cannot overtake and bring back.

People we Meet on the Sidewalk.

WHAT a great difference there is in the people we meet on the sidewalk. See that lady passing, dressed so finely in her silks and satins. She goes flirting along as if she owned the whole sidewalk. Just behind her is an old colored woman who has no good clothes to wear; she goes bent nearly double with age. Perhaps she has no home to go to, and it may be, has to beg for her living. Yonder is a drunkard, who goes staggering along the street and says something to every person who passes him—before he is aware of it finds himself locked up in jail. There are some nice young men, who stand on the corners making fun of the passers-by. I don't think they are gentlemen. They should have better manners than to crowd people off the walk. Those who are in the excellent habit of early rising may see that market-man who comes into town with his wagon full of articles, such as eggs, butter, cheese, cabbage, turnips, radishes, grapes, peaches, plums, and a great many other things that I need not mention, but which are all very necessary for our comfort and pleasure. He looks as if he had seen hard times! See that school-boy, as he goes along the street with his satchel of books slung over his shoulder. I wonder if he belongs to the Public School. If he has been good in school he goes home much happier than if he has been a bad boy. A good boy is likely to become a good man, and will be respected all his life. Behind that boy comes a poor blind man, led by his little son. How I pity the blind who cannot see the beautiful world in which we live. How grateful we all ought to be, who have eyes to see with. In the old wagon comes a milk-man, who has pure country milk, "fresh from the clover-fields," which, I am sure, is the best of milk. He looks as if he was the richest man in the state of New Jersey. In a white-covered

wagon there is a country boy, with short pants, a short jacket, and gray stockings, whistling Yankee Doodle.* On the Fourth of July he comes to town, and says he "means to have some fun." He has some spending money which he has earned by hard labor. When he gets home he tells his parents how he has enjoyed his visit to the city. He says he would like to live in the city very much, because he would have more sport; and, besides, he would like to go to the Public School. Some cold day in winter, perhaps his mother makes ginger-bread, and then in the evening, as they are all gathered around the fire, she hands them a piece of ginger-bread, and they all have a drink of cider, which is very pleasant to the taste, I am sure.—*C. L., in New Brunswick (N. J.) Pub. School Journal.*

The Blue Yarn Stockings.

FROM WEEMS' LIFE OF FRANKLIN.

WHEN Dr. Franklin was received at the French court as American minister, he felt some scruples of conscience in complying with their fashions as to dress. "He hoped," he said to the minister, "that as he was himself a very plain man, and represented a plain republican people, the king would indulge his desire to appear at court in his usual dress. Independent of this, the season of the year, he said, rendered the change from warm yarn stockings to fine silk, somewhat dangerous."

The French minister made him a bow, but said that the fashion was too sacred a thing for him to meddle with, but he would do himself the honor to mention it to his Majesty.

The king smiled, and returned word that Dr. Franklin was welcome to appear at court in any dress he pleased. In spite of that delicate respect for strangers, for which the French are so remarkable, the courtiers could not help staring, at first, at Dr. Franklin's

quaker-like dress, and especially his "Blue Yarn Stockings." But it soon appeared as though he had been introduced upon this splendid theatre only to demonstrate that great genius, like true beauty, "needs not the foreign aid of ornament." The court was so dazzled with the brilliancy of his mind that they never looked at his stockings. And while many other ministers who figured in all the gaudy fashions of the day are now forgotten, the name of Dr. Franklin is still mentioned in Paris with all the ardor of the most affectionate enthusiasm.

Our Language.

THE Dublin University Magazine says:—Dictionary English is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as 10,000 words could be collected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly many more than one-half that are only employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should any of us be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say either with our lips or even with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly extends to 10,000 words, our common spoken English hardly to 5,000.

PUZZLE.—Here is an Arithmetical Puzzle, the solution of which we commend to the ingenuity of our readers:

If you take
Nine from six
Ten from nine
Fifty from forty
There will then six remain.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Deserted Mansion.

BY HESIL.

OLD Time who wanders o'er the earth
Has found these arches green ;
And many a death and many a birth
These ancient walls have seen.
How mournfully the footstep falls
Within these ancient walls !

O, lone deserted heart of man,
What scenes of joy and pain
Have passed in thee since life began,
Ne'er to return again !
Oh ! sad and solemn mem'ry calls
Her echoes from the naked walls !

The Undesirable Neighbor.—A Fable.

A GREAT many million years ago, there lived in the borders of a dark forest, a little chicken named Billy Bogles. He had yellow legs, and a yellow bill, like other little chickens, and said "peep, peep," in much the same way. Now, Billy, innocent as he looked, had some habits which made him very unpleasant company to certain of his fellow beings who also dwelt in the borders of the dark forest. Sometimes, when a gentlemanly young cricket had gone with his satin vest and best brown coat, to give a serenade to his beloved, just as his heart had begun to swell with self-satisfaction and affection, out would rush this monster chicken from behind some mullen stalk, and gobble down the unfortunate musician at one mouthful. If a plump, house-keeping spider spread her table with the finest damask, for the entertainment of a passing fly, ten to one if she could be permitted to serve at her own feast, before the dreadful Bogles would appear, and swallow both hostess and host. Snails, out for a leisurely morning walk ; caterpillars, admiring the beauties of nature as seen from a mandrake

leaf ; "lady-bugs, sitting in the rose's heart," and "plain dressed ants, going by with a heavy grain of corn;" jumping, joyous grasshoppers, and dignified, motherly-looking beetles, were each and all alike greedily appropriated, and breakfasted and dined, and supped upon, by the insatiable Billy—till, at last, he came to be feared so much in that part of the forest, that when his faintest "peep" was heard in the distance, the worms and bugs, every mother's son of them, would retire with particularly hurried steps within the shadow of the nearest toad-stool, clover-blossom, or chickweed, till long after their marauding neighbor had disappeared among the plantain leaves.

But a day of vengeance was at hand. A hawk, who was a firm believer in circular justice, took up the matter one day, and the chicken also ; and he who had picked up and devoured so many of his fellows, was himself also picked up and devoured.

REFLECTION. — This chicken did not do as he would be done by.—*Grace Greenwood's Little Pilgrim.*

Anecdote of the Stork.

THIS bird, after spending its summer in Europe, migrates in the fall to Africa or Asia. A Polish gentleman having caught a stork which lived upon his estate, put around its neck an iron collar, with these words on it : "This Stork comes from Poland," and then set it at liberty. The next year the stork came back again, with a gold collar on. The gentleman caught it again, and found on the collar, in the Hindoo language, "India sends back the Stork to the Poles, with gifts."—**PARLEY.**

Make truth credible, and children will believe it ; make goodness lovely, and they will love it.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WE would respectfully solicit from Rhode Island Teachers and others, items of educational intelligence, such as the appointment of teachers, removals, change of salaries, reports of school committees, &c.

Natural Philosophy.—Fire.

ON a cold day in January, we had occasion to ride with a friend some miles, in southern Massachusetts, to a railroad station. Our friend had business to transact with the station agent, and while he was engaged thus, we sat by the stove, endeavoring to gather up a sufficient quantity of caloric to defend us from the attacks of old Jack Frost on our journey homeward. The anthracite was under full headway, the hot air roaring up the funnel at the rate of 240, when we were aroused from a reverie by the following conversation, which took place among the *by-sitters* who were sharing with us the protection and comforts of the flaming carbon. The conversation is reported *almost verbatim et literatim et "pronunciatim."* It was committed to paper immediately after our arrival at a pen and ink station. For convenience we will designate our learned friend *Philosopher* and his companions *Socii*.

We fully agree with the remark of our friend—on our relating the conversation, which we did immediately after getting comfortably seated in the sleigh, "homeward bound,"—that "Had the common school given that man *half a chance*, when he was a boy, he *would* have made a philosopher 'as *is* a philosopher.'"

Socius A. Holding in his hand a friction match. "This is *curus* philosophy, that this match will *give out* fire."

Philosopher. "Yes, 'tis so. Behold how *little* a thing a *great* fire kindleth. L-e-t's s-ee—I believe that's right, aint it?"

Socius A. "Yes, I believe so—some how so. Behold how little a *matter* a great fire kindleth."

Philosopher. "Well, there's something *curus* in the *natur* of fire. Now, fire *in itself* is the *coldest thing we know of*."

Socius B. "What's that. *Fire cold?*"

Philosopher. "Yes. 'Tis of a *cold natur*, and I can prove it. Now, you take a cold flint, what's laid out in the snow all day, and strike it on that frozen iron rail, and it'll *strike fire*. Don't that prove that fire's of a *cold natur*? Now the sun, that heats the earth so, is the coldest *planet* in the *universe*."

Socius C. "What! the *sun cold, too*? I don't believe that, any how."

Philosopher. "Well, 'tis; and I can prove that, too."

Socius C. "I should like to hear the proof that the sun's cold. It never felt very cold to me."

Philosopher. "Well, now you go up towards the sun, and you'd almost freeze. Go up a mile and it would be *awful cold*. I guess two miles would freeze you stiff. There's Miss Johnson, what went up in a balloon, the first of anybody in this country. It was 38 years ago last 4th of July. Right in the middle of summer. She went right up out of sight, at Philadelphia. I was there an' see'd her, and when she came down, over in the Jerseys, there was *eye-sickles* on the balloon. Then agin, the sun is millions and millions of miles nearer to us in the winter than in the summer. *That's what makes it so cold!* Now, don't that prove the sun to be the coldest *planet* in the *universe*."

Socius C. "Well, I don't know, I guess there is something in that, that's a fact."

Philosopher. "Well, you can draw fire right out of ice!!"

Socius B. "I don't believe you can do that, any how."

Philosopher. "Well, it's jest so, you can do it any time. That's the way fire was first discovered. It was in Austria, *on the northwest coast*. They took a clear piece of thin ice, and held it up in the sun, and got it to a focus, and lit a fire with it. You can do it, jest as easy, only get it to a focus. Now don't that prove fire to be of a *cold natur*. Ice, the coldest thing we know of, and the sun, the coldest *planet* in the *universe*, jest git the ice to a focus, and draw fire right out of it. Do you suppose you could, if fire war'nt of a cold natur?"

Dedication of a School House in Foster.

FOSTER, May 18th, 1858.

YESTERDAY was a day of great interest to the friends of popular education in this town. District No. 18, in Foster, and half district in Gloucester, have formed a joint district, having the local name of Mount Hygeia. This part of Foster was the residence of the late Dr. Drown, by whom the local name was given. It was here also that the Hon. Theodore Foster resided, from whom the town was named. This district have just completed the repairs of their school house, which have for some time occupied the building committee. These have been so thorough that nothing but the frame of the old building remains. Every thing without and within indicates that it is really a new building. A glance will be sufficient to show that it is one of the most tasteful, well-arranged and excellent buildings of the kind in the state. Special pains have been taken by the committee, not only to have the materials good, but also that they should be put together in the most thorough and workmanlike manner. The desks and chairs are made somewhat after the pattern of Ross, whose school furniture is so widely known and used, though they are not made by him. The desks are covered with green enameled cloth, and so arranged that it can be easily replaced whenever it shall be so injured as to require it. The walls of the room are neatly papered, except that portion below the windows, which is painted in panels. To those who are familiar with city prices, the whole cost of the school-house, together with the necessary out-buildings, is marvelously cheap. Indeed, in this respect, it will bear a most favorable comparison with any school house, either in the city or the country.

Monday was the day assigned for the dedication of this school house. Though the weather was unfavorable, a considerable number of persons was present, and the exercises, though they were continued for about two hours, were sustained by unflinching attention till the close. Elder Williams, a well known and highly esteemed minister of the Free-Will Baptists, offered

prayer. Previous to which he stated that he was present at the dedication of the old building, thirty-six years ago; that he preached the first sermon in it, and also the last. He closed his remarks by alluding to the advantages which the present generation enjoy for obtaining a good education.

Mr. Kingsbury, the Commissioner of Public Schools, then addressed the audience. He paid a well merited compliment to the building committee, for the manner in which they had discharged their duty, congratulated the district on possessing so excellent a place for the education of their children, spoke of the importance of a wise economy in building school houses, dwelt particularly upon the reasons which should induce tax-payers who have no children to educate, to feel that a good school will contribute to their pecuniary interest, enumerated the requisites of a good school, and concluded by urging the people of that district if they would make the most of their present advantages, to strive to be harmonious and united.

Mr. Colburn, the Principal of the State Normal School, then addressed the audience. After corroborating the remarks of the Commissioner, he proceeded to give an account of the school house of his boyhood. After several attempts to make the old house answer by repairs, all of which failed to give satisfaction, and ended in the waste of money, the district erected a substantial and suitable house and furnished it in the best modern style. So great was the care taken to prevent it from being injured that the new house became evidently an economical operation. This description was bold, graphic and humorous—a style in which Mr. Colburn excels—and elicited from those who were present manifestations of pleasure. Many persons subsequently remarked that had he known all the history of the district, he could not have described their house and all the circumstances attending its last years, more perfectly. Mr. Colburn, after presenting several points of much practical value, closed his address by showing the great advantages which arise from the frequent visitation of schools by parents and others.

A select choir were present and enlivened the exercises by two very appropriate pieces of music.

In closing this already extended notice, it is not inappropriate to add that this enterprise must necessarily have a very important influence in elevating the standard of school houses in this and the adjoining town; and it is not too much to hope that the influence may be felt throughout the State. Y.

WE must again call upon our delinquent subscribers to *pay the printer*. Our bills are $x+y$, while our receipts are only x . We must therefore receive x , and not $x-50$, $x-100$, or —, which would be nearer the truth, $x-200$. We would also respectfully, but most earnestly and persistently request teachers and *all* friends of education (including *all* our friends) to exert themselves to increase the subscription list of the SCHOOLMASTER. Where is Fall River, R. I.? We have not yet heard from it.

One friend in the interior of Pennsylvania recently sent up *nine* subscribers; will not others "go and do likewise"? To-night we have received a subscription from Minnesota, a few days ago a gold dollar from California—so they come, but Rhode Island is not yet up to the mark.

COPY BOOKS.—Messrs. Potter, Hammond & Co. have now completed their admirable series of writing books, by the addition of two new numbers. No. 10 has copies in a large bold hand, suitable for Day Book and Ledger headings. No. 12 is a thorough, systematic treatise on Ornamental Penmanship. It is the most scientific book on this department of chirography that we have ever seen. We cheerfully commend these new books, and the entire series to the attention of teachers.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June has arrived. "Richer and more rich." The article on Letter Writing, and the Political article, are, according to *our* taste, *delectable*. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table is *always* good.

Annual Exhibition of the Providence High School.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Providence High School occurred on Wednesday afternoon, May 5th. The following was the order of exercises:

SINGING.

Oratio Latina—"De Socrate," J. M. Addeman, Boys' Sen. Class—Classical Department.

A Man is known by his Metaphors, H. Angell, Girls Sen. Class.

The Angel's Search, E. J. Sayles, Girls Senior Class.

SINGING.

Oration—"Universal Peace," Henry Essex, Boys' Sen. Class—English Department.

Oration—"The Influence of the Orator," John Tetlow, Boys' Sen. Class—Classical Dep't.

SINGING.

The Waste of Life, E. J. Waterman, Girls' Senior Class.

Oration—"Characteristics of the Age," Wm. B. Avery, Boys' Senior Class—English Dep't.

SINGING.

Oration—"Individual Greatness," John T. Blake, Boys' Sen. Class—Classical Dep't.

Discussion—"Le Sainte Alliance des Peuples," Written by A. H. Childs and J. A. Kimball, Girls' Senior Class.

SINGING.

Oration—"Influence of Literature on National Character," Samuel A. Hazard, Boys' Senior Class—English Department.

Oration—"The Mechanic Arts," Wm. D. Martin, Boys' Senior Class—Eng. Department.

SINGING.

Poetical Patch-Work, E. O. Abbott and J. A. Kimball, Girls' Sen. Class.

Young Ladies, H. A. Stowell, Girls' Sen. Class.

Oration—"Incentives to Noble Action," T. F. Brown, Boys' Sen. Class—Classical Dep't.

SINGING.

The Modern Poetess, A. Hale, Girls' Sen. Class.

Wither Away—In Memorium, M. W. Rhodes, Girls' Sen. Class.

SINGING.

Oration — "Athens during the Age of Pericles,"
J. M. Addeman, Boys' Sen. Class—Classical
Department.

Valedictory — Henry S. Latham, Jr., Boys' Sen.
Class—Classical Department.

Awarding Diplomas.

VALEDICTORY HYMN.

The literary exercises evinced study and originality, while their composition and delivery showed that the rhetorical training of the scholars had not been in vain.

Though abounding with chaste ornament, and elegant expression, none of the productions exhibited a tendency to sacrifice solidity and depth for mere brilliancy and effect.

We do not wish to rank one performance above another, but can hardly refrain from alluding to the commendable independence of thought and a becoming degree of humor exhibited in a criticism on Mrs. Browning, and an essay on Young Ladies. The discussion, "La Sainte Alliance De Peuples," was well received. In the selection of themes, their treatment and delivery, the orations of the young gentlemen were highly creditable to the performers, and their instructors. The valedictory poem will appear in our next.

The singing was excellent and well illustrated the success of Mr. Sumner in awakening an interest and promoting improvement among the scholars in this much neglected but important art.

Ten young ladies graduated from the school. Of the young gentlemen eleven were graduates, and eleven candidates for the University.

MODEL LETTER FROM NEW JERSEY. — We commend the following to the notice of our readers as a *model*. "We confess to a liking for" such letters.

"Mr. Mowry:

Sir — I received the May number of THE SCHOOLMASTER to-day, and opening to the 87th page, my eyes caught these words, 'If you don't want THE SCHOOLMASTER do please notify us.' I thought as I *did* want it I would send my dollar immediately, for I would not do without it if it cost three times as much as it does."

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Solutions to Geometrical Problem in the March Number.

We received, too late for insertion in May No., a solution from "Farmer's Boy," Poplar Ridge, Cayuga Co., New York, which reflects great credit upon the sons of Agricola in the Empire State. The solution gives, in the main, the same line of proof as that given in the May number.

We have also received a solution, which we present below, called forth by that given in our last, furnishing a different style of proof. Considering the *indirect* method as not so satisfactory, our correspondent has given us a *direct proof*, which is clear, rigid and logical. While the *indirect* method, taken by our correspondent last month, is perhaps as conclusive and positive, this is undoubtedly more ingenious and scientific. Still we must, in justice, bear in mind that great credit is due to our correspondent of last month for furnishing the problem as original—he having never seen it—and for giving a satisfactory solution. The proof was so evident that circle D was tangent to and included within circle A, that our correspondent did not deem it essential to give it.

It will be necessary for our readers to draw lines connecting the following points, in order to make our figure apply to the following solution. It can be done with a simple lead pencil:

Connect OG; OC; OH; B'C; B'A; AT; and produce AC to G.

MR. SCHOOLMASTER:

Dear Sir—In compliance with your request in No. II. of the SCHOOLMASTER, I send you the following solution of the "Geometrical Problem" of No. I. Having investigated this same problem, several years ago, though from a different statement, it is not difficult to conceive what class of circles is necessary to answer the conditions, since that, "The unoccupied space is exactly equivalent to one-sixth of the original circle," is one of the corollaries deduced from the solution of the problem according to that statement.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

COMPENDIUM OF AMERICAN LITERATURE; — Chronologically arranged, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors. By Charles D. Cleveland. E. C. & J. Biddle, Philadelphia.

This volume, of 740 pages, is on the same plan as the author's "Compendium of English Literature," and "English Literature of the Nineteenth Century." It embraces a succinct account of the lives and writings of over one hundred American authors of the past century, commencing with Jonathan Edwards, and ending with George William Curtis, together with choice and characteristic extracts from their works.

To those who know Prof. Cleveland, or have read his previous volumes, it is unnecessary to say that he is entirely independent in his views, and writes freely and fearlessly of the mental and moral caliber of the authors whose works he notices.

He has succeeded admirably in the difficult task, so boldly undertaken, of giving us, in a single volume, *the very cream* of American literature and of biography of American authors.

It is a valuable book, and should be in every man's library. We hope it will be called for at our bookstores.

THE NATIONAL FIFTH READER. — By Richard G. Parker, A. M., and J. Madison Watson. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 1858.

The publishers have sent us this new reading book, which completes their series. It is a book of 620 pages, and is designed to be "a complete and sufficient work for advanced classes in Reading, Elocution, and English and American Literature." Its selections are from more than one hundred authors, English and American, and comprise extracts on almost every conceivable subject, thus furnishing practice in every style of reading. We were surprised at the variety and excellence of these extracts. They comprise the choicest gems in the English language. The introductory part we are much pleased with. It gives 60 pages of excellent, practical instruction on Articulation, Syllabication, Accent, Emphasis, Slur, Inflection, Modulation, and other topics of elocutionary instruction.

MUSIC.—OLIVER DITSON.—CLAPP & COREY.

—We have received from Messrs. Clapp & Corey, music dealers, the following piano music, published by Oliver Ditson & Co:

Ma Negli Estremi Istanti.
The Ballad Singer.
Will Ye no Come Back Again?
Love Spell Gallup.
Always Cheerful Gallup.
Vaillance Polka.
You Need na Come Courting Me.
Oh! Dear; What Can the Matter Be.
The Happy Hour of Meeting.
The Rock River Waltz.
The Reason Why.—Ballad.
Happy Family Waltz.

We had the pleasure a few days since of visiting the splendid music house of the above-named publishers—the largest music store in the world. They are known as the most eminent publishers of sheet music in the country. It is well worth any one's time to make a visit to this great emporium of the musical world.

Messrs. Clapp & Corey have constantly on hand at their store, Westminster street, all the latest and best in their line.

THE RISE, PROGRESS AND PRESENT STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. — By the Rev. Matthew Harrison, A. M. E. C. & J. Biddle, Philadelphia.

This work is divided into three parts, viz: — Part I., Historical; Part II., Philological; Part III., Grammatical.

In each department it is of inestimable value to every student. The department on the Grammatical study of the language is very full and complete, giving a rigid analysis of every part of Etymological and Syntactical study, with copious examples for illustration.

We would not undervalue the study of the classics, but we do think the study of the English language has been and is sadly neglected. We wish this work, which we consider one of the best treatises on the English language, was in the hands of every teacher in America, to be read and appreciated.

ADLER'S PRACTICAL LATIN GRAMMAR. — Sanborn, Carter, Bazin & Co., Boston. 1858.

This new Grammar of the Latin Language is on the principle of the Ollendorff method of teaching German. Dr. Adler is well known as the editor of the popular edition of Ollendorff's German Grammar, and a successful teacher of languages, ancient and modern.

The book before us is a novelty, and will evidently claim and receive—as it surely deserves—the careful attention of instructors of this beautiful language.

It attempts to make the study of Latin easy and pleasant, and, besides, more rapid, by intermingling the forms, idioms, constructions, and rules, with practical and interesting lessons in translation, which apply these forms, idioms, &c. The plan seems to us a good one, and we hope it will be introduced by some of our schools, where a trial of its merits may be made, which shall settle the question of its superiority over the old system. If, by a trial in the school-room, it proves itself as valuable as it seems to us on a somewhat cursory examination, all teachers and learners of Latin will thank Prof. Adler for so great a contribution to classical science, and the enterprising publishers will find themselves amply remunerated for the expensive outlay necessary in the publication of so beautiful a book.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM. — By Peter Bayne, M. A. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

We confess ourselves unable to criticise this book. Its beauties and its worth can only be known by a reading, and as for its faults, we have not seen them. Those who have read Bayne's "Christian Life" will be ready to appreciate the book. It contains eight essays, as follows: (1), Thomas DeQuincey and his works; (2), Tennyson and his teachers; (3), Mrs. Barrett Browning; (4), Glimpses of recent British Art; (5), Ruskin and his critics; (6), Hugh Miller; (7), The Modern Novel,—Dickens—Bulwer—Thackeray; (8), Currer Bell,—Ellis—Acton—Currer.

The author says, in his preface: "They partake largely of the character of an introduction, in successive chapters, to the works of great authors living and deceased."

A TREATISE ON ARITHMETIC, combining Analysis and Synthesis, adapted to the best modes of instruction in Common Schools and Academies. By James S. Eaton, M. A., Principal of the English Department, Phillips Academy, Andover. Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston. 1858.

Mr. Eaton has been long known as one of the most accurate, thorough and successful teachers of Mathematics in Massachusetts. For many years past at the head of the Mathematical and English Department of one of the most renowned Academies in the United States, he has had unusual facilities for that training which is necessary to precede the making of a valuable textbook on Arithmetic.

Nor has he disappointed the expectations of his friends in the preparation of this work. In methodical arrangement, accuracy of statement, concise and lucid rules, and the practical character of the book, it ranks high among its competitors for the public favor.

The subject of fractions is taught with simplicity and thoroughness. Interest, Percentage and Analysis are well developed. The application to Square Root contains many difficult, but appropriate examples. Circulating Decimals and continued Fractions ably discussed articles, and the Application to Geometry is quite varied and practical. We commend the work to teachers as a book of unusual merit.

PETERSON'S FAMILIAR SCIENCE, or the Scientific Explanation of Common Things. By R. E. Peterson. Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia.

One of the most valuable of all our text-books for common schools. It treats of the science, and gives the scientific explanations of common phenomena in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Physiology. This study is receiving more attention than formerly, and deserves more still.

ANNUAL REPORT of the Superintendent of Common Schools of Connecticut. 1858.

Hon. David N. Camp has kindly sent us a copy of this, his annual report. It is an able document. Its remarks on Moral, Physical, and Home Education are admirable.

SHEPPARD'S CONSTITUTIONAL TEXT-BOOK.—Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia. 1868.

In the preface the author *justly* remarks: "It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of a thorough study of the Constitution of the United States by the pupils of our schools. It is, nevertheless, a study which has hitherto been sadly neglected, chiefly, as teachers are aware, for want of a plain, practical, and thorough work upon the subject."

This want exists no longer. Sheppard's Constitutional Text-Book is all that any teacher could wish, and ought to be used in every Grammar and High School in the land.

We are happy to learn that it is now rapidly coming into use in all parts of the country, especially in the best schools of New England. May we not soon find it in many of our Rhode Island schools?

BOUVIER'S FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY.—Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a work of 500 pages, illustrated by celestial maps and more than 200 fine engravings. It is executed in the admirable style in which this enterprising house usually issue their publications.

The work has received more encomiums from more learned men than probably any other text-book on this subject extant. It is certainly an admirable treatise on a highly interesting science. It contains a treatise on the globes and a comprehensive Astronomical Dictionary, both of which are of much value to the learner.

We should like the work better were the "question and answer system" dispensed with, and the usual method of treating the subject substituted, with questions appended at the bottom of the page for those who might not choose to supply their own questions.

CORNELL'S FIRST STEPS IN GEOGRAPHY. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A beautiful little book, full of pictures and neat little maps for the little folks. It is a very attractive book.

THE OLD RED SANDSTONE.—By Hugh Miller. A new, improved and enlarged edition. Gould & Lincoln. Boston. 1858.

Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, in his address before the British Geological Society, said:—"Hugh Miller's 'Old Red Sandstone,' to a beginner, is worth a thousand didactic treatises."

This is the seventh edition of the world-noted book, and contains large and interesting additions. These additions include more than 160 pages, embracing five papers read before the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh. They add much to the interest and value of the book.

THE TRUE GLORY OF WOMAN, as portrayed in the Beautiful Life of the Virgin Mary. By Rev. H. Harbaugh, A. M. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. 1856.

The writer of this book is well known to the Christian public as the author of three beautiful volumes on *The Future Life*. He has chosen a beautiful theme for the present volume, and admirably has he handled it. The book is a *brilliant gem*. We hope it will be called for at our bookstores, and we are sure it will be *read*, and read *with interest*.

LEAVES FROM AN INVALID'S JOURNAL, AND POEMS.—By Mrs. M. N. Gladding. George H. Whitney, Providence. 1858.

This little unassuming book of 235 pages, encloses may a gem, cut out, polished and encased, during hours, which the authoress, while racked with pain, employed in this labor to relieve long, wearisome days and nights of their tediousness and monotony. She has consented to give them to the world, not for cold criticism, but for love's sake to her friends. May she find those friends numerous and ever true.

REPORT of the Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of Chicago, Illinois. 1858.

We have been favored by Hon. Wm. H. Wells, with his last annual report. It contains some very good doctrines with regard to regular attendance at school, and upon the subject of heating and ventilation.

The R. I. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1858.

NO. 5.

For the Schoolmaster.
Economy in Public Schools.

BY A TEACHER.

IF we do not mistake the signs of the times, there is a strong tendency in many of the larger towns of the northern states to inquire with unwonted carefulness whether the money, appropriated to the support of public schools, is judiciously and economically expended. Not that the duty or the expediency of furnishing the means of education by the state and the town is doubted at all. But many seem disposed to question whether the best results, which are attained, or which we may fairly hope to reach, can not be secured at less expense. The financial distresses of the past winter have directed general attention to this subject, though many of the best friends of education had, before this crisis, given it their earnest consideration. We are glad to perceive that, even under the overwhelming disasters of this year, scarcely a single town in New England has voted to lower the grade of its schools. Everywhere it has been felt that the school and the church must be the last to suffer from those pecuniary embarrassments, which have forced almost every family in the land to curtail their current expenses. Amusements and luxuries have been cheer-

fully dispensed with; but, in the true old New England spirit, education and religion have been regarded as indispensable necessities, which neither states, nor towns, nor families could afford to sacrifice. Even when the parent has been compelled by the straitened condition of his purse to withdraw his elder son from college, and his daughter from the fashionable boarding school, he has willingly paid his taxes for the support of the public educational institutions in his town. He has felt that the training of the younger children could not be postponed, that the common schools must be sustained at all hazards. Nay, the very misfortunes of the public have been changed into blessings in many of our villages. The poor operatives, whose unceasing round of daily toil had never left them time for intellectual culture, have availed themselves of the leisure, which has been forced upon them, and have devoted the hours of the past winter to earnest and useful study. They will long remember the season, which opened upon them so full of forebodings and darkness, as the brightest and most fruitful, which they have ever enjoyed. It has been a beautiful spectacle to see manufacturers, merchants, and men in every avocation and condition, contributing liberally of their diminished wealth to furnish opportunities for the

unemployed laborers to secure their mutual improvement.

All these facts indicate how deep-seated is the conviction in the American mind that the education of the young must be secured. It would cheer the gloomy heart of a misanthrope, it would stop the mouth of a European declaimer against our absorbing utilitarianism, to observe how large a proportion of the public funds is devoted to the maintenance of schools. We rejoice in a public sentiment, which responds so promptly to all reasonable demands, that the friends of education feel constrained to make. And now that towns with exhausted treasures are considering whether they may not be compelled to retrench their ordinary expenses, we think it is proper for us teachers, committee-men, and directors of education to practice the most rigid economy, which is consistent with wisdom, in the management of our schools.

We teachers are not exempt from weakness, which leads a man sometimes to underrate the true value of other pursuits and interests in comparison with his own. We must not forget that a town is as much bound to feed its paupers as to teach its children, to take care of its roads as to adorn its school houses, to compensate its civil officers as to pay us our salaries. We must see that our zeal for our noble profession does not make us unjust to these, who are not so enthusiastic as we are, does not make us clamorous for a larger share of the public income in our field of labor, than a just regard for the diverse interests of a mixed community would allow us to claim.

Men, who have the charge of public funds to be devoted to education or to any object, should also remember the peculiar dangers to which they are exposed. They are likely to be less careful in its disposal than they are in the management of their private business. A worthy desire to furnish superior facilities

in the higher schools may tempt them to disburse more freely in that single department than they ought; or an unworthy desire to outstrip a neighboring and rival town in vain decorations of school houses may lead them to make the same mistake. We in this state have been peculiarly fortunate in the choice of the men, who have directed the expenditure of money for our schools, and we have heard no men speak more strongly than some of them of the perils to which we allude.

A great deal of expense has been incurred in many parts of New England by changing text-books with needless frequency. This has been a subject of so general complaint, that it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon it here. It is well known that persistent agents shower their new books

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallambrosa,”

down upon teachers and committees. Making school books has become a regular trade like shoemaking or blacksmithing, and the peddlers of the freshly manufactured didactic wares can every day in the year furnish you a new article, which will surpass all its predecessors in variety, simplicity, and sterling worth. Now, to resist this army of voluble persuaders, whose ears seem not to be affected at all by the monosyllable of negation, and whose patience survives all the procrastination of which most of us are capable, is certainly not always easy. And yet we must not be driven by their clamorous cries. We must remember that it is a serious thing for many a laboring man to provide his children with new sets of books. We deem it a good rule never to change an old book for a new one, unless the latter possesses a *very marked* superiority to the former. Let the teacher supply the deficiencies of the old one by oral illustrations. Let him, by continual study, render himself every week a new and improv-

ed edition of what he was at the beginning of the term. He will thus be more to his school than all the books which they can buy of traveling agents.

But while we strive to conduct the schools on the principles of strict economy, we beg our patrons,—and by them we mean all the citizens,—to bear in mind that true and wise economy often requires an expenditure rather than a hoarding of money. A given sum may enable us to elevate the schools to a certain standard, where they will be of service, while half that sum would not enable us to render them half as good. It is not economical to dispense with anything essential to respectable success. It is not economical to have poor school houses, poor apparatus, poor books, or poor teachers. Our very existence as a nation depends in a great measure upon the diffusion of education, and therefore it is no better economy to stifle our schools than it is to starve a man, whom you wish to employ as a laborer. Whatever is really necessary to render the schools good should not be esteemed dear. The people should and will furnish it cheerfully and promptly. We have no fear that they will take a retrograde step. While they ought to insist that the contributions which they so readily make to sustain our excellent system of public instruction, shall not be expended carelessly or unwisely, we feel sure that they never will withhold their money, when our schools have a reasonable claim upon their sympathies and their purses.

We and they must heartily coöperate. Our aims are the same. Sad would be the day, when through an ill-judged parsimony on their part, or an ill-judged extravagance on ours, jealousy and antagonism should arise. Let us strive to avert it by discretion and wisdom, by the most effective use of the means at our disposal, by the manifestation of our

sympathy with the parents, whose generosity is so largely taxed in this age of manifold wants and manifold charities, and by showing in every way that the educational institutions, which are confided to our care, are worthy of all the encouragement and support, which they can receive. The citizens too, must remember that while the cost of everything else has been increasing so rapidly for the past ten years, they must not expect to provide for the education of children as cheaply as formerly. The salaries of teachers must be greater now than they were then, and a proper allowance must also be made for larger incidental expenses. Let us all, parents and teachers, consider the difficulties, with which we have to contend, in a kind and fraternal spirit. In actual practice we have many delicate questions to settle. Our mutual relations are pleasant and profitable, but in order to maintain them we need forbearance, patience, and charity. May we never peril the interests of education and the welfare of our nation through our want of those graces of character.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Rule of Nature.

SOME people require more sleep than others. To say that a pig sleeps ten or twelve hours, that a goose sleeps less than half that time, or that Wellington "turned out" when he turned over on his iron bedstead, is no argument to prove either the period or the length of sleep which is necessary to any man. The order of Nature must be followed. This can be determined best by the observation by each man of himself. So with the amount and quality of food, drink and clothing. Whatever is generally hurtful must be shunned. Man would do well to apply literally the command, *Know thyself*.

We were not made for ourselves only.

"*Forsan et Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit.*"

THE following beautiful poem was read by Miss Mary C. Peck, of the graduating class in the Girls' High School, at the recent anniversary of the Providence High School Association, composed of the graduates of the school. The authoress has consented to its publication in the columns of THE SCHOOLMASTER at the earnest solicitation of her friends.—ED.

As to the ancestral homestead
Comes the wanderer faint and weary,
To refresh his drooping spirit
At the hearthstone of his fathers ;
From the fount that gave them vigor,
Draw pure water and be strengthened ;
So, unto these founts of wisdom,
Ere our souls have known the shadow,
Ere the blossoms of affection
Feel earth's blighting breath upon them.
We have come a band of wanderers,
Come to seek new strength and counsel.
Far beyond the hills and oceans—
I have heard it sung by poets—
Lie the valleys of the Rhine-land,
Fresh and verdant as the morning,
Soft and dewy as the evening,
From afar the mists uprising,
Woo the wanderer, home-returning,
Like the fabled bow of promise :
Once again he treads the footpaths
By his own imperial river,
Sees the grape vines heavy-laden,
Hears the homeward song of reapers,
And o'er all the pleasant uplands,
Sloping down the dreamy valleys,
Creeping o'er the vine-clad cabins,
Steals the laughing, genial sunshine,
And the wanderer lifts his trembling hand,
In a prayer for his native clime,
For a blessing on the father-land,
A blessing on the Rhine.
So with us as backward turning,
We retrace remembered footpaths,
See dear, unforgotten faces.

Listen to familiar voices,
'Till the very air seems vocal,
'Till our souls with thought are haunted,
And relieving Time's thick shadows
Poured around the Past's gray landscape,
Lighting Retrospection's valleys,
Streams the mellow Memory sunshine.
If in the eyes before me now I see
The light that springs from kindred sympathy,
If holy thoughts have sanctified this hour,
And memory awakened with a voice of power,
If every soul in its calm fulness be,
A spark, the essence of Divinity,
And each impression on it made shall last
When stars decay and Time itself is past,—
Then does this hour with such deep meaning
 fraught,
Require some weighty theme, some noble thought,
Some lesson which the growing soul may weave
Into its texture and from thence receive
An active principle,—a living power,
An inspiration guiding every hour.
But how shall lips, untouched by sacred fire,
Attempt to breathe such thoughts upon the lyre ?
How shall a mortal dare a lesson give,
Whose silent influence must forever live ?
But feeble melody our souls can wake,
Faint on the mind th' immortal dawns break,
Still, Aspiration spreads her heavenward wings,
To catch some glimpses of diviner things.
Still, the weak hand immortal seed may sow,
From whose small germ a tree of life shall grow,
Whose leaves shall be for healing,—its increase
Be fruits of joy, and blessedness, and peace.
So, here our simple strain some truth may teach,
Although unblest with the "set phrase of speech,"
Though measure harsh, and prosy verse combine
To mar the smoothness of our fledgling rhyme,
Still in the light of friendship o'er us cast,
'T were well awhile to commune with the Past,
And while high hopes and gentle mem'ries throng,
Forget the humble tenor of the song,
From wisdom's high-road pluck a wayside flower,
And seize the lesson of the passing hour.
How fair adown the mellowing lapse of years,
Our olden scenes, our childish life appears.
When the young soul, too flatly out of Heaven

To lose the purity its air had given,
 From earth's temptations needeth no defense,
 Save its own childish trust and innocence,
 When virtue's self dispensed her inborn light
 To guide our footsteps in the path of right :
 Before the unsophisticated mind
 Had learned that evil lurked in all mankind,
 Ere sin and doubt had dimmed our clearer sense,
 Or passion marred the buds of excellence,
 When our hand plucked the rose and found no
 thorn,

And *all* life wore the colors of its morn,
 When life's gray horologe was hid with flowers,
 And mirth and beauty crowned the rosy hours,
 While childhood's smiles made rainbows of our
 tears,

And hope, light-footed, chased the fleeting years.
 Such are the joys which o'er life's current throw
 The childhood sunshine brightening as it flows,
 Which make those days of olden bliss to be
 The holiest Meccas of our memory.
 Yet vain the thought ; for memory's distant fields
 Only regret for wasted pleasures yield,
 Not twice the golden sunset gilds the eve,
 The fading rainbow no new tints receives.
 Ne'er to the wasted rose is incense borne,
 And ne'er to man the freshness of his morn.
 Yet those, those days are gone forever more,
 We may retain the purity they wore,
 And our child joys be but earnest
 Of the joy that is to be.

Though the rose-flush of the dawning
 Come no more to you and me,
 Know it is the healthful spirit
 Which the childish charm imparts.
 Weighty troubles, fleeting bubbles,
 Do not vex the earnest heart.
 And oh ! friends, when ye shall mingle
 In the selfish crowds of men,
 Take your childish prayers for safe-guards,
 Ye will need them then.
 Dash aside the poisoned chalice
 Pleasure's votary idly sips ;
 Worldly joys, like fruits of Sodom,
 Turn to ashes on the lips.
 What is life that we should love it
 With its nothingness and sin ?

Vanity ; be strong, be wary,
 Keep thy spirit pure within,
 So the heart's uplifted flower-cups
 Heavenly dews at last shall fill,
 And come down upon the spirit
 Like a fervent " peace, be still."
 So our souls, with childlike vision,
 Shall discern the heavenly dawn,
 And our gray decline be gilded
 With the colors of the morn.

Among the pleasant, childish scenes of mine,
 Insured by memory from the wrecks of Time,
 Comes up before me with its orchards brown,
 The picture of a quaint New England town.
 A good old town of Puritanic rule,
 Blest with its humble church and district school.
 Oh ! more than marble wall or pillared dome
 That ever graced the classic shades of Rome,
 My soul goes backward to revere and bless
 That sacred spot amid life's wilderness.
 Hushing all strife, to dream, I stand once more
 In the old haunts so dearly loved of yore,
 And wake the summer echoes with my play,
 Or hide amid the fragrant tufts of hay,
 Wade through the brook, or climb the garden wall
 To catch the golden russet in its fall.
 Hard by a brook, beneath its roof trees low,
 The old red school house stood. The mosses grow
 Around the door-stone trod by childish feet,
 I seem to see e'en now my old pine seat,
 The whitewashed walls, frescoed by winter rains,
 The unpainted desks, the little window panes,
 And that huge lofty desk, where sat so long
 The patient teacher of th' admiring throng ;
 One of those luckless wights whom fate constrains
 To smuggle knowledge into country brains ;
 Himself, encyclopædia, to unlock
 All truth from " A B C " to " *hic, hæc, hoc.* "
 Not such the picture which our time presents,
 Our schoolrooms are a type of excellence,
 And if some knotty question, hard to find,
 Should chance to slip the teacher's burdened mind,
 Some friendly book unties the Gordian knot,
 And to its place restores the truant thought.
 In these fair halls of ours, the former scenes,
 Of school-girl visions and of school-boy dreams,
 How many a hopeful youth, with wise intent,

His mind and energies to study bent ?
 To pleasing tasks we turn our backward view,
 "Andrews and Stoddard," "Paley," "Butler," too,
 To grasp some mighty thought we vainly try,
 Or lose our temper over " $x+y$,"
 Con Wayland's "ego" and "non ego," here,
 Or stumble on the "Doctrine of the Sphere."
 And will the memory ever pass away,
 Of that dread time, examination day,
 When just beneath the critic's eye we stood,
 And conned old lessons for the "public good ?"
 In conscious dignity our verbs rehearsed,
 And murdered Virgil's sweet and flowing verse ?
 Yet pause, forbear,—these walls have witnessed
 here

The rising youth go forth from year to year,
 Forth to the world to thread its dusty mart,
 Earning success, by labor or by art.
 And who can tell — perchance when years have
 passed,

These youths may make themselves renowned at
 last,

And by their genius and their moral worth,
 immortalize the spot that gave them birth.
 Then, when such patrons and such fame we've
 found,

And these fair halls become as classic ground,
 No more shall Science stay her wing of light
 Through want of apparatus in her flight,
 But in those palmy days, that happier year,
 The needed laboratory will appear,
 Furnished with instruments both great and small,
 A *bona fide* telescope and all.

Come, let us paint the future, when these walls
 Shall stretch out broadly into gorgeous halls,
 When noble libraries shall open here
 Their willing doors to aid the young idea.
 See, every spell this magic spot hath graced,
 To please the mind and charm the eye of taste,
 Art shows you paintings on the frescoed walls,
 Your foot on costly carpets softly falls.
 But I forbear, lest this may seem to be
 Beyond the bounds of possibility,
 For, though "hard times" stole many a social
 blessing,

He left behind our yankee knack for guessing.

These are my jewels, said the Roman mother,

Whose living light eclipses every other,
 And saying thus led forth her Gracchi boys.
 Silent, abashed—'mid their imperial toys,
 The noble ladies stood, though they had gems
 Worthy to set in royal diadems,
 So grandly did that mother-thought alone
 Rival the brilliancy of richest stone,
 O'erthrew the majesty of queenliest dower
 In the sweet wealth of its maternal power.

So here 'tis not our country's greatest glory
 That she's a name famed in heroic story,
 Nor that her riches with her years increase,—
 Her brightest jewels are the arts of peace ;
 Those noble institutions of the free,
 Leagued against wrong and joined to equity,
 The last best fruits of democratic rule,
 The free election and the public school.
 Breathing Rhode Island's free and healthful air,
 And educated by her generous care,
 We lay our varied talents at her feet,
 We bless her liberal hand. It were but meet
 The children of her bounty here to-day
 Some passing tribute to her worth should pay.
 Long may those children guard her vestal fires ;
 Long live the worthy sons of worthy sires,
 Her brightest hope be in her rising youth,
 Her firmest *Anchor* be her children's truth.

Let us, as passing through the walks of life,
 We feel its jostle, mingle in its strife,—
 Let us sometimes recall these fleeting hours,
 When hope was young, life garlanded with flow-
 ers ;

And as each year, spun by the hand of fate,
 Leaves on our souls its gladness or its weight,
 As slowly fading in life's sterner day,
 Our cherished dreams, like mist-wreaths, melt
 away,

Still may these hours their pleasing spell retain
 To warm our hearts, to make us young again ;
 Let us at times unlearn the lessons taught,
 Forget our larger skill, our deeper thought,
 Throw off the shadow by time's dial cast,
 And bathe us in the sunlight of the past.
 'Tis ever thus, upon our onward track,
 One footstep forward and the other back,
 Our souls still love old pleasures to renew

When memory brings her pictured scenes to view,
Still fondly linger by those dusky lines
Where olden bliss with future hope combines
Through gathering shadows ere the fancy wane,
We call old spirits to their haunts again.

But see, the vision fades,—the pictures pale,
Hope sings her silvery song or tells her tale.
How quick old memories oblivion find
Before the bright ideals of the mind,
The future prospect charms the wishful eye,
Anticipation paints a cloudless sky;

To youthful eyes, life's river in its course
Runs smoothly as the waters at its source;
Faith's arching rainbow spans its glowing west,
And Hope's green islands glisten on its breast.
Not in the outward world of time and sense,
Nor in the forms its varying scenes presents,
Or little joy our fleeting span may give;
Not thus, but in ourselves we truly live.

In every soul Hope paints her pictures well,
In every soul some fairy visions dwell
Of that hereafter, when our dreams shall be
Embodied in the blest reality.

How many a different scene of weal or woe
That hidden path, that inner life would show,
If through the future's veil our eyes could see
To read the horoscope of destiny?

What shall we be, when in the coming time,
Our young ambition shall have reached its prime?
Some would be great,—their dream of highest
good

Lies in the praises of a multitude.
And they may win; but ere they reach the goal
How many a lofty principle of soul,
Beneath the car of policy shall lie
A sacrifice to popularity.

Their fame's a bubble; fortune's wheel may turn,
They say "Eureka" at an empty urn;
Some may be merchant princes; but the ring
Of golden ingots has no charm to bring
The early lustre to the whitened hair,
Or smooth the furrows from a brow of care.
Perchance some embryo author we may find,
Whose words of wisdom shall delight mankind,
Whose ready mind shall guide a pen of light,
To lead the world in ways of truth and right.
Perchance some poet's loving soul may be

Lurking among us in obscurity;
Alas! for him; when fancy's dreamings high
Illume his mind and upward turn his eye,
In the "fine frenzy" of poetic flight,
The garret's cobwebs only meet his sight;
But still has fate one ray of comfort given,
He literally lives the nearest Heaven.
Our future life seems like a youth's ideal,
Too often visionary and unreal.
Too oft amid the bustle and the strife,
We do forget this is not all of life,
Intent on dreams of trifling follies made,
Whose substance is the shadow of a shade,
We lean on reeds, we live but for to-day;
We work, we struggle, and we pass away,
The only guard on fate's stern hand has given
A veil which shuts out happiness and Heaven.
Yet there are times,—who has not felt their power,
And known the influence of such an hour?—
When the bound soul from its long dreaming
wakes,

And in its horizon the day-star breaks,
Showing our poor earth-idols made of clay,
Robbed of their hues and mouldering away.

Breathing unworded prayers in their calm light
The stars are watchers of the dead by night;
So should our souls watch o'er our feeble clay,
Lest passion's clamor rise o'er duty's sway;
So in our daily walk, our lives should be
Sacred to virtue, truth, and purity;
Living so near the courts of light and bliss
Our souls can catch the heavenly harmonies.
Though strife and cursing fill the lower air,
Sending back echoings of praise and prayer,
Learning how great, how God-like 'tis to be
Above the world, its pomp and vanity,
Strewing our path with ministries of good;
Loving all men as *one great Brotherhood*,
Never forgetting we are not of earth,—
But heirs of God, children of heavenly birth,—
And that our path, though rough and dark it be,
Leads us to home and immortality.
With such a prospect of a life of bliss,
Is it not strange we fondly cling to this?
Strange that we wander from our Father's fold?
Strange that Heaven fade in the shine of gold?
That idle luxury and outward show

Can stifle down the true, free heart below ?
 That lines of misery on the brow of care
 Can so efface the angel-nature there ?
 That Heaven's ambassadors retreat in fear
 And the Recording Angel drops a tear ?

In my youth's gay sunny morning,
 Ere my dreamland passed away,
 Or the rose flush of the dawning
 Yielded in the riper day,
 Built I many an airy castle
 Where my soul should dwell for aye.

Towers of stone, and doors of iron,
 Wrought I for its strong defence ;
 " I am mightier than Time is,
 These shall flourish ages hence :"
 Thus I boasted in my weakness,
 With no thought of Providence.

I had vassals, I had banners
 Brodered with a mystic sign,
 Cattle browsing on the hill-sides
 In the sunlight,—all were mine ;
 And my barns were overflowing
 With their stores of corn and wine.

" Drink," I said, " oh ! Soul, be merry,
 Eat, to-day may be thy last ;
 Seize the present time and pleasure,
 This is all the life thou hast.

" Not for thankless freedom's mission
 Shall my Soul her ease resign,
 And the rugged path of duty
 Is for stouter feet than mine."

So I turned me to my revel,
 Bade the harpers sing once more,
 And the light feet of the dancer
 Trip upon the oaken floor.
 But my soul was heavy. Conscience
 Stood and pleaded at my door.

Slowly crumbled the foundations
 I had built so strong of late,
 Round me an o'ershadowing presence
 Brooded like the wing of fate,
 For I heard the voice of Wisdom
 Thundering at my castle gate.

Wisdom calls ; my fabrics vanish,
 " Turn ye, turn at my reproof,
 Lo, my Spirit shall be with you,
 Leave thy follies with thy youth,
 Be no more the idle dreamer,
 But a Champion of Truth."

In my life-book, stained and blotted,
 I have turned another page,
 Armed me for life's hot battle,
 Eager in its conflict to engage,
 Trusting in the glorious promise
 Of a heavenly heritage.

Schoolmates, shall our soul's fair gardens
 Nurture only useless weeds ?
 Up, and in the waiting furrows
 Scatter good and fruitful seeds ;
 This is not the age for dreaming
 But for great and noble deeds.

Once, 'tis said, the poet Amphion,
 Filled with strange, poetic fire,
 Raised the walls of Thebes' fair city
 By the music of his lyre.

So our lives should flow harmonious
 Like a songster's pleasing rhyme,
 Should be grand and solemn poems
 Chanted by the minstrel Time.

So should we a power inherit
 Which should raise and make us strong,
 And build up, within the spirit,
 Bulwarks against sin and wrong.

Labor is this mighty lever
 Which should raise and make us free ;
 Earnest, noble, strong endeavor,
 Links us with the Deity.

Are your hands too white for soiling ?
 Of the common herd afraid ?
 God's right hand is with the toiling,
 All are equal he hath made.

Human pride ! it leaves its traces,
 Whereso'er its shade is thrown,
 Like the fabled Gorgon's faces
 Turning human hearts to stone.

But for me, let not the dollar,

And the stamp of noble birth
Be the standard that I follow,
And my highest test of worth.

He whose hand, embrowned by labor,
Worketh well and worketh sure ;
He who scorneth not his neighbor,
He whose heart and lips are pure.

Rise and work ! Will idle dreaming
Win the shore by angels trod ?
Earthly things are only seeming,
There is nothing true but God.

Onward press ! the weeds of pleasure
Flourish not in Heavenly soil,
Oh ! compute by higher measure,
Learn to win a Heaven by toil.

Courage ! in the weak beginning
Turn thy face toward the light,
And thou shalt not fail of winning,—
God is ever with the right.

May 13th, 1858.

For the Schoolmaster.
Expression.

A MAN, to be truly eloquent, must first possess some well-defined thought which he believes, feels, and with which he is so burdened that he cannot keep it. Then, if his soul is on fire, there is no fear, provided he discards all affectation or artifice, that he will light up a flame in the minds of his audience, of sparkling, living thoughts, which shall continue to burn forever.

THEY who read about everything are thought to understand everything, too, but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge, it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections — we must chew them over again.—
CHANNING.

English Dictionaries.

BY PROF. E. O. HAVEN.

IN each of the modern languages in which literature and science have been extensively cultivated, as well as in each of the ancient languages, the knowledge of which is conceived to be valuable, may be found at least one dictionary that could not have been entirely the work of one man. The best dictionaries are the product of successive generations of laborious scholars. Passow alone could not have produced his valuable Latin Dictionary, which has been still more improved by Andrews. Gesenius was greatly indebted to previous and contemporary commentators in the production of his Hebrew Lexicon. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the persevering and systematic labors of Noah Webster, all tending towards one end, and protracted through far more than the average working life of man, would have produced a dictionary having any claims to be a perfect lexicon of the English language, had he not had the labors of some predecessors for a foundation, and had not the work in some particular departments been completed by men specially skilled in those departments.

In early times there were no dictionaries. Men spoke and wrote according to usage, which was never uniform over the whole of any considerable nation or in any two successive generations. Hence the great difficulty in determining the proper meaning and orthography, particularly of words found only or principally in ancient works. It would be difficult to find two manuscripts in Latin, Greek, or Anglo-Saxon, or in any ancient language, in both of which a uniform mode of orthography throughout was used. In these ancient languages scholars have come to an agreement, and if now a new manuscript is found, though sometimes a few copies are

printed in the original spelling that various scholars may have the pleasure and profit of deciphering it, yet the editions designed for general use are reduced to the standard mode of spelling and punctuation. This was the case, for instance, with a work called *Hippolytus*, a manuscript of which lay unnoticed in the library of the University of Paris many years, till some copies *seriatim* and *literatim* were made, and soon after an edition according to the modern spelling was made by Bunsen, a celebrated German scholar.

The same will apply to books published even after the art of printing had come into general use. Previous to the latter part of the eighteenth century, there was no fixed or indeed general standard of orthography in the English language. Many books even had the same words spelled in two or three, and sometimes in many different ways. Even in so short a production as the *Will of Shakspeare*, his name is written in two different spellings, and it is probable that a printer then would have followed the copy.

In 1775, Johnson's large dictionary was published. He had toiled I think more than ten years in its production. He limited his investigations, however, to works which had appeared within two hundred years of his own time, not studying the Anglo-Saxon, and of course in that day, having an imperfect knowledge of Latin, and still more so of Greek.

The great credit of this work was the introduction of some system — imperfect as it necessarily was — into the perfect medley of orthography which had previously prevailed, and also a very creditable explanation of the meaning of words deduced from their ordinary usage, in the one hundred and fifty years over which his studies ranged.

But it would betray an inadequate conception of the magnitude of the enterprise, to suppose that one man — and he not a profound

linguist — could reduce to a system so complex a language as the English. Various spellings continued to appear — but in a far less ratio — words were used in new meanings, new words were introduced, and a new dictionary was needed. Hosts of imitators — feeble folk — of course sprung up. They are scarcely worthy of mention. All of them introduced some improvements, but many of them marred more than they improved. Not one of them, like Johnson, devoted to the work heroically years of investigation. To these, however, John Walker was an exception. Though destitute of the boldness and scope of mind of Johnson, he did improve the orthography of the language. He saw that Johnson had perpetuated absurdities, and set himself to remove many of them. He rectified the spelling of some words, and introduced some others. His chief excellency, however, was in exhibiting the true pronunciation of words according to the practice of the best society in London. For this he was especially qualified, as he was for many years a teacher of elocution in the best society. To him in this particular department, all subsequent lexicographers are much indebted.

But the greatest lexicographer in our language was unquestionably our countryman, the celebrated Noah Webster. His labors in this department, and the results of them, far surpass those of any other man before or since. From the beginning, he seems to have had a strong predilection for the critical study of words. At the age of twenty-five, five years after his graduation at Yale College, he in the meantime having studied law, he published that elementary compend called *Webster's Spelling Book*, of which more than thirty millions are said to have been printed, and from which probably more than three times as many people have learned to read as there are now adults in the United States, and far

more than all the adults who speak the English language in the whole world.

Thus he prepared especially his countrymen for his forth-coming dictionary. From the beginning he was a reformer, perhaps too ardent and hopeful at first. But who does not recognize in this trait in a young man, the promise of far more extensive usefulness than in the opposite. He who begins as an ardent innovator, may be tempered into a consistent progressionist, but he who commences as a conservative, will naturally become stereotyped into a violent and prejudiced defender of antiquity, both the evil and the good.

For many years subsequent to this, he was interested in political subjects, devoting however, some attention constantly to his favorite pursuit. Soon, however, his mind became wholly absorbed in his work. Ten years of unremitted labor he devoted to the study of all the ancient languages from which the English directly or remotely is derived ascending to the Sanscrit. The product of these labors is extant in a manuscript volume containing a "Synopsis of the principal words in twenty languages, arranged in classes under their primary elements or letters." All this was but a part of his work. Twenty-two years after the beginning of his labors, appeared in 1828 the first edition of his great dictionary, which was soon reprinted in England, where it was received with great favor, and elicited the highest commendations from the best scholars. After that he devoted many years to the improvement of his work as it passed through its successive editions.

Two years after the first edition of Webster's American Dictionary appeared, Mr. J. E. Worcester, also an American, began his labor as, to use his own words, "the Compiler of a Dictionary."* He had, however,

* First words of the Preface to Worcester's Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary. Third Edition. Boston: Otis Clapp. 1834.

one year before Webster's Dictionary appeared superintended the publication of an edition of Johnson's Dictionary, improved by Todd, which seems to have been an exact copy of the English book, except that Worcester took the liberty of introducing some changes in Johnson's spelling. In this dictionary he retains the *u* in all such words as honor, endeavor, vigor, and the *k* on the end of such words as grammatic, classic, music and Puritanic; he also exhibited some anomalies in spelling, as connexion, with an *x*, inflection, reflection, &c., with *ct*; villainous was spelt without the *i*, and vermilion commenced *vir*, and many other words as few Americans, if any, would now spell them.

It is now urged by the friends of Mr. Worcester, that in publishing this edition of Todd's Johnson, he was merely an editor, spending but little labor on it, and only careful to get out an exact edition of the original book—that he did not introduce a single new word into it, and is in no way responsible for it. We think the defense well put. We see no signs in the preface that Mr. Worcester had yet any ambition to be a dictionary *maker*; indeed three years afterwards he calls himself only "a Compiler," and we have no reason to suppose that he ever thought of improving the spelling of a few words till he had seen it done by another, viz: Noah Webster. He does indeed, in his preface to Todd's Johnson's Dictionary, state that some "words are conceived to be deviations from the right orthography, according to Johnson's principles—(the italicism is our own,) and they have been altered in this dictionary." His only ambition seems to have been to have the words used more than once in the dictionary, whether alone or compounded with others, always spelt alike.

The next year, however, appeared that great new work, Noah Webster's American Dic-

tionary. In this the *u* was left out of all such words as honor, and the final *k* dropped generally from words of more than two syllables, the termination *re* always pronounced as *er*, and which had already been changed into *er* in some hundreds of words, was also changed in the twenty still remaining (excepting only two for a special reason) and a very few other improvements introduced, all analogical with the laws of the language, all simplifications, and the most of which are retained in his present dictionaries.

In 1830, two years after Webster's Dictionary was published, Mr. J. E. Worcester published the first dictionary, it is claimed, of which he had full control. In the meantime, however, having shown himself to be a faithful editor, he had been employed to abridge Webster's Dictionary, and seems to have accomplished the work satisfactorily. In his own book, he says of Dr. Webster's Dictionary, that it is "a work of vast learning and research, containing far the most complete vocabulary of the language that has yet appeared, and comprising numerous and great improvements upon all works of the kind which have preceded it with respect to the etymology and definition of words."*

Having had the benefit of this experience, he compiled a dictionary of his own, in which he followed Webster's spelling almost throughout. The silent *u*, so often referred to, is dropped, and also the useless *k*. Words formerly written *iss* have *ise*; the silent *e* in the middle of such words as blamable, disappears; words formerly terminating in *al* pronounced *awl*, have *all* as befall, miscall; foretell, downhill, end in double *l*; dullness, skillful, and all of that class of words are written in two methods with double *l* and single *l*, that a writer may have his choice, but Webster's

method is recommended; and indeed a man might search carefully for hours and not find one single word varying in its spelling from that authorized in the last editions of Webster's dictionaries. And to crown the whole, Worcester, in his preface acknowledges his indebtedness to Webster, even for some changes in orthography.

The true state of the case is this :

1. Webster made some changes in orthography which he elaborately defended and considered improvements.

2. Mr. Worcester, when compiling a small dictionary two years afterwards, acknowledged the propriety of *the most* of those changes, both directly, and also indirectly, by adopting them.

3. Both the friends of Dr. Webster, since his death, and also Mr. Worcester himself, lately, have receded from a few of these changes, and Mr. Worcester has receded from a few more than Dr. Webster's friends.

This is the substance of the whole controversy about the orthography of some dozen or two of words, of which it would seem that every rational man would say that it is not a matter of sufficient consequence to excite the attention and least of all the anxiety of any body. Dull is spelled with double *l*—so is dullness, by Webster—so was it once by Mr. Worcester. Mr. Worcester now writes it with one *l*. Pray did he commit a capital crime when he used the double *l*, or will it offend any man of common sense as well as good taste to see the analogy of the language still preserved?

There are certain Latin words ending in *us*, such as *defensus*, *expensus*, *offensus*, *sensus*, &c., from which certain English words are derived, such as *sense*, *sensible*, *offense*, *offensive*, *defense*, *expense*. Now, as the words in Latin are written with an *s*, and *everybody* writes the most of them in English with an *s*,

* Preface to Worcester's Comp. Dictionary, 3d edition: Boston: Clapp.

Noah Webster recommended that we write them all with an *s*, and who does not see the propriety of the recommendation? It was doubtless by mistake, when in spelling, "every man did what was right in his own eyes," which, however, was often wrong—that the practice of substituting *c* for *s* in a half dozen of those words arose. Let the defenseless practice disappear. Still, if anybody chooses to write expense with a *c*, it is not likely that the currents of the ocean or of thought will be much disturbed.

This whole dispute about the orthography of a few words is Lilliputian, since the two lexicographers are nearly alike, and we have noticed it only because compelled to it by the task imposed upon us.

We rise to a higher region, a region of investigation and thought. A Dictionary is a definer of words. Those winged messengers of thought are caught and for a time held fast in the hand and mind; their nativity, pedigree, age, history and present power are sought, and each leaves behind a daguerreotype and biography of itself for the world to gaze upon.

The study of language is the study of thought. Even etymology is a vast gold mine studded full of emeralds and diamonds, and if occasionally a lump of vulgar dirt appears it is evaporated to dryness and divested of all that would offend.

The etymological researches of Noah Webster were, to say the least, stupendous. We would not speak of them with extravagance, we do not claim for him exemption from all mistake but we simply point to his work and let it speak for itself. Next to the fullness and exactness of his histories of words, what we have most admired, in the etymological instructions of his dictionary, is the entire absence of all affectation of learning and especially of all whimsical and baseless state-

ments. When he comes to an English word, the origin of which he did not detect, he simply states "It may be from such an origin," or nobly acknowledges that he is ignorant of its parentage. Few, however, are such instances in his book. His work is a perfect thesaurus of philological wealth.

But there is still another feature in which Webster's large Dictionary surpasses every other which I have examined in any language, that is, the accuracy, order and fullness of its definitions. Dr. Webster seems to have had a genius for defining. He is never led astray from the exact sense of the word by sound or by fancy. His definitions are not only original but clear and to the point. The numerical order in which the various meanings are arranged, keeping them apart, very much aids the mind, and very often presents either a history or a philosophical development of the word exceedingly pleasing and instructive. I presume that no unprejudiced person will deny this remarkable excellence, at least in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

As it regards the pronunciation, Webster, and those who have improved this feature of his dictionary since his death, have enjoyed as good opportunities to determine the correct pronunciation as any others, and there are no defects in the system adopted to indicate sounds in Webster's dictionaries. It should be borne in mind that it is possible to err in both extremes. If simple words, universally pronounced correctly, are loaded down with signs, the mind of the young pupil is rather cumbered than aided, and Worcester himself has well said, "that in speech, as in manners, he that is most precise is often the least pleasing, and that affectation is less pardonable than rusticity."*

Webster's Dictionaries, especially as improved in this respect and reduced to one un-

* Preface to 3d edition of Com. Dictionary, page 14

iform standard of pronunciation throughout the series, leave nothing to be desired on that point—though that point, important as it is, is small compared with the value of correct definitions.

It is claimed that Mr. Worcester introduces synonymes into his definitions. We do not deny it, but regard it as a serious defect that his definitions are too much of that character. There are not a dozen genuine synonymes in the language, and the beauty of a definition is that it is expressed exactly by a phrase or sentence, and not approximately by half a dozen other words neither of which conveys the same idea. The beauty of Webster's definitions is their brevity, comprehensiveness and precision. They tell just exactly what you want, nothing more nor less. In the smaller books they are too brief to be absolutely perfect, but excellent even then.

Great as were the qualifications and labors of that good man and practical teacher, Noah Webster, the dictionaries now bearing his name are not solely his productions. Others, eminent men in various professions and departments of thought, have contributed to its stores, and under the enterprise of its publishers it is a work of which the nation should be proud and which all its youth should study.

—*New Hampshire Journal of Education.*

For the Schoolmaster.

Good Music.

WHEN a music reader has become wearied with formal, straitened music, consisting of a succession of chords in regular position, like so many stripes of figured calico, he loves to shut out for a while their continuous sound, and listen to some minor tune, sung, perhaps, by a tremulous voice, but with such pathos and tenderness as melts his heart and brings an involuntary tear to his eye. It is like the singing of a wild bird in the streets of a great

city; as the sight of blue sky in the cloudy heavens; like a fresh mountain breeze on a weary plain.

The music of to-day has no soul. It is dull, formal, artificial. Still, the sweet melodies of singing birds, the soul-felt music of growing apple-blossoms, of springing violets, of fresh green grass, the constant murmur of meadow brooks goes on, as it began in the creation. There are still the music of the pines, the thorough base of the thunder, and soul-moving strains from silent solid mountains. Nature, herself, is in harmony; but man has ceased to sit at her feet an humble learner. He has heard her voice thrice; once in his soul as he listens, again in the sweet songs she breathes in the valleys and on mountains, and yet again in the echoes of her melodies, songs of shepherds, of inspired maidens, of holy prophets, in the sacred book.

Let the melodies of to-day borrow of the voices of the past and from the ever living songs of nature, their spirit and their beauty.

For the Schoolmaster.

Ancient Coins.—No. 2.

BY MANFRED.

As we stated in our first article, the Roman series of coins fixed the date of events, and our intention is to give in this article the inscription of several coins issued by the Romans, and relating to the island of Britain, in the early part of the Christian era.

In the year of our Lord 43, Claudius, upon the invitation of a discontented Briton, resolved to attempt the reduction of the island, and the year following, he personally engaged in the war, and after some brutal contests near Camelodunum, now known as Colchester, received the submission of the natives of that vicinity. In honor of this, the Senate sur-named him "BRITANNICUS," and some gold

and silver coins found in choice collections, bear on the reverse a triumphal arch, on which is inscribed the words "*DE BRITANNIS*,"—over the Britains. This is the first occasion on which allusion is made to Britain on the coinage of Rome.

Light began to dawn upon the Empire, when, past his sixtieth year, Vespasian assumed the purple, A. D. 70. A coin, struck at that period, commemorates the event. Upon the reverse, the emperor is raising a prostrate female from the ground (signifying Rome) while Mars looks approvingly on, and the motto, "*ROMA RESURGES*,"—Rome thou shalt rise again,—encircles the group.

A large brass coin was struck by decree of the Senate, in A. D. 121, to commemorate the arrival in Britain of one of Rome's greatest generals, Hadrian. It bears on the obverse, "*HADRIANUS AVGVSTVS, Consul III [tertium] Pater Patriæ*." Laureated bust of Hadrian, with the chlamys buckled over his right shoulder. Reverse, "*ADVENTVS AVGVSTI BRITANNIÆ*." In the exergue, "*Senatus Consul-tus*." An altar, with the fire kindled, placed between the emperor in his toga, who holds a patera, and a female figure, a victim lying at her feet. The plans of the emperor were thought to have been so well laid as to have placed Britain effectually under the control of Rome, which event called forth another coin, bearing on the reverse, "*BRITANNIA*," and representing a female figure seated on a rock, having a spear in her left hand, and a shield by her side; this figure probably personifies Rome, and represents the secure possession she obtained of that island. The reverse of the copper coinage of Britain still bears the same figure. In this, Britain still bows to Rome. The coins of Severus, who died at York, England, February 4, A. D. 211, also record his victories. One of these, bears on the obverse, the laureated head of the ferocious African, on the reverse, two winged vic-

tories attaching a buckler to a palm tree, at the foot of which two captives sit sad and sorrowful, and the words, "*VICTORIÆ BRITANNICÆ*," encircling the scene, tell who those captives are.

During a portion of the time between A. D. 285 and 303, Britain assumed an independent position, and several coins were struck to proclaim the victories of Carausius, who was appointed to the command of "the channel fleet," and to vindicate his claim to a share in the empire of the world. On the reverse of one of these coins is a galley, indicating the chief source of his strength, and on the reverse of another is a lion with a thunderbolt, significant of the bold bearing which this ancient sea-king assumed.

Constantine, afterwards surnamed the Great, and who was the first Christian emperor, in A. D. 313, became sole possessor of the imperial power. In token of his faith he inscribed the monogram of the Redeemer upon his banner and his coin. This monogram was formed by the Greek letters *Chi* and *Rho*, the initials of the name of Christ. The monogram is well displayed on the reverse of a coin of Magnentius, who died A. D. 353. The Alpha and Omega which accompany the symbol, indicate the faith of the emperor in the divinity of Christ,—"*The beginning and the ending, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty*."

For the above descriptions, we hold ourself indebted to an English work entitled, "*The Roman Wall*," by the Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, M. A., in which may be found wood engravings of each of the coins herein treated of.

NOTE.—The portion of the inscriptions printed in italics does not occur on the coins. They are thus written out that the reader may fully understand the meaning of the initials and abbreviations which are here often met with. The inscriptions as found on the coins are printed in Roman letters.

↓ Girls' Schools.—No. 2.

"Ye mak' it not 'what is she?' but 'what has she!'"—SCOTCH PROVERB.

In the recently established schools for idiots, wise and practical methods of awakening and developing intellect have been applied with wonderful success in producing good results. If training can do so much for darkened and imperfect minds, what might it not do for healthy, active brains? The difference between the education in these schools and in the common ones is, that in the former the faculties themselves are attended to, and in the latter only the matter which the faculties are to act upon, *i. e.*, the sciences, languages, etc. A teacher seems to say—"So much mathematics, history, and Latin is to be stowed away somewhere, let me see if I can't cram it into this lot of heads!"

Is not the art of study now taught in some such manner as this? The scholar is set to the acquisition of some futile piece of knowledge, the distances of the planets perhaps. She has no motive for application but the fear of punishment if she does not learn her task. She takes her book home with her, according to the school regulations, sits down to it, and knowing that she has all evening before her, she reads a sentence—and tells a joke, reads another—and listens to a song, reads a third—and is sent on an errand, and so on. In an hour or two the lesson is transferred to her memory, with a loose injunction to that faculty to keep it there—until after recitation hours the next day!

Thus a little interrupted, undirected practice is all that keeps attention and memory from dying of inanition.

The routine in girls' schools is often—generally I believe—pretty much as follows:

At nine o'clock the young lady, with a huge pile of tomes upon her arm, arrives at the Ac-

adematical Institute. She spends the first hour listlessly holding her slate, or using it for the illegitimate purpose of caricaturing her teacher, waiting for him to come to her in turn, and show her how to do her sums, every one of which she has to have explained to her separately, if she is the idle, incapable creature many school-girls are. I select from the lowest, because the exertions of an active-minded or ambitious girl, who advances in spite of the bad system, are not to be set down as a result of that system. A school should not only give opportunity to learn to those who are eager for it, but should force the idle and indifferent into the ranks of intelligence and progress.

Strong minds, notwithstanding the discouraging school-system will find out methods of self-culture. It is the weak who need training, and who invariably get it least.

After arithmetic, follow recitations in history, grammar, geography, natural philosophy, algebra,—pell-mell—a few pages of each. The young miss, having probably counted the paragraphs in each lesson, and learned only the one or two which would be likely to come to her as she stands in the class, trusts to a favorable chance for an escape from detection, but if it comes—meets it with indifference. It is only "missing a lesson."

These lessons "said," the writing hour arrives, during which her languid fingers draw out distorted imitations of copper-plate. After five hours of tiresome confinement, without one moment of excited interest, the jaded girl drags herself home, eats a full dinner, and is immediately sent to the piano, where she plays with the keys, and disregards time, during the allotted hour or hours. Then perhaps she is indulged with a walk in the street, the best part of the poor girl's day, but bad enough at that,—and then she has her supper. After it, in a parlor where older persons are

enjoying themselves, or in a nursery full of playing children, she is compelled to sit down again to her books, and dawdle over the acquisition of her tasks for the morrow. And for what does she undergo this slow torture? To heap up knowledge *certain* to be lost again, as you mothers know. How much of the school-lessons it cost you so much to get, do you retain?

Fine method of training! And the glorious results we see in the pale, weak, (mentally and physically,) bedizened, fashionable misses who crowd Chestnut street and Broadway. They learn but one lesson effectually, and that is, how to waste their time. And this habit, acquired by long years of schooling, clings to them through their whole useless existence, unless the experience of after life cures them sharply. — A. L. O., in *New York Independent*.

Call Things by Their Right Names.

DR. SOUTH, I think it was, wrote four sermons, *On the fatal imposture and force of words*. It has occurred to me that a little preaching at the present time upon the same subject might not be amiss. In some respects the words of the Latin author are true of us: "*Nos vera rerum vocabula amisimus*" — we have lost the true names of things. "What's in a name?" says some one. Very much: — especially when the name is, in a great measure, to determine in the minds of men the character of the thing it represents. Trench has well said, "How immense is the difference as to the light in which we shall learn to regard sin, according as we have been wont to designate it and to hear it designated, by a word which brings out its loathsomeness and deformity, or by one which conceals these." He might with almost equal propriety have said the same of honesty, virtue and religion. How the real vitalizing spirit of these noble

words is demeaned by being clothed in such lusterless garbs as *legality*, *respectability* and *morality*. But the danger is in the former case. Men are more likely to clothe up a base idea in shining words than to strip an honorable one of its time-sanctioned garments. How much mischief has been done to the plastic moral sentiment of communities by calling *sins* and *crimes*, black as death and worthy of fallen spirits, *mistakes* and *errors*, *irregularities* and *derelictions*. How many a boy's moral sense has been blunted by learning to regard *stubbornness* and *pride*, *idleness* and *prodigality*, merely as *unfortunate traits* and *silly habits*. Our fathers used to get *drunk*, and it was found to be a bad thing. Therefore old America voted *drunk* a disgraceful word, and a *drunkard* a miserable wretch. Young America has found a new word. He is no *drunk-ard*, — not he, — that would be a disgrace. Thereby he would lose *casts*; but he gets "*tight*," — "*tight as a mink*" — and votes himself smart and respectable. There is one detestable hypocrite of a Low Dutch word which has done more than many are aware of to beguile and besot young men for the last few years. That word is "*Schnapps*." Men used to drink rum, gin and brandy, and guzzle ale and beer, and some do it now. But this is decidedly *vulgar*. Your young sprout of a clerk, apprentice or student, sips *old Bourbon* and takes "*Schnapps*" — miserable Wolf-ish synonym for poor gin. The man who invents a new word to cover up the deformity of an old evil, does a greater injury to his race than he who bolsters up sin, but calls it by its right name. There used to be *spendthrifts* and *prodigals* and *debauchees*. There are none now in the vocabulary of fashionable slang. They are all metamorphosed by a kind of euphemistic spell into *fast young men*. Your *fast young man* is "*one of 'em*," he has "*cut his eye teeth*," in *fine*, he is a "*brick*" — a "*regular brick*."

Once piracy and buccaneering were considered criminal and visited with merited punishment, — now these same offenses claim immunity under the rather dubious garb of "*fillibusterism*."

It has long been known that Aaron Burr was an able, accomplished and dangerous man, and his countrymen had not fairly decided in what catalogue to place him, whether of her statesmen, her warriors, or her reprobates; when lo, his apologizing biographer has found his exact *status*, and says "he was a man and a — *fillibuster*." The true etymology of this word is not yet determined. Certain it is, however, that it has been coined since the days of *Walker*!

Our colloquial and newspaper dialects are full of slang and cant phrases, which it is hoped for the welfare of our race, and the honor of our noble mother tongue, will never find a place in her Dictionaries and standard authors. Rather let us call things by their real names, in plain, unerring English, and then shall we know what we mean, and speak what we know.—*N. H. Jour. of Education*.

The Midnight Sun.

"It's just five minutes of twelve! — we shan't see it. There it is above! See the line of sunshine come down the mountains! We shall have it soon!" There were a few moments of doubt when the great orb burst splendidly forth below the cloud. "The rising sun. The midnight sun." It was a splendid spectacle, the rays sparkling over the beautiful Fiord, lighting up distant snowy mountains, shining back from peak to peak far away, and the whole sphere majestically rising and clearing away what a moment before had been the clouds of evening, but were now the mists of morning. The light, too, was a different one, at least to our imagination, purer, clearer, and fresher. We

watched the first movement, and it seemed for a time not to be upwards, but parallel with the hills, and then to be gradually ascending. At length we slowly descended under the full morning sunlight to the village. It was half past one as we walked through the streets, but people seemed just as much up and stirring as in the day. Children were playing in the street, and women sewing at the windows, while many came to the doors to study the costume of our ladies. "Certainly, nobody sleeps in Norway," we said.—*Bruce's Norfolk*.

Telegram.

MUCH has been said of late concerning the *origin* of this word. The English seem to have thought that they had started a wonderful novelty, in the use of it since their war commenced in India. More lately, a *Western* origin has been attributed to it; and now in the Times of March 1, it is said to be found in a letter of Henry Ward Beecher, dated as early as 1853. If the credit of paternity for so useful a word is worth anything, it had better be laid at the right door. Five or six years ago, there was in the Boston Telegraph a communication from a correspondent proposing and recommending the adoption of the word Telegram, to designate a Telegraphic Despatch. He showed the propriety of its derivation from the Latin, with the advantages of its brevity, and urged it upon the public attention. Though followed by only a few individuals in this country, it seems to have found its way across the Atlantic, and having been there duly baptized as Simon-Pure English, is, it seems, to go into the next edition of Webster's Dictionary.

WHEN a man owns that he has been in the wrong, he is but telling you that he is wiser than he was.

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.

Our Enigma.

THIS is the first time, since we commenced giving our young friends an enigma each month, that we have received no answers.

Just think of it boys! No answers to the *enigma of ninety-four letters* in the June number! And you, young misses, readers of THE SCHOOLMASTER, who have been accustomed to send in solutions with such surprising promptness and regularity, some of them *invariably coming the next day* after the reception of THE SCHOOLMASTER, — now, we have not heard from you!

Why is this? Is it the result of 90° in the shade, or has *JERRY puzzled you this time? It is the opinion of the *Schoolmaster* that *JERRY has given you a pretty hard lesson.

Hark! Who is that — some one is coming. Excuse me a moment.

Ha! ha! Here comes a good friend and constant reader of THE SCHOOLMASTER, and has brought the answer to the aforesaid enigma. All right, not a single mistake. Signed, *Lena, Raymond & Co.*, adding —

"FRIEND MOWEY:

I became quite interested in this because of the difficulty in solving it, and thus joined a friend or two in persevering efforts to work it out. You see we have succeeded.

Respectfully yours,

T. JR."

Well, now, young friends, you see it can be done. So we will not give you an enigma this month, but give you another opportunity to "join a friend or two in persevering efforts," hoping you will say as our friend says, "You see we have succeeded." But just allow us to say to you that — "An ancient tower in Asia Minor," should read "ancient tower."

For the Schoolmaster.

Sports at the old English Fairs.

THE boys who read THE SCHOOLMASTER will be much amused at the account we are going to give of some of the customs and sports at the Fairs in England in former times. Besides the common sports of wrestling, boxing, racing, jumping, and cock-fighting, there were other games that the men, women and boys took delight in at the old country fairs in England. We will describe some of them.

In those days the people were robust and strong, and they were pleased with rough and severe sports. But they were such as must have afforded capital fun for the spectators — especially for the boys.

One of these rustic sports was: *Climbing the greasy pole for a leg of bacon*. On the top of a high small, greased pole a leg of bacon was stuck. Any one who could climb up and take off the bacon was to have it as his prize. This was a laughable sport. For a climber might, perhaps, get near the top of the pole and be able to hold himself there by both hands. But the moment he raised one hand to unfasten the bacon, he would be almost sure to slide down again in pretty quick time, bearing all below him, who were foolish enough to climb after him, to the ground in a heap.

Another of these sports was: *The old women drinking hot tea for a pound of snuff*. Whoever could drink the most and the hottest tea in one hour gained the prize.

Another amusement was: *Grinning through horse-collars*. Several men would stand in a row, each holding a collar. Men and women as many as pleased to do so, would in turn look through the collars making up the worst faces they could. The one who made up the ugliest face gained the prize.

Sometimes they had this game also: *Thirty old women racing for a pound of tea*. This

occasioned much merriment, and it was astonishing to see with what agility the old dames would run to obtain that they loved so much.

Another of these sports which must have created much mirth, was: *Hunting the pig with a soaped tail*. Grunter, with his tail well greased or soaped, was set off at the foot of a hill, and was quickly pursued by men and boys. Whoever caught him by the tail and could hold him still with that one hand for three minutes was to have the pig for his own. But it was rather slippery business to catch the smooth porker. For pigs then had the same obstinate nature that they inherit now, and on being pulled one way they strove to go in an opposite direction. If some lucky fellow happened to grasp the pig by the tail, it was next to impossible for him to keep his hold. Grunter would go forward if he was pulled back. Just so the pig of the London butcher did. The butcher laid a wager with a waterman on the Thames that he would make a pig run over one of the bridges quicker than the waterman could row his boat across the river. The bet was eagerly accepted by the waterman. When the signal for starting was given, the boatman began to row with all his might. But the butcher, catching hold of the tail of the pig, endeavored to pull him back, upon which grunter, true to his nature, pulled forward and in post-haste scampered over the bridge, pulling the butcher after him, who arrived on the opposite side before the poor waterman reached the bank.

We must speak of one more of the rustic sports at the old fairs in England: *Jumping in sacks for a cheese*. Ten or twelve of the best jumpers were chosen to contend for the prize. They were tied in long sacks or bags up to their necks, their heads only being out of the bags. They were to jump six hundred yards. The one who would first jump to the

goal, carried off the cheese. Sometimes one would jump so far as to lose his balance and fall, and his fall, like bricks in a row, would generally occasion the downfall of three or four others, to their great vexation, but to the supreme amusement of the spectators. But after a time some one being more expert or more lucky than the rest, would reach the bound and claim the prize.

Oxenbridge and Cannon were two noted fighters formerly in Wiltshire. Cannon, not daring to contend in a boxing match with Oxenbridge, challenged him to jump in sacks for a cheese. It was agreed that they were to jump over the course (which was five hundred yards long) three times. The first time Cannon fell, his opponent winning the race. The second time Oxenbridge fell and Cannon beat. The third time they kept a pretty even pace for about four hundred yards, when they bounded against each other and both fell. Then there was a dispute as to who was the victor. Oxenbridge wished to divide the cheese. Cannon wanted to jump again. But while disputing, Cannon got out of his sack and ran off with the cheese. Oxenbridge was soon after him. They soon set to at a boxing match. In two hours Cannon became the victor and carried off the cheese in triumph.

These were the sports of rustic, uncultivated people. It is well that they have passed away. They are too cruel or too coarse to be practiced in our day. We should be glad that they have been given up just as the ancient gladiatorial fights have been. Perhaps we shall give the readers of THE SCHOOLMASTER an account some time of the ancient games and gladiatorial sports. But we should be glad that those games have passed away as well as those coarse sports of which we have given an account. It is right that all should have some amusements, particularly the young. But the sports should not be

gross nor cruel. They should be healthful, humane and refined in their influence.

WIMBAS.

Daniel Webster as a School-Boy.

It is narrated of him, that when he first appeared at the academy of Mr. Abbott, his personal appearance in his ill-fitting, home-made, homespun garments, together with his shy, awkward manners created much merriment among the boys, and many jokes were cracked at his expense. Young Daniel's sensitive nature could ill brook this; and, after suffering from it two or three days, he went to the teacher, and told him he must go home. The teacher inquired the cause, and Daniel made a clear breast of it. The former bade him not mind it, but keep quietly at his studies, and his turn would come by-and-by. He obeyed; and at the end of the week he was placed at the head of the class that had ridiculed him. After two months had passed in hard study, the teacher, at the close of the school one day, called him up, in presence of all the scholars, and told him he could not stay there any longer; to go and get his books and hat, and leave. Poor Daniel's heart sunk down to his shoes. He had studied hard, bearing patiently the ridicule of his mates; and now to be turned off in disgrace was more than he could stagger under. The teacher waited a moment to watch the astonishment of the school, and then added, "This is no place for you; go to the higher department!" That was probably the proudest hour in Mr. Webster's life. He had triumphed over his companions, and that by outstripping them in their studies.

We suffer more from anger and grief, than from the very things for which we anger and grieve.

Dying Words of Noted Persons.

A death-bed's a detector of the heart;
Here tried dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene;
Her real and apparent are the same.

"Head of the army."—*Napoleon.*

"I must sleep now."—*Byron.*

"It matters little how the head lieth."—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

"Kiss me, Hardy."—*Lord Nelson.*

"Don't give up the ship."—*Lawrence.*

"I'm shot, if I don't believe I'm dying."—*Chancellor Thurlow.*

"Is this your fidelity."—*Nero.*

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend; I die."—*After.*

"Give Dayroles a chair."—*Lord Chesterfield.*

"God preserve the Emperor."—*Haydn.*

"The artery ceases to beat."—*Haller.*

"Let the light enter."—*Goethe.*

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—*Queen Elizabeth.*

"What! is there no bribing death."—*Cardinal Beaufort.*

"I have loved God, my father, and liberty."—*Madame de Staël.*

"Be serious."—*Grotius.*

"Into thy hands, O Lord."—*Tasso.*

"It is small, very small, indeed," (clasping her neck.—*Anne Boleyn.*

"I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself," (ascending the scaffold.)—*Sir Thomas More.*

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—*Burns.*

"I feel as if I were myself again."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"It is well."—*Washington.*

"Independence forever."—*Adams.*

"This is the last of earth."—*J. Q. Adams.*

"I wish you to understand the true principles of government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."—*Harrison.*

"I have endeavored to do my duty."—*Gen. Taylor.*

"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—*Frederick V. of Denmark.*

"You spoke of refreshment, my Emelia; take my last notes; sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—*Mozart.*

"A dying man can do nothing easy."—*Franklin.*

"Let not poor Nelly starve."—*Charles II.*

"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—*Mirabeau.*

"I expected this, but not so soon."—*C. G. Atherton, of New Hampshire.*

"I still live."—*Daniel Webster.*

"Tell them to stand up for Jesus, father, stand up for Jesus."—*Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.*

Our memory here runs short. Can any of our contemporaries add to the list?

The Book of Thanks.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben!" cried Mark, "that I really must——"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No, look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that," said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy book nearly full of writings, in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, who then read aloud:—"March 8. Ben lent me his new hat. June 4. When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me very kindly." "Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good fellow, after all!"

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me; you would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so that I hope I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good humored again, if I only look over my book."

"I wonder what sort of things you put down," said Cecilia; "let me glance over a page."

"Mrs. Wale asked me to spend a whole day at her house, and made me very happy indeed."

"Mrs. Phillips gave me five shillings."

"Old Martha Page asked after me every day when I was ill."

"Why did you put father and mother at the top of every page!" asked Cecilia.

"O, they show me such kindness that I cannot set it all down, so I just write their names to remind myself of my great debt of love. I know that I can never pay it! And see what I have put at the beginning of my book, 'Every good gift is from above;' this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have were given to me by the Lord, and that while I am grateful to them, I should first of all be thankful to Him."

If There's a Will There's a Way.

I LEARNED grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of the guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knap-sack was my book-case; a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table; and the task did not demand anything like a year of my life.

I had no money to purchase candles or oil ; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. And if I, under such circumstances, and without parent or friend to advise or encourage me, accomplished this undertaking, what excuse can there be for any youth, however poor, however pressed with business, or however circumstanced as to room or other inconveniences ? To buy a pen or a sheet of paper I was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own ; and I had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling and brawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. — *CORBETT'S Advice to Young Men.*

For the Schoolmaster.

Written Upon Seeing an Aged Female
with a Bouquet of Flowers.

BY HESIL.

The idols of our youthful years
Time's impious hands destroy ;
And sorrow draws the bitter tears
From eyes that beamed with joy ;

Yet, though distress and cruel woes
Have marked thine aged brow,
The violet and blushing rose
Are sweet and lovely now.

THE freedom of China from epidemics — so surprising to travelers — may be attributed to the great quantities of gunpowder fired off in every town and village, and the great quantities of sandal wood incense burned constantly, render the health of towns and villages very remarkable.

The Humorous Petition.

FROM WREMS' LIFE OF FRANKLIN.

I address myself to all the friends of youth, and conjure them to direct their compassionate regard to my unhappy fate, in order to remove the prejudices of which I am the victim. There are twin sisters of us, and the two eyes of man do not more resemble, nor are capable of being upon better terms with each other, than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of our parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us. From my infancy I had been led to consider my sister as being of a more elevated rank. I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was spared in her education. She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, music, and other accomplishments, but if, by chance, I touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked ; and more than once, I have been beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner. It is true, my sister associated me with her upon some occasions ; but she always made a point of taking the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure by her side.

But conceive not, sirs, that my complaints are instigated merely by vanity — no, my uneasiness is occasioned by an object much more serious. It is the practice in our family, that the whole business of providing for its subsistence falls upon my sister and myself. If any indisposition should attack my sister — and I mention it in confidence, upon this occasion, that she is subject to the gout, the rheumatism, and cramp, without making mention of other accidents — what would be the fate of our poor family ? Must not the regret of our parents be excessive, at having placed so great a distance between sisters who are so perfectly equal ? Alas ! we must per-

ish from distress : for it would not be in my power even to scrawl a suppliant petition for relief, having been obliged to employ the hand of another in transcribing the request which I have now the honor to prefer to you.

Condescend, sirs, to make my parents sensible of the injustice of an *exclusive tenderness*, and of the necessity of distributing their care and affection among all their children equally. I am, with profound respect, Sirs,

Your obedient servant, -

THE LEFT HAND.

For the Schoolmaster.

Two Ways of Telling the Same Story.

“ Jack and Gill went up the hill
To draw a pail of water ;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Gill came tumbling after.”

Two adventurous lads, one named Jack and the other Gill, ascended a steep acclivity in obedience to the request of their dear mother, taking with them an important kitchen utensil, that they might bring from the pure fountain on the hill-top some of the sparkling water. But one of the lads had the misfortune to so far lose the control of his *understanding* as to be precipitated headlong from the summit. Sad to relate, he fractured in his fall the parietal bone of his cranium. His affectionate brother was so overcome with fright at witnessing this sad catastrophe, that he also lost both his self possession and his centre of gravity, and went down with various revolutions and bewildering circumvolutions, in great speed, even against the fence at the bottom of the hill.

[A friend suggests that *Gill* was a girl, but of this we are in doubt. Perhaps some of our readers, who have determined how many children John Rogers, the martyr, had can decide this question.]

The Burning Mountain.

As is generally known, there is a vein of coal located above water level in the Broad Mountain, about seven miles from this borough, and near Heckshersville, which for twenty-one years has been on fire. The vein, which contains excellent white-ash coal, is some forty feet in thickness. The origin of the fire is attributed to a couple of miners, who, having some work to perform in the drift in the depth of winter, built a fire — they being cold — in the gangway. The flames destroying the prop timbers, were carried by a strong current rapidly along the passage, and the fire communicated to the coal. All subsequent efforts to extinguish it were ineffectual. The men were cut off from escape, and were undoubtedly suffocated to death. Their remains were never found. A few days since we ascended the mountain at the spot of the fire, and were much interested in examining the effect of the fire upon the surface. The course of it is from west to east, and where the vein is nearest the surface, the ground is, for the space of several hundred feet, sunken into deep pits, and while the stones exhibit evidence of having been exposed to the action of intense heat, every vestige of vegetation has been blasted. It is a desert track in the midst of smiling fertility. The ground in some places was almost too warm for the hand to rest upon, while steam from water heated by the internal fire, rose from every pore. The fire has evidently extended for several hundred yards from the place it originated, and finds vent and air to continue its progress, at the pits to which we have alluded. A score of years has passed, but still it burns, and will burn until further fuel is denied the devouring element. Thousands of tons of coal have undoubtedly been consumed, and thousands of tons may yet feed the fire before it is checked.—*Miners' (Pa.) Journal.*

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

The Physical and the Industrial Limits of Rhode Island.

As the study of Geography advances the attention of the student is directed less to the artificial and changing boundaries which separate state from state, and more to those physical peculiarities which bind certain sections of territory together, and determine their natural limits.

Viewed in this light, Rhode Island, though more contracted in respect to her political boundary than any other state of the union, swells to very respectable dimensions, and embraces a region probably the most industrious in the New World.

If the straight line, which connects Point Judith and Seakonnet Rocks, be taken as the southern limit of the Narraganset Bay and River System, we shall gain a true idea of the natural extent of Rhode Island by following the shores northward from those points, exploring every little bay, and tracing every tributary stream to its very source. We shall find Mt. Hope Bay and its rivers extending far into Bristol county and Plymouth county, in Massachusetts, while the Blackstone and its branches permeate the greater part of Worcester county, the heart of that commonwealth.

But though such be the natural limits of Rhode Island, or the Narraganset System, it would be a fact of little importance were its physical capabilities for manufactures and commerce still undeveloped. How different is the case however! Numerous ports stud the whole margin of the navigable waters, while countless villages fill the river valleys. If we take up our station at the ocean gateway of this great industrial system of ports and villages, we shall behold hundreds of vessels entering, laden with cotton, wool, iron, copper, sugar, and many other raw materials, and anon we shall see them returning bearing cotton and woollen cloths, manufactured iron and copper, and refined sugar. The cotton fabrics have been woven in not less than two hundred mills, which crowd the valleys of the Pawtuxet,

and the Woonasquetucket, which stand like a compact line of industrial fortifications along the Blackstone, with Providence and Worcester at the extremities, and which are grouped at Fall River, and at Taunton and its vicinity. The vessels have been unladen and laden at Newport, Fall River, Taunton, Bristol, Warren, Providence, Pawtucket, Pawtuxet, Greenwich, Wickford, and half a dozen other ports.

Considered in another light, the industrial boundaries of Rhode Island appear even more extended. By means of her numerous railways radiating into the surrounding states, a large amount of business is drawn towards the seaports of Providence and Fall River, while a means of carriage is furnished for such delicate articles of manufacture as jewelry and silver ware, of which no small amount is produced. How much more pleasing is the contemplation of such a beautiful industrial system, occupying a portion of territory bounded by natural limits, than of a little state bounded by straight lines, and possessing half a bay and half a river!

G.

Class Day at Brown University.

It is a time-honored custom in many American colleges for the senior class to observe a day, near the close of their collegiate course, for class festivities. These seasons are, usually, very interesting and fraught with pleasing memories. To be elected class orator or class poet, on such an occasion, is considered the highest honor which the class can bestow.

Such a day was observed in this city, June 10th, by the "class of '58."

The literary exercises were held in Manning Hall, which was filled with a highly intelligent and appreciating audience. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Sears, J. Henry Gilmore, the president of the class, in a few sententious and pertinent remarks, introduced Mr. Samuel T. Harris as class orator.

When the applause attending his appearance had ceased, the young orator commenced his oration, and for nearly an hour held his hearers in rapt attention. He announced as his subject,

"*The American Scholar's Relation to the Government.*" The theme was admirably suited to the occasion, being alike literary and practical, and was discussed throughout in a dignified and scholarly manner. It evinced vigor and originality of thought combined with elegance and beauty of expression. The arguments by which he inculcated loyalty to government, enforced and illustrated, as they were, by examples of eminent men and scholars in ancient and in modern times, were truly philosophical; while the influences which the science of government and a participation in its administration, exert upon the true patriot scholar—in developing all his mental faculties and in securing to his literary productions permanent value—were portrayed with great practical directness.

The general delivery of the orator is graceful and manly, but his voice requires practice to render it more flexible and to secure to it greater compass of modulation. His style, though somewhat involved and complicated, from the use of long periodic sentences, is quite ornate. Flowers culled from every literature, and similes borrowed from different sciences, are mingled in such lavish profusion as to render his periods, in the language of Milton,

"Dark with excessive bright."

We have been informed that he intends to enter into public life; if this be true, we bespeak for him eminent success, and only wish that more of our educated young men, guided by similar principles, would pursue the same course, and thus impart anew to our legislative assemblies, both state and national, something of that Roman dignity which they formerly possessed.

After the oration was delivered, the class poet, Mr. John M. Hay, pronounced a very neat and spicy poem on the "*Power of Song.*" It was both sober and mirthful, abounding in well sustained flights of impassioned verse and in racy jokes and sparkling witticisms. The storming of the Malakoff—the alternate advancing and retreating of the Franks, with such dreadful havoc, for three successive times, till at length they rise to victory, to the strains of *Là Marseillaise*, and

"Sebastopol has yielded to a song,"—

was pictured with true poetic power.

The poet showed that his "*power of song*" was sufficient at least to enable him to thrill and charm his audience. He was, moreover, particularly fortunate in rendering his language and his delivery appropriate to the character of the thought which he wished to present, and whether invoking Erato or his own humbler "*swallow*" muse, seemed to throw his whole soul into the work. He is evidently a favorite with the immortal Nine.

These exercises, so creditable to the speakers, were no less creditable to the instructors under whose guidance they were trained and fitted for such exhibitions of literary attainment.

The afternoon was devoted to social reunions, and in the evening the class partook of a supper, at which toast and song went round till past the hour when spectered ghosts are said to stalk the earth in fiendish gambols and warm their shadowy forms in the midnight glare.

Belonging, however, to the fossil remains of an earlier period we are compelled to speak of this part of the festivities only from report.

Since penning the above we have been informed that the oration and poem are to be printed by the class, that they may have the pleasure of a private perusal. C. B. G.

THE NATIONAL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION will hold its Second Annual Meeting at Cincinnati, on the 11th, 12th and 13th of August, 1858.

The American Association for the Advancement of Education will hold its Eighth Annual Meeting in November, 1858, at Albany, New York.

The Twenty-Eighth Annual Meeting of the American Institute of Instruction will be held at Norwich, Conn., on the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th of August, 1858. The introductory address will be delivered by Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., President of Brown University. Addresses will also be given by Professor Foster, of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. Valentine, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Mr. Gulliver, of Norwich, Conn.; Benj. W. Putnum, Esq., Master of the Quincy School, Boston, and others.

Norwich possesses unusual advantages for such a meeting. It is very convenient of access, being located on the great thoroughfare between New England and New York. Its hotel accommodations are ample and of the best description. It is famous for the wealth and liberality of its citizens, and in beauty and variety of scenery it is unsurpassed by any city in New England. The Free Academy will be an object of attraction to educators. It is the finest educational building in New England. Some of the Grammar and Primary Schools are of the highest order.

Persons passing over the Boston and Worcester and the Norwich and Worcester—and we hope other—railroads to attend the meeting will receive free return tickets.

The Monthlies for July.

WE wish we had space to notice, as they deserve, our monthly exchanges. Our notices must necessarily be brief, and our friends and contemporaries must take the will for the deed.

The Atlantic Monthly, which now confessedly stands at the head of the list, is the best—*decidedly the best*—number yet issued, and when we say that there is nothing more that could be said.

The Happy Home, an excellent religious magazine for the parlor and the fireside, with steel and colored engravings. Published by C. Stone & Co., Boston.

Godey's Lady's Book, a capital number. Beautiful steel and colored engravings, wood cuts, patterns, &c., &c. We do not see how the ingenuity of men could make this journal more attractive. This number begins a new volume.

Arthur's Lady's Home Magazine commences a new volume with the July number, and comes out with a new dress. This is an excellent issue, full of interesting matter for the ladies. They say the engravings, pattern plates, &c., are very useful.

Peterson's Ladies' Magazine also begins a new volume, and has a steel engraving alone worth the price of the number. It is "The Village

School," and we are *sure* any pedagogue, or "*pedagogogus*," or little school urchin, or one who has been such will recognize the picture.

The Home, a fireside monthly, published by Beadle & Adams, Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.50 per year. The July number commences the sixth volume, and is beautified by a delicate steel plate. It is a rich number. The article entitled "Napoleon Bonaparte a Mythe," is very ingenious and interesting.

The Ladies' Repository, devoted to Literature and Religion. Cincinnati, Ohio. Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., Editor. \$2.00 per annum. We consider this one of the most substantial and valuable of all our religious journals. It is, besides, exceedingly attractive. The present number has two fine steel plates, which we admire.

CORRECTION.—In "The Deserted Mansion," in the June number, the last line of the first stanza reads—

"Within these ancient walls!"

It was written—

"Within these ancient ruined halls!"

In the report of the "Annual Exhibition of the Providence High School," the valedictory is reported to have been by Henry S. Latham, Jr., of the Classical Department. It should read—*English* Department.

JAMES L. STONE.—The English and Classical School which has just been opened in Foxboro' under the charge of Mr. James L. Stone, as Principal, and N. G. Bonney as first Assistant, has, we understand, met with fine success. On the second week of the term sixty-three scholars were connected with the institution, of whom about one-third pursue the study of Latin.

THE WAY OF LIFE; A religious weekly newspaper, "advocating the interests of Young Men's Christian Associations, and the interests of Evangelical Christianity—world wide. New York. \$1.50 per year, in advance. F. D. Stead, agent, Providence.

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Answers to Questions for Solution in the
February Number.

1. If in time of a gale the sails of a wind-mill be set facing the wind, the mill will be in less danger of being overthrown with the arms revolving than at rest.

Suppose the wind to be blowing from the south it will strike the mill itself in the same manner, whether the arms be revolving or not, and will tend to throw it over towards the north with some force A. That portion of the wind which strikes the sails undergoes two resolutions. First, it is resolved into one component, which, being parallel with the surface of the sail, is lost, and another, which strikes the sails at right angles. This second is again resolved into one component, which lies parallel to the axis of rotation, and another which lies in a plane at right angles to it. The first component of the second resolution is represented by B, and acts in the same direction as the force A, tending along with it to overthrow the mill. The second component is the effective force of rotation, and has no effect on the stability of the mill so long as the arms are free to move. But if the shaft be clamped in any manner, and be strong enough to resist the torsion, it is obvious that the mill will itself tend to revolve around it in an east and west plane, in the same manner as a grindstone is turned by a fixed shaft passing through it. Since, however, the base of the mill presents a resistance to this revolution on account of friction, or some other cause, there will arise a tendency to a progressive rolling motion, precisely similar to that which the crank of a locomotive produces in the driving-wheel, by means of its friction with the rail. This tendency will be either towards the east or the west, according to the arrangement of the sails, and may be represented by C acting towards the east. Although this force C may not itself overthrow the mill, it will yet conspire with the force of A+B to produce a resultant D acting in a north-easterly direction, which may be sufficient to effect it.

It thus becomes evident that so long as the sum of the forces A and B is insufficient to overthrow the mill, the introduction of the conspiring force C, by stopping the arms, should be avoided.

2. A man born on the twenty-ninth of February, 1796 had but one return of his birth-day for twelve years, that is before 1838. He had no birth-day in 1830, for although the number which expresses that year is divisible by *four*, it is not divisible by *four hundred*, as must be the case, in order that a year completing a century may have the intercalated day.

3. Twilight and Dawn are longest at the summer solstice, and shortest at a period a little before the vernal equinox, and at another a little after the autumnal equinox. At the time of the winter solstice they are longer than at any other period between the autumnal equinox and the vernal, but not so long as at the summer solstice.

As we travel towards the north the length of twilight and dawn increases, until we arrive at a point where there is no interval between them during the night. As we travel towards the south their length diminishes, until we reach the equatorial regions where it is shortest. At the time of the equinoxes the point is exactly on the equator. Between the vernal equinox and the autumnal it is a little south of the equator, and between the autumnal and the vernal a little north of it.

To understand the causes of these facts we must conceive of two parallel planes extending indefinitely into space, one the plane of the horizon, the other the plane below the horizon, which forms the lower limit of twilight. It is evident that the distance between these two planes may be considered fixed, since it is at all times, and in every latitude determined by an arc of eighteen degrees measured on a great circle having its center in the horizon plane, and passing through the zenith. The variation in the length of twilight at any given period in different latitudes depends on the different inclination of the diurnal circles to the horizon, and on the position of their centers, as being either above, between, or below the two above-mentioned planes.

The variation in the length of twilight at different periods in any given latitude depends on the size of the diurnal circles, and the position of their centers in respect to the two planes.

1st. The length of twilight varies at any given period in different latitudes. (a) At the time of either equinox the center of the diurnal circle in every latitude lies in the horizon plane. Therefore the variation in the length of twilight at these periods depends only on the varying inclination of the diurnal circles to the horizon. At the equator, the angle of inclination being a right angle, and the diurnal circle being then a great circle, the eighteen degrees of twilight will be measured upon it, and will give a duration of seventy-two minutes. As we proceed north or south from the equator at these periods, the twilight will be found to increase as the diurnal circles pass more obliquely through the space between the two planes, until within eighteen degrees of either pole it becomes perpetual from sunset to sunrise, since there the diurnal circle does not pass below the twilight plane. The length of twilight at these periods may be easily determined by the solution of a right-angled spherical triangle. (b) At the period of either solstice the centers of the diurnal circles are all above the horizon plane on one side of the equator, and below it on the other. The duration of twilight will therefore, at those periods, increase in either direction from the equator, as the distance of the centers of the diurnal circles from the horizon plane, and the inclination of those circles increase. It is evident that the same is true for any time between the solstices and the equinoxes. Thus it appears that there is a much greater difference between equatorial twilight, and that beyond the tropics in summer and winter, than in autumn and spring. It must be observed, however, that at all the periods except the equinoxes there are points at short distances from the equator on either one side or the other where the twilight is shorter than at the equator. For as the axis of the diurnal circles sinks below the horizon plane, the arcs intercepted between this plane and the plane of twilight will, for a time, decrease on this account faster than

they increase on account of the increasing inclination of the circles.

2nd. The length of twilight varies at different periods in a given latitude. (a) At the equator the twilight increases in length as the sun retreats towards the north or the south, and attains its maximum at the period of either solstice. For while the center of the diurnal circle is there always in the plane of the horizon, its size is always less than that of a great circle except at the time of either equinox. But parallel planes cutting concentric circles, or circles having their centers in a common axis, intercept greater arcs in the smaller circles. Therefore a larger arc of the diurnal circle will lie between the two planes at the solstice than at any other period, and at any time between these and the equinoxes, than at the equinoxes. (b) At the latitude of Providence the longest twilight occurs at the summer solstice, for then the diurnal circle is least and its center lies farthest from the twilight plane. The shortest occurs a little before the vernal equinox, and a little after the autumnal, for then the centers of the diurnal circles lie between the two planes, and the arcs intercepted between them are less than when the centers lie without. But the diurnal circles at these periods are so little inferior to great circles that the increase of the intercepted arcs on this account is not sufficient to balance their decrease on the other.

NOTE.—It will be perceived that no account is taken of the effect of refraction on twilight

4. The largest number of Roman letters is used in expressing the years 888, 1388, 1788, 1838.

D. G.

THE MAINE TEACHER.—The extreme "Down East" has succeeded at last in establishing an Educational Journal, through the persevering efforts of HON. MARK H. DUNNELL, Superintendent of Public Schools. The teachers of Maine may well congratulate themselves on so able a journal. It is filled with articles, valuable, interesting, spicy and short, not long, "dull and dry" essays, like too many of our cotemporaries. Published at Portland.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

BARNARD'S AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION. June, 1858. F. C. Brownell, Hartford. \$3.00 a year, or \$3.25 with *The Schoolmaster*.

This educational quarterly grows better with every number. The issue now before us has a series of 19 articles, covering 320 pages.

It opens with an excellent steel engraving of our State School Commissioner, Hon. John Kingsbury, LL. D., accompanying a sketch of his life and labors, with a full and exceedingly interesting account of the exercises at the *Reunion of the Young Ladies' High School*, over which Mr. Kingsbury had presided with unrivalled success for *thirty years*.

A fine portrait of John S. Hart, LL. D., Principal of the Philadelphia Public High School, introduces an article on the life and character of this well known teacher, with some account of the institution over which he has presided for sixteen years. A long sketch on the "History of Common Schools in Connecticut," by the editor, is an able and valuable contribution to our educational literature. We also notice a tribute to the memory of the late Moses Brown Ives, of this city.

We hope this number, so rich and valuable, will serve to swell the subscription list of the "*American Journal of Education*," which may proudly be placed by the side of the educational works of Great Britain and continental Europe.

APPLETON'S NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.—Vol. II. D. Appleton & Co., New York. D. Kimball & Co., Agents for Rhode Island.

Convinced by frequent reference made in the school-room of the merits of this great work, and of this volume in particular, we were intending to elaborate a notice which should do it justice; but our eye falling on the following from the pen of Hon. Henry Barnard, editor of the *American Journal of Education*, we thought it would have more influence than anything we could say. No man is better qualified to judge of the merits of such a work than *Henry Barnard*.

"It contains some twenty-five pages more than

the first, and, in the ability of its articles, the care and industry with which the latest facts have been gleaned, and the candor and impartiality everywhere manifested in the work, it more than makes good the promise of the first volume. We have had occasion to examine it very critically, and while there never will be a Cyclopædia which has not some sins of omission to answer for, we must say that in this respect it is greatly more satisfactory than any work of the kind hitherto published. The editors, we know, take unwearied pains to avoid errors, and they have been remarkably successful thus far."

Subscribers will be supplied by Mr. S. Clough, of the firm of D. Kimball & Co., of this city, agents for Rhode Island. We hope it may have a large sale in our little state. We should be glad to furnish it to any of our friends who may desire it. Price, \$3.00 per volume.

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Lossing's Primary History of the United States. Mason Brothers, New York.

Seldom do we find school books that please us as these do. A history of the United States which should be an improvement on those hitherto in use is a desideratum which we have long felt. The beautiful, fascinating style in which these little books are written, the candid and impartial views taken of political matters, the attractive cuts illustrative of the text, give promise of their soon being appreciated by intelligent teachers and school committees. The smaller of the two is well adapted to the children in the nursery or the primary school.

THE MISSOURI EDUCATOR.—Glad are we to welcome to the Brotherhood a new journal from the "Far West. The first number has just reached us. It is a neat monthly of 32 pages, Edited by Thomas J. Henderson, Jefferson City.

THE anniversary exercises at the Providence Conference Seminary, East Greenwich, are to be held June 28th, 29th and 30th. The dedicatory exercises of the New Seminary Building are notified for Tuesday, June 29th.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM.—By Peter Bayne, M. A., author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual," &c. Second Series. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. 1858.

An intelligent reading public can hardly express sufficient gratitude to Messrs. Gould & Lincoln for their re-publication of various excellent foreign works. Among these publications the works of Peter Bayne and Hugh Miller take a prominent place. The present work is a continuation of the learned author's former volume of "Essays on Biography and Criticism," in a "Second Series." It includes eleven papers, on the following topics:

1. Charles Kingsley.
2. Thomas Babington Macaulay.
3. Sir Archibald Alison.
4. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
5. Wellington.
6. Napoleon Bonaparte.
7. Plato.
8. Characteristics of Christian Civilization.
9. The Modern University.
10. The Pulpit and the Press.
11. "The Testimony of the Rocks."—A *Deduction*.

Upon a somewhat cursory glance at this volume, we have found rich mines of thought, stirring biographical incidents, and close-reasoning, scholarly criticism of men and principles, all written in the finest style of "British Essays," which promise a harvest of great profit to the careful reading which shall follow.

THE YOUNG MEN'S MAGAZINE.—Edited by R. C. McCormick. New York. \$1.50 per annum.

This is the only Magazine in the country wholly devoted to the interests of young men. It is ably edited, and embraces among the contributors to its pages some of the best writers in America. Each number contains 48 pages of choice matter. The present volume, commencing with May, has a series of Biographical Sketches of distinguished Self-Made Men, of a highly interesting and valuable character. The May number is embellished with a fine steel engraving of Dr. Kane. We cheerfully commend

the work to our subscribers and friends as one of our best magazines, especially for *young men*.

Subscriptions received by Snow & Greene, Booksellers, Providence.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY.—By Benjamin Greenleaf, A. M. Robert S. Davis & Co., Boston.

We have received specimen pages of this new mathematical work, soon to be issued. It is beautifully printed on fine white paper, and is an attractive looking book. We have no doubt it will be found a valuable work. It will be mailed, prepaid, to teachers for examination, on receipt of 60 cents in postage stamps, by the publishers.

THE GOLDEN HARP, a Collection of Hymns, Tunes and Choruses for the use of Sabbath Schools. By L. O. Emerson. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

An admirable collection of old hymns and familiar tunes, which must be found acceptable to those who want a new hymn book for their Sabbath Schools. It contains about 400 pieces and 100 tunes. We have recommended it personally to our friends.

We have received a circular from Messrs. McAlpine & Haines, of Allentown, Pa., stating that they are about to commence the publication of a new "Teachers' Journal" at that place. Mr. McAlpine is a young teacher of talent and ability, and we doubt not will give his readers many dry jokes and practical hints. We wish them abundant success, and certainly the *Key Stone State* is large enough to support several educational journals.

BARNES' PRAYERS.—C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

The *Great Awakening* of the past winter and spring has opened many mouths in prayer which were never accustomed to commune with God in thanksgiving and supplication. This excellent and judicious selection of prayers for family use, compiled by Rev. Albert Barnes, will be received by such as well as by many older Christians with great favor, and will be found eminently conducive to a deep-toned piety.

THE
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The R. J. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1858.

NO. 6.

For the Schoolmaster. Parental Sympathy.

PERHAPS there is no duty devolving upon parents in the training of children more habitually and universally neglected, than that of parental sympathy. The moment the child begins to distinguish one person from another, in all real or fancied danger it will cling to its parent for protection. This drawing of the child to the parent seems almost instinctive, and this very act seems to indicate the *natural* relation existing between them. Could instinct (if we may call it by this name) be allowed to go on in this natural and confiding manner, this same commingling of soul with soul would continue through life. But such is seldom the case. On the contrary, the sympathies of the child and parent become alienated, and that by a very simple but oft-repeated process.

The parents are busily occupied with the turmoil of business and the anxiety of household duties. It may be that weighty responsibilities are resting upon them and unpropitious storms seem to be gathering to burst upon their heads. Thus occupied and perplexed, the child desires assistance in the adjustment of what is to him a serious difficulty; but the parent regards not his necessities, and sends him away *unaided and unsatisfied.*

The frequent repetition of this course so discourages and disheartens the tender sensibility of the child that he finally comes to the conclusion that, although his parents are his natural protectors, to whom he must look for the supply of his *bodily* necessities, *some one else* must satisfy the cravings of his nature for *sympathy*. Very naturally, therefore, he turns to whomsoever is ready to meet the demands of his inner being, never stopping to consider what elements of moral rectitude a sympathizing friend should possess, — in fact never suspecting that untold evils *may* be the result of such a step. Thus, year after year passes by, the parents often wondering why their children are actuated by low and pernicious motives and governed by wicked, selfish habits, forgetting that they have neglected to sow the good seed, and have given the enemy uninterrupted opportunities for sowing tares. Such results in a large proportion of cases are the natural fruits of this lack of parental sympathy. We do not mean to assert that *all* who are deprived of this sympathy grow up to lead lives of wickedness, for some men in spite of the wicked associations thrown around them, and neglect of proper parental influences, do, by the inherent power of their own motives, rise to distinction and usefulness.

What we assert is — and we would call special attention to the fact — that thousands who occupy a very common level in the scale of human life, nevertheless honest and reputable, had they received proper sympathy and training, with the right development of their highest and holiest emotions, would have been capable of wielding an influence upon the destinies of mankind incalculable for good. There are comparatively few men whose capabilities are fully developed. The great mass have hidden energies of which they never dreamed, which only require proper influences for development to become a benefit to themselves and to mankind.

But the questions may arise — “In what does parental sympathy consist?” and “When should it begin?”

It consists in being the *intimate friend* of the child; in being interested in whatever interests him, — his sports, studies, reading, his joys and his sorrows; in coming down from the lofty pinnacle of manhood and being a boy again, combining therewith the experience of the man.

Such a course would naturally win the confidence and affection of the child. To the mature mind, the sports of children may seem trivial, but they are the meat and drink of the boy. His disappointments, too, may seem of little account, but to him they are as real, and as bitter to be borne, as the weighty cares and disappointments of manhood are to the father, and the child, as well as the parent, needs sympathy to enable him to meet and overcome his trials. Such a course would ever keep the parent on the alert to grant counsel and direction when needed. Not that the child should be cramped and compelled to submit all his plans and arrangements to the parent's will, but having the never-varying guide post of principle ever before him, with a noble example of upright-

ness and virtue to emulate, he should be allowed and encouraged to act on his own responsibility, thereby developing his own judgment and powers of discernment. And here will arise a difficulty to be guarded against, the liability of judging, not according to *motives*, but according to *results*, and of making too serious a matter of trifling mistakes. A parent is *never* justified in being cross to his children, or in correcting them in a manner which leads the child to suppose him cross. Every cross word makes a frightful scar on the moral character of the child which it is impossible to remove.

We know of parents who are considered very good people, and are esteemed for many sterling qualities, who, nevertheless, always correct their children — whatever the offense, great or small — in a severe and harsh manner. The result is, their children hold them continually in fear, lest in an unguarded moment they may be visited with censure. If the child does a wrong action, the first thing for the parent is to understand to what extent the child knew it to be wrong. Children are often punished for doing what they supposed to be perfectly right and innocent, and have not understood *why* they were punished until after punishment was administered. Whatever the wrong, it is the duty of the parent to exhibit to the mind of the child the true nature of the wrong, and its relation to himself, his friends and his Maker; and with a calm, unruffled temper, and with such a spirit of *love* that the child will view him, not as a *judge*, but as a friend. It is the duty and within the power of parents to do this, but it will require care and patience.

But when should this sympathy begin? With the first breath of the child. “As the twig is bent the tree's inclined,” is emphatically as true of the moral as the natural world. All things at first, to the infant, appear the

same, but gradually as the faculties of his mind become developed, he makes the discovery that everything possesses a distinct individuality. It is the same with the sense of feeling, and experience alone teaches to distinguish between things which afford pleasure and produce pain. Equally so is it with the sentiments of the soul. At first, a cross or a kind word are alike regarded, but ere long the tiny drum which conducts the sound from the ear to the heart can instantly distinguish harsh, upbraiding sounds from the gentle words of tenderness and love. How quickly the mother's sympathy dries up the tears and dispels the sorrow of her infant child, and how quickly, too, it learns to interpret her every look, and distinguish, to a certain extent, between right and wrong. At this time, to a great degree, is the foundation of the child's character laid, and how important that it should be a correct foundation.

The plastic mind is in a condition to receive impressions from whatever influences it may be subjected to, and the parent should endeavor to throw around the child influences for good, that the first impressions may be pure and heavenly. One thing is positive, unless good influences are thrown around the child to mould and shape his course, bad influences will occupy the ground, and it is much more difficult to eradicate a wrong principle once seated, than to prevent its first entrance. This principle of parental sympathy must become with every family a vital principle before we can expect the youth of our land to adopt high and noble sentiments, and act on the broad platform of justice and truth.

Such a sympathy, full and complete, is a duty every parent owes to himself, to his children, and to God. If he turns away, and refuses to perform it, he shows himself unmindful of one of the most important duties of life. If he grapples with it, and presses

on to the accomplishment of this great end, he proves himself a benefactor of his race, though no silver-toned trumpet proclaim his name to the world.

I. D., JR.

For the Schoolmaster.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

K.

*Its Value — Old Engravings — Second Part —
Motives — Skill — Materials and Methods —
Extracts — Character and Life Sketched —
Conclusion.*

A LITTLE BOOK, half as large as Mrs. Stowe's famous work, written in a quaint and simple style, and withal, as old-fashioned as a spinning-wheel or a hand-loom, is the Pilgrim's Progress; but every child loves to read it, and he loves it all his life, even down to his old age. So is it like that psalm which the shepherd king sung to the music of his harp when he thought of the flocks he had tended in his boyhood beside the still waters. As full is it of truth, abounding in natural and unaffected beauties. Here are battles, gloomy ways and dangerous, quiet scenes, lovely prospects, sights and sounds, glorious pictures of future joys, mingled with sober teachings, tersely and vigorously expressed, and with a thousand concealed thoughts which a treasure seeker will gather and hoard with care.

One of the editions published fifty years ago is adorned by roughly cut wood engravings, occurring on almost every page, wherein are drawn pictures of the pilgrims. They are dressed in the garb of them who travel towards the celestial city. Fleeing from the city of Destruction, knocking at the gate, viewing the sights at the house of the Interpreter, at the cross, passing the lions, fighting Apollyon, going through the valley of the Shadow of Death is Christian; then, in company with Faithful, approaching Vanity Fair,

then engaged and surrounded by a multitude, next, as Faithful stands at the martyr stake, thence as Christian and Hopeful appear, all through the course up to the Dark River, and beyond it, does the cunning tool of the engraver delineate the pilgrims. These pictures and the clear type and broad page, weather-stained, of the old editions, lent a charm to the story as when a little boy we read it, seated by the window on a cloudy Saturday afternoon, or at the fireside on a winter evening. Over and again we perused the account of Vanity Fair, of Christian's fight with Apollyon and the gloomy passage through the dreadful valley, fiend-haunted, opening to the fires of Hell. We loved, too, to linger on the banks of the Jordan of death, looking up to the hills where Christian and Hopeful had gone, and like Bunyan, when those pearly gates were closed, "I wished myself among them."

The journey of Christiana with Mercy and her family is as beautiful and as entertaining, but, from the nature of the subject, not so striking as the account of Christian and his companions. We love and respect courageous Great Heart, and wish that he may accompany us when we go on pilgrimage.

Conceived in an earnest mind, in their style these works are earnest and forcible. Here lies the motive: the operation succeeds. Grammarians deal only with modes of expression; colleges teach little more. Within the man abides that deep, energetic moving of the soul which is as fire and water to the working of machinery, as winds to the motion of the ocean, as solar heat to winds. Bedford jail, the den wherein Bunyan laid him down to sleep, was not filled with the influences of inspiration, as are the scenes and circumstances of nature. The employment of lace knitting had in it little of that power to inspire moving thoughts, living creations,

that hath the roll of thunder, the sight of a mountain, the rising and the setting of the sun in open heavens, the vegetation and growth of plants or the singing of birds in the sky. In the heart of Bunyan, well prepared by tribulation, already had Nature planted germs of beauty, of pathos and of sublimity, which grew, strangely enough, in the confinement of a jail. In such soil, so prepared, always grow the strongest plants and the rarest fruits. There is, therefore, no difficulty in accounting for the vigor of his style when the book was new or for its present heartiness, now that the work has become an old one. Sooner will the pyramids fall than the productions of such a mind.

The employment of dialogues or colloquies was common among the writers of the seventeenth century. By the use of these, Bunyan avoids the tiresomeness of a narrative and succeeds in conveying truth in an engaging manner. Those pages are read with most avidity in any work whose matter is broken up into this form or into short paragraphs. Few readers have patience to grope through a dense array of thoughts, especially if they be darkened by figurative language.

Dissenting preachers made much use of the language of the Bible, especially of the Old Testament. In the *Journal of the Pilgrims*, quotations abound from the threatenings of God, applied by them to wicked acts of the church. Bunyan, in addition to his knowledge of the scriptures, possessed a deep understanding of human nature and a power of imagination which gave effect to his writing. Overflowing from his heart, his thoughts reached and affected the hearts of others.

A spirit of benevolence pervades the whole of his writings. He had learned the failings of Christians. He knew *Mr. Fearing*, *Despondency* and *Much-Afraid*, *Ready-to-Halt* and *Feeble-Mind*. He had fought with

Apollyon in the valley and had conquered, as *Christian* did, when almost overcome. He knew every step of the way from the city of Destruction to the brink of the river over which there is no bridge, and he loved his Master so well that he would feed his sheep. Many a man, as he has read, has trembled, hoped, rejoiced, at the lessons which the good man teaches.

The book is so common, and so often read, that extracts seem to be useless. I shall, however, quote a few short passages which may have escaped some readers.

1. *The use of all means.*

"You see the ways the fisherman doth take
To catch the fish; what engines doth he make!
Behold now he engageth all his wits;
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks and nets;
Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line,
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine:
They must be groped for, and be tickled, too,
Or they will not be caught, whate'er you do."

2. *Hidden merit.*

"If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster-shell;
If things that promise nothing do contain
What better is than gold; who will disdain,
That have an inkling of it, there to look
That they may find it?"

The Author's Apology.

Among the sentences uttered by Interpreter for the edification of Christiana and her company are bold, beautiful and truthful thoughts.

3. *Sentences.*

"One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a sinner."

"He that forgets his friend, is ungrateful unto him; but he that forgets his Saviour, is unmerciful to himself."

"If a man would live well, let him fetch his last day to him, and make it always his company-keeper."

"If the world, which God sets light by, is counted a thing of that worth with men, what is heaven that God commendeth!"

"Everybody will cry up the goodness of men; but who is there that is, as he should be, affected with the goodness of God?"

"We seldom sit down to meat, but we eat and leave. So there is in Jesus Christ more merit and righteousness than the whole world has need of."

John Bunyan seems to have been a man of much emotion, naturally impulsive, distrustful and somewhat rash. These qualities, doubtless led him into the commission of many flagrant sins, chiefest of which was profane swearing. After his conversion he evinced a tender conscientiousness, kindness and charity, which seemed to contrast with his former character, though not to be inconsistent with his previous life. He never ceased to feel the effects of his sinful conduct.

The accounts of his life prefixed to his *Pilgrim's Progress*, state that he was born at Elstow, near Bedford, England, 1628, of poor parents; through trials, dangers, by convictions, was led to choose the right path, became a preacher, was imprisoned in Bedford jail for refusing to conform, and died August 12, 1688, at the age of 60, from a fever caused by exposure to inclement weather when returning from a visit to restore peace to a divided family. Many of his works, which are numerous, are well known.

The earnestness and the plainness of Bunyan's style are now rarely found. This age needs less weak fiction and more bold, honest, direct writing, which shall not only thrill and affect the reader, but shall also increase the vigor of his mind and open his eyes to realities. A reform does not come in a day.

J. W. O.

UNOCCUPIED moments are dangerous.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Gold Miner.

BY J. SWETT.

In a glen of the Sierras, where a rapid river rolled
From the wild Nevada's summits rich offerings of gold,
On the banks where he had toiled for many a weary day,
Parched with the burning fever a dying miner lay.

"Come closer to me, mother, put your hand upon my
brow,
As you kissed me when we parted, my mother, kiss me
now ;
Life's dream is almost over, it shall waken soon in joy,
My mother, bless me softly, as you blessed me when a
boy."

He died — alone and friendless, but in his fevered dream
A mother, like an angel, came beside that golden stream;
But the heartless hands of strangers, as the sun sank
in the west,
Without a tear, without a prayer, consigned him to his
rest.

Wherever in this western land has rolled the living tide
Of emigrants with golden dreams, the mounds lie side
by side ;

In Nevada's rugged gorges, in every mountain glen,
On hill-side and by river, are graves of noble men.

The wild flowers bloom above them in beauty every
spring,
Sweet offerings of Nature's hand which friends may
never bring.

But far away, in other lands, fond eyes grow dim with
tears,
And vainly wait the coming of the loved of other years.

The stars drift up the mountains into depths of azure
skies

And gaze upon the lonely graves like watchful spirit
eyes,

But far away, in eastern lands, the bright stars gazing
there,

Look down on faces watching in tearful midnight prayer

In the western El Dorado, beside the mountain streams,
The hearts of weary men, at night, turn homeward in
their dreams,

But far away, across the sea, how many hearts are

beside those streams the sleep that

California.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Speed of the Mind.

FROM A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A AND B.

A. The degeneracy of man is seen not merely in each feature of his physical and moral nature, but his intellect, also, bears witness to the deplorable truth. To consider the savage who employs the mighty resources of an immortal mind in sustaining an existence little superior to that of the beasts around him; to speak of those who, even in Christian lands, have no appetite for the feast set before them, no desire to improve the invaluable treasure which God has given; would be treading the beaten path along which thousands of the great and good have sadly strayed. Let us then, for a few moments, contemplate another aspect of our mental degradation which has seldom or never been viewed. It is our mental sloth. An hereditary indolence is the disease of every mind; and when one has hastened through the outer courts of knowledge to the inner tabernacle of thought, he nevertheless feels the weakness of his mind, not, indeed by nature, but by the habits of all those who have preceded him. This condition of intellect is evidently not what our Maker intended. With memory to store up treasure, with reason to combine into new forms of truth, with a world — nay, almost a universe — within the grasp of the senses, it was designed that man should constitute creation's noblest work, but in neglecting his natural gifts, man is below those animals which are commonly said to belong to the "lower orders." Was it intended that he should be so weak and blind, laboring years for knowledge, and drinking in thought as a medicine rather than a beverage? No. There is a degree of mental rapidity, of which few can speak from experience; but which we may attain, for our intellectual nature, as we be-

hold it in ourselves, in history, and in the obvious design of its creator, tells us that this is possible.

B. True is it that mankind bear upon the intellect the stamp of degradation. It is appalling to contrast what man might be with what he is. But not to consider for the present the disadvantages which would follow if the majority of human beings thought and acquired more rapidly, I must beg leave to disagree with you concerning the possibility of greater speed with mental operations of beings constituted like ourselves. I doubt not that, when men shall be disencumbered from clay, they will possess more perfectly developed powers; to say, however, that man can, either in his present or future state, perform intellectual labor with inconceivable rapidity, and without labor, is elevating him to the level of Deity. Let us not, in contemplating the soul's majesty, forget that we are finite beings.

A. Blasphemous and irrational would it be thus to raise ourselves; but that is not my idea. The mind in its future state of bliss,—will it be as feeble and slothful as it is now? While it shall go on imbibing the infinite perfections of its Creator, the labor of thought, which to the disembodied spirit is intense delight, will transcend our present irksome efforts, while it will excel them in rapidity. What I said was correct and rational; since, while God knows all things, the soul shall spend eternity in vain to grasp his attributes, and study his works.

I admit this to be a supposition; but can we imagine for the soul a more blissful or adoring future than in drinking from Infinity's exhaustless springs? Whence comes, now, our idea of speed, and of its limit? Is it not from matter? There is a certain harmonious and healthful regularity with which all things move, but if we would conceive of spirit we

must suppose it to be divested of those properties which fix a limit to the speed of material operations, and preclude unlimited velocity and perpetual motion.

B. I will not dispute that your view of the mind's future is at once the most noble and reasonable, but it is my opinion that our present mental speed is as great as in our present state can be attained. You seem to forget that we are not now disembodied spirits. While you asserted that the action of matter is controlled by its inherent properties, you appeared not to remember that in this world they govern also the operations of mind. This is the great objection to your theory. Thought wastes brain; great exertion produces fatigue. If this be so, it becomes evident that our present intellectual rapidity is most in accordance with the laws arising from our physical constitution.

But to what a result does this fancy of yours lead. While you give man such sublime powers, you would so degrade him as to say that he has never used them. Let us be wise, and observing the development of his intellect in the past and present, consider the ordinary standard as most proper in this life.

A. To see the absurdity of your last remark, let us apply it to morals and health. Shall we say, because men sin and are sick, that they can never hope for anything better; or shall we place before them a perfect health and morality which may be theirs if they will but fully obey the laws of their being?

I agree with you that, in our present existence, there is a limit to the speed of our powers, but I must insist that this is so far above the ordinary standard, so near perfection, that few if any have ever attained it.

First, let me appeal to your own experience. Have you ever found a limit to your powers? Do not your most laborious efforts become easy and rapid? Do not your great-

est expenditures of labor correct you of mental sloth, and suggest a perfection beyond which you probably never will attain? If this be so, I think you must allow that the limit which you wisely supposed to exist, is farther distant than you at first imagined.

B. You have correctly remarked concerning my experience, but I am not aware that many have ever arrived at any remarkable degree of mental speed. Until such instances can be adduced, my opinion must remain unchanged.

A. History furnishes many examples. Though rare, they yet show the nature of the mind; just as the diamond tells us what carbon is in a crystallized state.

Instances of rapid thought are seen in the lives of many mathematicians. Newton, when he first entered Cambridge, neglected Euclid. Regarding his propositions as mere axioms, he immediately commenced the higher branches of mathematics.

B. But Newton, in later life, regretted his neglect of Euclid.

A. Yes; but for what reason. He thought it presumptuous in a youth like him to discard a work to which time and genius had done equal honor.

History furnishes many examples of rapid composition. The majority of celebrated writers have been able to compose with speed. Byron possessed unrivalled facility in writing; often completing a long poem at a sitting. I have read hundreds of anecdotes, illustrating the great speed attained in composition. Many of our best and most popular poems have been impromptu. A distinguished modern novelist employs two amanuenses, thus dictating two works at a time. Under the influence of a large quantity of brandy, Thomas Paine wrote with surpassing speed, and, without correction, sent it to the printer. Lopez de Vega was a remarkable instance. It is said

that he once completed a comedy before breakfast; but what time he arose, and when he partook of his morning meal is not stated.

B. Your examples are all of those whose minds by nature transcended all others. All men are not geniuses.

A. True; yet these instances indicate that the speed of the mind may be increased; for men are all alike constituted. The mental activity which in those cases is consistent with bodily health, may be without detriment exercised by all. The gift, I allow, was theirs by nature; but there are few endowments of genius which labor may not earn. Why are some souls sent into the world in full and complete development, if it be not to show by way of example the majesty which the mind by its own efforts may win for itself?

Instances of rapid acquiring are numerous. Sir Humphrey Davy could, in youth, read pages at a glance, and acquaint himself perfectly with their contents. One of the most remarkable instances which now occurs to me is the case of the distinguished Florentine Antonio Magliabecchi. He was not only the most learned man of his time; but probably the greatest student of books that ever lived. This person had a shorthand method of acquiring knowledge.

I think speed in reading attainable by any one of ordinary capacity. I often find myself able to read entire sentences at a glance, and to anticipate each member of a complicated period to its close.

When you first learned to read, you spelled each word separately. Now you comprehend words and phrases at sight. Is it necessary to stop here. I think it in our power, by practice, to read longer combinations of words — even pages, at a glance.

B. I acknowledge now that while there is a limit in our present state, it is so distant that few have attained it; but, though our

mental powers are capable of such speed, it is by no means certain that, in general, greater than the present would be an advantage. Is swiftness compatible with thoroughness. To me it is evident that if men thought more rapidly, they would be less valuable thinkers. Examine those instances of ready acquiring which you so much admire. It is often the case that men with such powers of recollection, remember but what is trivial. They do not employ the simple substances of knowledge in the laboratory of thought. Their minds are like the tongues of ant-eaters, which, being thrust into an ant-hill, are withdrawn covered with insects. Those animals which gather larger and more valuable prey, seek it with labor and devour it piece by piece. While, therefore, great speed may be attainable, I shall nevertheless consider it "but a vain and doubtful good," as Shakspeare says of beauty.

4. But speed and thoroughness may be combined. This should be the great aim of the student. Better labor years for one grain of golden truth, than allow streams of knowledge to flow through the mind; but he who well understands the nature of his mental powers, may by close and judicious application, acquire the ability to think and learn with ease and exactness. To this end let us labor; to this end, let us inspire others by telling them of the unknown powers which lie dormant within them. So short is the time allotted us on earth, to reap the waving harvests of knowledge, and drink from ever-flowing fountains of thought, that to combine the greatest thoroughness with the greatest speed, is the duty of each individual.

HESIL.

Hints to New Teachers.

The Michigan Journal of Education contains some important Hints to New Teachers: They will prove of service to those just en-

tering on the duties of their responsible profession.

"1. Meet your school at the outset with a quiet and natural demeanor. Affect neither sternness nor affability. Feel and say in a few simple words, that you hope to do them good, and will try to do the best you can for them. 2. If whispering or disorder occurs, pause at once, and do not proceed till order is restored. The mere pause is generally sufficient for this. 3. Remember that good discipline is the principal thing; without this there can be no successful teaching. 4. Govern yourself. Do not fret or fly into passions never stamp or scold; do not threaten or talk too much. Let a kindly interest in your pupils temper all your actions. 5. Have the school-room kept tidy and comfortable; wash off scribbings and ink-spots, and hang up charts and maps, to give the room an attractive appearance. 6. Let the lessons be short, but thoroughly mastered. Go over the same ground again and again in review. No lofty superstructure can rise except on solid foundations. 7. Foster in your pupils a spirit of justice and generosity, kindness and forbearance, reverence for truth and duty. 8. Make daily preparation for your work; the oldest and ablest teachers do this. You will thus be able to give clear explanations, and to infuse life and spirit in your instructions. 9. Remember that your every act is closely watched, and that example teaches more powerfully than precept. That teacher who is a gentleman in dress and demeanor, whose language is simple, pure and truthful, whose deportment is gentle, graceful and kind, will awaken a respect in both pupils and parents, that will make his task easy. 10. Put yourself into communication with neighboring teachers. If there is no Teacher's Association, organize one as soon as possible. 11. Take an educational journal; you cannot afford to do without its suggestions."

For the Schoolmaster.

Provincialisms and Peculiar Dialect of the West.

THE Yankees have often been laughed at for their barbarisms and odd phrases, and perhaps some few corruptions of the English language and ungrammatical expressions do prevail in New England more extensively than in the West or South, but I think that an observing traveler in the West cannot fail to notice the prevalence of provincialisms and often amusing expressions in the colloquial language of the people. Some of these provincialisms are grammatical and in good taste; others are indeed barbarisms, and equal to any Irish bulls.

The noun "heap" is one of the most common words there. Almost every thing comes in a *heap* to the good people at the West, both business and pleasure, joy and sorrow, hatred and love. The school-boy has a heap of lessons, the scholar a heap of learning, the housewife a heap of care, the merchant a heap of customers, the great talker a heap of words, the mother a heap of children, the sick man a heap of pain, the hypochondriac a heap of trouble, and the young lover a heap of love. The people there sometimes speak of a heap of rain, a heap of fog, a heap of light, and a heap of thunder and lightning. And so great a favorite is this word that it is quite common to hear people, in some parts of the West, speak of laughing a heap, or loving a heap, or sleeping a heap, or having their head or tooth ache a heap.

The word "right," used as an adverb, is in every one's mouth at the West, particularly in Ohio. This is universally the qualifying word, and it is not only employed as a colloquial term by the uneducated, but by the best educated, and even by public speakers before popular assemblies, and by preachers in the pulpit. Right good, right bad, right smart, right handsome, and even right wrong are

there *right* common expressions. Where a Yankee would make use of the word *very* a Western man would say *right*.

The term "mighty" is in every man's vocabulary there. Mighty beautiful, mighty strong, and *mighty weak* even, are phrases in common use. Most people at the West say, "I reckon;" and many say "plunder" for baggage; "tote" for carry; "the balance," for the rest; "like I do," for as I do; "that far," or "that long," for as far as that; "how de," or rather "hoddie," for how do you do.

When a Western man wishes to make an inquiry of any man he meets along the road in traveling, he addresses him by the appellation "Stranger," rather than by the more confiding term, "Friend"; and when asked a question which calls for an affirmative answer, instead of a simple yes, he replies, "I did *so*," or "I am *so*," or "I will *so*," as the sense of the question may require, and always with a strong emphasis on the word *so*.

When calling to any man at a distance, a Western man always begins with the interjection O! as for example, "O John!" or "O George!" with a very peculiar inflection of the voice on the interjection.

It is common to hear that a steamboat has a power of passengers, a city has a power of inhabitants, a rich man has a power of wealth, a farmer a power of cattle. The corresponding adjective, powerful, is also often used ungrammatically in such connections as these, "powerful much," "powerful great," "powerful handsome," "powerful weak."

At the Western country taverns the traveler will often hear the phrase, "chicken fixins and common doins." This phrase designates two stereotype and ever present dishes on the tables of the country taverns in the West. "Chicken fixins" are what a New England

housekeeper would call fricasee chickens, and "common doins" are nothing more nor less than that everlasting dish, ham and eggs. The word "diggins," first applied to the hamlets in the vicinity of the coal excavations of Missouri and Ohio, is now often used to designate any settlement or even company of people. On board the boats I frequently heard the inquiry, "How are all the people out in your diggins?" And once at a table on board a steamboat, I was asked by a man sitting at a little distance from me, "Sir, will you pass those chicken fixins down to these diggins?"

When a Western man wishes to say that he did not reveal a secret or make known any particular fact, he will say, "I didn't let on." When he wishes to urge any one to engage in any enterprise, whether it be to take stock in a bank or speculate in lands, to give to a benevolent object or to repent of his sins, it is often with the enquiry, "Will you go in for this operation?" When he invites a man to dine with him who has happened to call at the hour of dinner, his invitation is, "Draw up, and take a bite." When the people along the Western rivers speak of any person as having fallen overboard into the river, they say he was "spilt into the drink."

The inhabitants of most of the several Western States have nicknames for their neighbors. The inhabitants of Ohio are Buckeyes; of Indiana, Hoosiers, (a contraction of who is here?); of Illinois, Suckers; of Michigan, Wolverines; of Iowa, Hawk-eyes; and of Missouri, Pukes.

I ought, in justice, to say that the use of these expressions which I have mentioned in this connection, is confined chiefly to the lower and the uneducated portion of the population. But few of these phrases are used by the more intelligent and refined class, and it would be as unjust to represent that these ex-

pressions are in common use among the great body of educated people at the West, as it was for editors of English journals to assert, as they did, a few years since, that the letters of Jack Downing are a fair specimen of the colloquial dialect of Americans.

The English language is undoubtedly spoken by the higher classes at the West with as great correctness as at the East or South, and it is certainly used with far more grammatical accuracy even by the uneducated men of our Western settlements than by the cocknies of London, or the gentry of Yorkshire.

VIATOR.



"Debate on the Bill Establishing Free Schools,

At the January Session of the Rhode Island Legislature, A. D. 1828."

We give below the introductory remarks of Hon. Joseph L. Tillinghast, of Providence, delivered in the House of Representatives, January 17th, 1828, on the bill establishing our present system of Public Schools. Mr. Tillinghast was chairman of the committee who reported the bill.

The entire debate is before us in a venerable and somewhat time-worn pamphlet of twenty-four pages, reported for the "*Rhode Island American*" by Benj. F. Hallett, Esq. It is certainly an able debate, abounding with rich and practical thoughts, some opinions and allusions characteristic of *the times* and *the State*, and many spicy remarks. We intend to make short extracts for a future number of THE SCHOOLMASTER, which we doubt not will be interesting and highly acceptable to our readers.

We commend to the *careful perusal* of our readers the entire remarks given below, which are from the opening of Mr. Tillinghast's argument in favor of the bill. They were warmly combatted by his able opponents, and

it was not until after a long and earnest debate that the bill was carried and became a law. We should never cease to remember with gratitude those men of the "good old time" who so warmly contended for, and finally succeeded, and transmitted to us so rich a legacy as our system of Public Schools.

"MR. SPEAKER : — I rejoice to have lived to see the day when the question, *whether we shall make provision, by free schools, for the education of our youth*, is presented distinctly for discussion in the legislature of this state, with a view to a present decision. A happy union of circumstances — a deep and steady flow of just opinions — sentiments cherished and fostered with patience and with hope, concurring at length with the results of prosperous industry, have brought us to this position, and placed the important decision fairly and directly in our power. I am persuaded that upon this question, in which so many wishes, so many important interests, and the welfare of so many human beings, living and hereafter to live, are involved, we have now the power to give an affirmative decision, consistently with the most scrupulous prudence, according to our consciences, and with the cordial concurrence of a great majority of the people of this state. And I sincerely hope that no misapprehension or adverse event may now arise to deprive us of that power, or refer us to a distant — perhaps hopeless — period for exercising it.

Sir, I would not willingly believe that a single member of this house is, in his heart, opposed to the appropriation of a portion of the public revenue to so laudable and lastingly beneficent a purpose. Were we in the dominions of some absolute prince, or domineering aristocracy, we might expect opposition to the *principle* of general instruction. Of such governments it is the policy to preserve unquestioned sway over a numerical

population — to enchain the mind for the purpose of perpetuating a control over the body — to mould successive generations of men into willing and liveried instruments of ambition and power. The lawgiver consults the plain dictate of self-interest in locking up the fountains of learning and truth. Even the subjects, the defrauded victims of so degrading a policy, whose spirits, in their deplorable servitude, have lost the power of estimating or resenting the fraud, and are habituated to the moral darkness in which they are condemned to grope, will often shun and *refuse* the light that would rouse them from a *athy* to anguish, when it revealed to them their actual, but hopeless degradation. But we inhabit no such subdued, sad, blighted region. We represent no such shackled, and dispirited, and degenerate people. Our lot is cast in a land of free states — in a sovereignty, small, it is true, in its extent of territory, but with intellectual and physical means exceeding the proportion of its extent. A state which has taken a lead in the liberality of civil institutions — originated bright and salutary examples, as well as followed those of others — and claiming, by no slender title, the distinguished appellation of *freest of the free*. We are surrounded by enlightened republics, each pressing forward in the generous race of improvement, but with no more causes for emulation and ardor in that race than exist with us. Our very location, and the natural advantages which are crowded together in our limited territory, and which I need not point out to those who know, and feel, and gratefully acknowledge them — emphatically indicate that, with due encouragement, every art and every mystery which can make the materials of nature subservient to the best uses of society, may here be brought to the highest degree of excellence. And as to the *mind* which actuates our general population, (in which I include that interesting portion on

which our hopes, and affections, and faith for future consolations and renovated strength, repose — the rising generation) I believe it to be as capable of cultivation, as capable of rewarding cultivation, as rich in invention, as effective in operation, as sagacious and vigorous in applying instruction to its legitimate purposes, and improving it by the resources of native genius, as the collective mind of any people who have existed.

In such a state of things it strikes me that it is the *duty* of the lawgiver, promptly and with no further delay than necessity requires, to make provision for general instruction. With us the lawgiver is the people. It is the interest of the people that the civil rights and institutions which they enjoy should outlive the dangers to which the fluctuations and changes in society must subject them, and be perpetuated in their posterity. It is, therefore, the *interest*, as well as the *duty* of the lawgivers to provide for general instruction. It is the interest of every individual and every class of the people. Not merely in their civil or collective capacity, but in every capacity, in every relation, in every pursuit, which can justly excite the attachments or the activity of a rational and immortal being; amid the obligations of public, or the more endearing ties of domestic life; in the rational pursuits of business or repose. To the owners and operators of every valuable species of property, its fruits must be an increased improvement and security to that property. To those who have none, it gives consolation and usefulness, and the hope and means of acquisition. In a republican government the prize is not set on high for a favored few, nor must the avenues be locked to all but the possessors of a golden key. The child of poverty and obscurity as well as the child of wealth and honor, may aspire to the same rank, the same credit, the same sources of

enjoyment; and is bound by the same general duties. The means of acquiring those enjoyments ought not to be withheld.

It has been strongly said that our constitutions do not recognize such a being as an unlettered man. Sir, every citizen has not only the right but in some instances is even bound by conscientious duty to take some part in public affairs. One of the most simple and ordinary of political acts which a freeman is called to perform, is that of giving his suffrage. He should be qualified to perform it with intelligence; with a mind instructed in the tendency of measures, neither depressed and doubtful, nor confident and obstinate through ignorance, nor liable to be misled by influence and art. But, above all, he should be able to perform the act itself, by himself, without the aid, perhaps, the interested aid, of another. With us, the very act of voting requires that he should be able to *read* his vote and *write* his name.

The rudiments of education are the *equipments* of the citizen; and he can no more perform the duties of self government — he can no more pass through the forms that a republican government requires of him without them, than the soldier can perform military duty without the arms and equipments which the law prescribes — and which, let me add, the law *provides* for him who has not the means of furnishing himself. Nor have the citizens of this state, sir, been insensible in time past to the importance of promoting education. It would be unjust to leave or to countenance an impression that they had been so insensible. It would be unjust to omit to correct such an impression if such at this time anywhere exists. Left, as this state was at the close of the war of independence, loaded with an enormous debt contracted in defense of the common country, which it had not the good fortune to procure to be funded and as-

sumed by the United States, as other states did with theirs, — limited in territory, and, until a new spring was given to our resources, limited in means, our citizens for a long period had a hard struggle to maintain against disadvantages for which they were not in fault, and found it difficult to meet the necessary and ordinary expenses of government. But from the printed summary which we have seen at this session, exhibiting the number and state of the school houses and schools in our several towns, we cannot but derive gratifying evidence that this great object has by no means been left without attention. In various towns, especially in latter years, individuals have associated themselves and devoted a zeal and bounty worthy of all praise, to the providing of schools for their respective districts and families. But this mode operates hardly and unequally upon a few, whose spirit leads them to adopt it and its benefits do not flow over the whole community, nor always reach those who most emphatically need them.

Twenty-eight years have now nearly elapsed since this General Assembly passed an act establishing free schools. That act was repealed before it had gone completely into operation. It contained some provisions, not contained in the bill now reported, which proved to be unacceptable to the people of most of the towns. But, sir, with no other obligation or guaranty than that act, the town which I have the honor to represent (Providence,) proceeded to establish free schools, and by what may perhaps be called a voluntary, and unanimous constitution from its citizens, has continued to maintain and augment them to this day. What is the practical lesson of *experience* which has thus been furnished us? We live with the daily exhibition of that lesson before our eyes, and can judge. Do you believe that among the sources of the

success and growth of this town (and I speak of them not for any purpose of pride, but for improvement)—do you believe that among the causes of its prosperity we may not place this early care to rescue the infant mind and give it the means of usefulness and honorable industry? Do you believe that we should now have possessed the same orderly, industrious, enterprising, intelligent, thriving population which it is but justice to say we have, had each successive generation been left, without this care, to waste the precious hours of childhood in the streets, or, if they escaped idleness and vice, to feel the privations and mortifications of ignorance during life? Sir, among the brightest minds that have adorned their native town and carried their enterprize with its visible and salutary effects into all portions of the state, are some of those who received their first lessons in education at these primary schools.



Girls' Schools.—No. 3.

"*Ye mak' it not 'what is she' "*" but "*what has she' "*"—SCOTCH PROVERB.

GRANTED that the object of school education is not to cram weak heads with knowledge, but to make strong ones, to train the faculties into full development and vigor, to give them the groove of good habit to run in, —how can these objects be compassed?

By adopting means to that end alone, and by making mere acquisition of geography, history, etc., a secondary consideration to the great attainment — a good mind. The effort of the teacher should be directed *not* to the thing learned, but to the manner of learning it, or to speak more distinctly, he is not to teach grammar, history, philosophy, etc., but application, connection of ideas, and retention. The former are but the means — the oil to the lamp, which the teacher kindles, and

must feed cherishingly, until its light is strong, and can defy the gusts of life, and until it knows how to obtain oil for itself.

He would be a silly trainer of dogs, who should try to make good pointers and setters by shutting up pups and feeding them upon game, forcing them to swallow it, too, whether they liked it or not. But do not teachers pursue that plan when they confine children in schools and stuff them with knowledge? Precisely.

Children should be taught to hunt their own game, and, like dogs, to be keen on the scent, untiring in pursuit, and brave in attack. And let them be hungry before they are fed, or their appetites are cloyed forever.

The first power to be strengthened, is Attention, or Concentration. It is obviously no way to cultivate this faculty, to put a book into the hand of an idle, indifferent scholar, and bid her study, allowing her unlimited time to make up her careless mind to it. A short task should be given, and a short time to do it in. The teacher should confront his pupils with all his terrors, and also all his force of encouragement. If, in the given time, under the power of his personal influence, the task is unaccomplished by some, it is probably because they have feeble or slow minds, and it has been impossible to them. Such should be put into a class by themselves, and a longer indulgence allowed them; but this class should be the teacher's special care, and they should always be kept under his utmost urgency to haste, not of course brutally, or violently, or impatiently demonstrated. Such a course would scare timid, weak souls out of all their powers, but promptness must be animatedly and encouragingly insisted upon, with a firm, untiring patience.

I would remark, in passing, that the usual mode of classifying pupils is as wrong as all the rest of the common system. They take

rank by attainment in knowledge, and by age, whereas *power* should be the condition of advancement. Some girls of seven are quite equal to others of fourteen, though they may not know so much of the usual school books. Such young minds, however, should bear the stress of study not one-fourth part of the time which those double their age could support beneficially.

Having thus began to command attention, the teacher should, with every week, lengthen the task without giving more time to accomplish it in. Should any scholar be refractory, and determinedly inattentive, she might be detained after study hours until she should have written out the lesson, which would thus not be utterly lost to her. This method was successfully tried in Philadelphia by a true master of the art of teaching, whose system suggested this article.* Between each stretch of this compelled attention there should be a time of utter relaxation, and then "to it again."

Such discipline, repeated frequently in the course of the morning, and recurring every day, could not fail to strengthen the power of concentration.

The next faculty to be cultivated is the memory. In order to hold on to a thing, we must first get a good grip of it. A vivid first impression is of the utmost importance to the memory. Hence the use of attention — keen and lively. A good clear idea is hard to dislodge, while one half-seized and mingled with others of more attractive quality, (such as beaux, dress, etc., which in lessons learned at home, are apt to intrude,) soon slips aside, and is nowhere to be found.

That the pupil may understand that she does not learn for mere recitation, but for all futurity, the classes should be subjected to unexpected reviews at odd times, and a high

* The late Mr. Charles Picot.

degree of merit attached to the best answers. Learning by rote is useful both as a memory-strengthenener and as forcing the mind to careful minuteness in attention. Some persons think this practice injurious, as tending to retard facility in expressing ideas. But readiness of speech may be cultivated by methods better adapted to that end than the common one of allowing the child to stumble along, murdering grammar, and losing its idea perpetually, in its search after words. Make her read, and relate to you, some entertaining story, and she will gain more facility in an hour, than in a week's stammered history lessons.

After Concentration and Retention, come Analyzation and Classification of ideas. These should be cultivated carefully, for upon them depend a sound judgment.

How can an adult mind, which, from original feebleness and long indulgence in careless habits, can neither seize a vivid idea nor retain it correctly until examined, nor analyze it, nor see its connection with morals, or its relation to circumstances — how can such a mind meet even the common-place demands of everyday life? It must fall into fatal blunders.

Think what a pernicious mother such an unformed woman would make, and then look about and see how many such mothers there are. Who can wonder that precocious Young America spurns such authority, and that reverence is becoming an unknown emotion to him!

Nothing is more favorable to habits of analyzation than the study of languages and the natural sciences. But it is not necessary to wait until the mind is mature enough for these pursuits. A little girl five years of age can be exercised in both that and combination, by sending her out to her garden and bidding her classify its flowers — not accord-

ing to the system of Linnaeus, of course, but by one of her own devising. She will be obliged to note distinctive characters, define differences, and search for resemblances — thereby cultivating attention, memory, judgment. Incidentally, she will also gain health and cheerfulness.

When the powers of her mind have been trained by such means into full activity and development, and she enters into the battle of life — a woman — when mankind is her garden, where ideas, springs of action, and varieties of deed are her flowers for classifying, she will not be the easy dupe, the thoughtless, shameless flirt, the weak, unreasoning wife, the frivolous, indiscriminating mother. But seeing clearly, judging fairly, and knowing surely, she will have the firmness, confidence, and modesty which strength and wisdom give. She will be a rock of support to those depending upon her. — *A. L. O., in New York Independent.*

For the Schoolmaster.

Inspiration.

From Memnon's cold and silent lyre
No melody is thrown
Until Apollo's kiss of fire
Awakes the slumbering tone.

Thus dull and tuneless lie the strings
Of Poesy's deep lyre,
Till Heaven's eternal day-star brings
Love's harmony and fire.

July 15th, 1858.

M. C. F.

REDUNDANCIES IN SPEECH.—They are "*united together*" should be "They are UNITED." "I shall *fall down*" should be "I shall FALL;" *down* is superfluous. You do not lift *up*; "to lift *up*" should be "to LIFT;" you cannot lift a thing *down*.

To be good is to be happy.

Valedictory Poem.

THE following Valedictory Poem was written and delivered by Henry S. Latham, Jr., on the occasion of the recent High School Exhibition:

As one who walks along the wave-washed shore
And gathers shells and pebbles in his play,
While ocean, with its loud majestic roar,
In unknown vastness stretches far away;
So on the shores of knowledge did I stray.—
Thus Newton spoke upon his dying bed;
And so, my friends, may we exclaim to-day,
As we review the moments that have sped,
And bid a last farewell to scenes forever fled.

O, mighty ocean of eternal truth
That met the vision of the dying sage!
We sport upon thy pebbly strand in youth,
And through our lives in toiling search engage,
Till, bowed with labor and bent o'er with age,
We launch upon thy bosom, and are free!
To-day we hear thine awful billows rage,
And view thy terrible immensity,
O'er which the soul shall sail throughout eternity!

But ere we would explore
The vast unknown,
Let us survey the shore
With pebbles strown,
And beauteous shells,
Within whose winding pearly cells
A spirit dwells
Which murmurs music to the list'ning soul
Like echo of the ocean roll.

On to eternity with course sublime
A mighty river sweeps the stream of time.
It flows forever, and, like Egypt's Nile,
Has left behind a fruitful verdant isle.
There blooming groves and waving forests stand,
While classic temples rise on every hand.
And there, as once in Alexandria's store,
Was gathered all the world's most precious lore,
Is seen in one collection grand and vast,
The boundless treasures of the studious past.
The deeds and thoughts of ages long since fled,

The history of mighty nations dead,—
All that the earth has seen or men have known
Is ours to study, ours to make our own.

But turn to nature. See eternal love
Enstamped on all below, around, above!
And where Infinity his name has writ,
What mortal being shall decipher it?

Within, without, in everything—behold
The marks of wisdom and of love untold.
Proud Science can do little more than show,
How much she does not, and can never know.
Oh! glorious pleasure of th' immortal soul,—
As time shall pass, and age on age shall roll,
To feast on "nectared sweets," a full supply,
And drink from wisdom's springs that never dry!

But time is passing. We must bid adieu
To school and teachers, and each other, too.
Then let us now a word of parting say
Ere in the various ways of life we stray.

And first, to say farewell, we turn to you,
To whom our heartfelt thanks this day are due.
You've placed above us friends to guide our youth,
And lead our footsteps in the paths of truth;
And, grateful for your ever watchful care,
To learn in life's great school we now prepare.

And ye who long have sought
To nourish in our minds the plants of thought,
No words of ours can tell
The feelings, clust'ring round that word—farewell!
For the last time we stand
Within these much loved halls, a school-boy band.
These echoing walls no more
Shall hear our voices, while our feet explore
The varying paths of life,
And mingle in its fierce tumultuous strife.
The hours we've labored here
Will shape the future of our life's career.
Tho' numbered with the past,
The influence of these years, shall ever last;
While Memory shall dwell
With fondness o'er the names of those to
Whom we say—FAREWELL!

To you who leave these halls, I fain
Would speak of life, its strife and victory;

But Death forbids the lively strain,
And whispers, "Let it be eternity."

Behold! behold this verdant wreath, entwined
With emblematic sorrow! Thus has death
Our youthful circle entered. While to-day
We talk of life and joy, a schoolmate lies
Within his fresh-made grave.

Oh! shrink not back
At sight of immortality, when one
Who walked among us, has already left
This vestibule of being!

As we stray
Along the ocean margin, and behold
The billows of eternity, which sooth
Shall bear away the weary wand'ring soul;
Let us remember as we gather shells
'Tis life's great work one priceless pearl to find!

The Best Scholar.

IN every school there is one who is called the best scholar. Teachers and pupils have no difficulty in deciding who is entitled to this honorable distinction; and when we once heard the pupils of a school exclaim, as a bright-eyed boy entered the room, "Here comes Frank; he is the best boy in the school," we thought, "What a good introduction to a new teacher!" After becoming acquainted with the scholars, we found that they had told the truth. Frank was the best boy in school, and will no doubt become one of the best men in the city. Think of it, boys. "The best boy in school." Who would not be proud of such a title? It is worth more than millions of dollars. But perhaps some scholars will say, "We can't all be the best." This is true; but you have a right to *try*; and the one who will try the hardest will succeed, for there is power in that little word *try*. Frank could not be the best boy in his school if he did not try. If you cannot be the best, be careful and not be the worst. Every school has one boy who is worse than

any other scholar. We pity him; we pity his parents, his brothers and sisters. What a disgraceful title—"The worst boy in school!" He will no doubt become one of the worst men in the community. Let every boy who reads this resolve to be "the best boy in school."

Correct Speaking.

WE advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast, which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

A schoolmaster, wishing his pupils to have a clear idea of faith, illustrated it thus: "Here is an apple: you see it, and therefore you know it is there; but when I place it under this tea-cup, you have faith that it is there, though you no longer see it." The lads seemed to understand perfectly, and the next time the master asked—"What is faith?" they answered, with one accord, "An apple under a tea-cup."

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.

Answer to Enigma in June Number.

We have received only one answer to this enigma since our last issue. That is from C. B. C., Providence.

Jerry must not give such hard lessons to the young scholars in warm weather. Now, Jerry, mind that. As this is vacation, we will give you an easy one this month, but we have another from Jerry, which we intend to keep till cool weather.

ANSWER.

Father Chapelaine, Will o' the Wisp, Mosioatunya, Victoria Falls, Zambesi, Acacia, Thorny, Salt, Muromba, Tsetse, Side, Nerbudda, Lauterbunnen.

Whole—Innumerable flies, called Tsaltsalya, or Zimp, burst into life, which drive both man and beast across the mountains.

EXPLANATION.

"Father Chapelaine was a French Jesuit missionary in the province of Quangsi, in Southern China. He had labored a number of years, faithfully and quietly, in various provinces of the Chinese Empire, until February, of last year, when he found himself suspected by the authorities of being in league with the—at that time—victorious rebels. He was rudely dragged before the mandarin judge, who silenced him with blasphemous questions, and then ordered that he should receive one hundred and fifty blows with a bamboo upon the soles of his feet—sufficient, often, to kill an able-bodied man. He bore these without a murmur. Enraged at his heroic silence, he was then taken to one of the squares of the town, and placed in a cangue, or wooden collar, where, for three hours he was left bareheaded, exposed to the heat of the sun and to the jeers of the multitude.

The following day he was brought out again and one hundred and fifty blows, with a stout bamboo, were again administered upon his swollen and inflamed feet. After other barbarous usage he was returned to prison for that day. On the third day he was taken out to the square of punishment, and there underwent the final torture of the knives, a most severe and barbarous punishment, which resulted in his death."—*Harpers' Weekly*.

The Will o' the Wisp, called also, Jack o' Lantern, Igneus Fatuus, and Feu Follet, is usually seen in swamps and battle-fields, because it is produced from the gases arising from the putrid matter found in these places.

The Falls of Mosioatunya, (meaning, "Smoke does sound there,") were discovered by Dr. Livingstone, in South Central Africa. He supposes the falls to have been formed by a fissure or crack in a hard basaltic rock, opening from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and prolonged to the left through 30 or 40 miles of hills; and that the whole valley of the Zambesi, before this fissure was made, was one immense lake, of which the small lakes scattered about in the valley are the deep places. Victoria Falls, the name given the above by Dr. Livingstone, is the only name which he gave to any of his discoveries.

"The Acacia, or Egyptian Thorn, is a native of Africa, growing within the limits of the tropical rains, where the soil is rank from excessive heat and moisture. They seldom grow above fifteen or sixteen feet high, then flatten, and spreading wide at the top, touch each other, while the trunks are far asunder; and thus, under a vertical sun, for many miles together, there is a free space, in which both men and beasts may walk in a cool, delicious shade."

Both Bruce and Livingstone speak of *set* being used for money in East Africa. Livingstone also speaks of calico as a currency.

Muromba is a hill discovered by Livingstone, in the middle of a lake north of the Zambesi.

Side was an ancient town (not *tower*, as printed in the enigma,) on the sea coast of Pamphylia, in the route of Alexander.

Near Lauterbrunnen, in Switzerland, is the beautiful water-fall of Staubach, descending perpendicularly 800 feet. "It is one of the principal waterfalls of the eastern continent."

Whole. "The mountains which run parallel with the western shore of the Red Sea, separate vast districts, which, though exactly in the same latitude, have nevertheless a most remarkable difference in the period of their rains. Both countries are deluged with rain for six months in the year; but the wet seasons are diametrically opposite to each other. On the east side, between the mountains and the Red Sea, it rains during the six months which constitute our winter; while on the opposite side it rains during the whole of our summer months.

"These periodical rains, which in themselves constitute one of the wonders of nature, produce another which is almost equally extraordinary; for, as soon as the fat, black earth becomes saturated with water, immense swarms of flies burst into existence; and, with the rains, drive almost every living creature from them. This insect, called *tsak-salya* or *simp* although it is scarcely larger than a common bee, becomes formidable from its immense numbers; and the buzzing sound announcing its arrival is no sooner heard, than the cattle forsake their food and run wildly about the plain, till they actually die from fear, pain, and fatigue. Even the rhinoceros and elephant, whose hides are considered almost impenetrable to a musket ball, are severely persecuted by these insects. Therefore, either region becomes, for six months of the year, almost unfit for the habi-

tation of man, while the country on the opposite side of the mountains is teeming with luxuriance, and basking under the rays of a prolific sun. The inhabitants of these adjoining territories, availing themselves of this singular dispensation of Providence, migrate from one side of the mountains to the other, so that, while their cattle are feeding in the cool of the morning on the most luxuriant pasture, and, during the burning sunshine of the day, are browsing on exuberant foliage, a mere geographical line divides them from a land deluged with a pouring rain, deserted by almost every living creature, and condemned to gloomy and cheerless solitude." — *Bruce's Travels*.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE.

SLATERSVILLE, 1868.

I find the solution of the puzzle in the June number of THE SCHOOLMASTER to be this:

Taking IX from SIX leaves S,

" X from IX leaves I,

" L from XL leaves X,

making SIX, or half a dozen.

I have not been able to solve the enigma.

MINNIE.

For the Schoolmaster. Geographical Enigma.

I AM COMPOSED OF FIFTY-FOUR LETTERS.

My 25, 15, 17, 39, 53, 41, 49, is a city containing one of the most magnificent cathedrals in Europe.

My 52, 36, 42, 6, 35, 10, 32, 22, is a river in Asia.

My 3, 9, 22, 27, 16, 34, is a river in one of the territories.

My 23, 18, 46, 30, 34, is the name of a mountain in New England.

My 35, 16, 11 40, 7, 6, was the birth-place of an eminent naturalist.

My 4, 41, 33, 8, is a cape on the coast of Africa.

My 48, 14, is the birth-place of one of the patriarchs.

My 1, 13, 31, 43, 28, 37, 11, 31, is a town in Germany.

My 45, 3, 24, 14, 34, 38, is an island in Oceanica.

My 1, 54, 26, 21, is a gulf tributary to the Mediterranean sea.

My 28, 47, 53, 44, 5, is a naval station in Europe.

My 8, 29, 20, 19, 51, 16, 34, is a river tributary to the Gulf of Mexico.

My 2, 35, 46, 50, 12, 40, 33, is a cape on the coast of Asia.

My whole is an old proverb.

JENNIE.

For the Schoolmaster.

Hospitality.

AN old writer tells the story of Abraham's hospitality. The command is often repeated not to be forgetful to entertain strangers.

In the summer vacation, our schoolmaster slung his satchel on his arm and put his left foot forward for the White Hills, which he reached in due time. He shunned hotels, because he always found that his money pocket shrunk upon leaving the clerk's desk, and it was none too full at first. So, when he became weary at night, as a rap on the door of the nearest house generally brought a hospitable host to the sill, he stepped within and was generally welcome to the country fare and hearty sociability which he found there. The rubbing out of a light score in the morning preceded his departure, when he shouldered his bag and trudged on. Thus our schoolmaster traveled. He ascended Mount Washington on foot, walked leisurely through the Notch after see-

ing the sights in the Franconia range, and managed to reach home just in time to commence his autumn term. He had seen all that tourists see, he had enjoyed and learned more than they.

His friend, the student, listening to his tales by the fireside, in the winter, was straightway seized by a desire which drew him into a like laudable notion of pilgrimage. So, when his college vacation occurred, he took his bag, into which he dropped his Virgil, by way of ballast, and a dozen of his mother's gingerbread cakes, with a half dozen turn-over collars, and other etceteras, and, putting on his Sophomore hat, he stepped over the daffy-down-dillies on his way for the train towards Mount Tom. His own journal contains an elaborate account of the "natives" of the several towns of Worcester and Springfield, which he saw at noon and by gas-light, and a thrilling description of his sensations on first discovering Mount Tom over his right shoulder, in the Springfield train. Emulating the example of the schoolmaster, he traced with his foot-prints the banks of the beautiful Connecticut and scientifically investigated, as was his duty, the vibrations of Hadley Falls, his observations on which, together with sketches and remarks thereon, are in his portfolio. Space fails to tell of his approach to the mountain by moonlight and of his dismay at hearing a "moping owl to the moon complain," of his ascent of the mountain, round its southern face in the morning, and of his journey due west, "towards the setting sun," as his journal sayeth. All these may be found duly written in the aforesaid journal. But our subject is most concerned with an adventure which is wholly left out on his record.

Night coming on, our Sophomore, after a bowl of milk at a country house, made numerous scrutinies of the countenances of people whom he met concerning the "hospitality"

of that vicinity, which was entirely unfurnished with inns. He summoned all his resolution.

Rap, rap, rap, on the first door.

"Good evening, sir," remarked the Sophomore.

"Good evening," answered a surly voice at the door, the possessor of which scowled grimly at our Sophomore.

"We have experienced very warm weather to-day, sir," said the Sophomore, uneasily moving his bag from his left shoulder to his hand.

"Yes."

"Do you know, sir," (very quietly and gently,) "where I can obtain lodging to-night?"

"Well, I don't know but you can get put up at the next house. The folks there's better off than we are."

"Thank you, sir. Good evening."

Door shuts.

The "next house" is reached.

"I would like to get lodging," says the Sophomore to an easy, clever looking man at the door, which promptly opened to his knock.

"Y-e-s. We-e-ll." (Looking down at his left boot.) "We've got an old woman, sick, here. Don't believe we can 'commodate ye. But there's Riley Perkins 't lives in th' next house but one. Guess he'll take you in."

Exit, with compliments.

Riley Perkin's is just one mile and seven-eighths from this gentleman's door.

The Sophomore raps. He sees the sun just going down over the rocky hills in the west. It is a sublime sight, he would think, at any other time.

The door opens.

"A pleasant evening, sir."

"Yes, sir," answers the farmer, who is about seating himself to his supper. A cu-

rious face peeps from behind the inner door. Here occurs a moment of awkward silence.

"I would like to know," insinuates the Sophomore, "if I can get lodged anywhere in the vicinity."

"Well," (with a ghastly smile.) "We've got company, or we would keep you."

Sophomore turns nervously on his heel.

With his back to the door and his foot on a descending step, he makes the old inquiry.

"Yes. I guess you can get a place at the village."

"How far is it?"

"O — about two miles."

"Thank you."

Sophomore departs, shouldering his satchel, and gazing wistfully at the golden and purple horizon.

A knock at the next door is unanswered. It is now dark. A damp breeze lifts the rim of his hat from his wet forehead. Before him, up the main road, is a steep, high hill, rising up black and dismal. He has arrived at the village, over the high, dark, dismal hill. It is night. A tall, white house looms up on the right. The upper half of a door opens in answer to his knock, and a woman appears with a candle.

"Can I stop in this house to-night, madam?"

Madam is about to speak, but he goes on.

— "I have inquired at a number of places back. I am weary and tired and there is, as I learn, no hotel within ten miles. I am a student, madam, traveling in pursuit of" — "pleasure" he was about to say — "in pursuit of exercise. I will pay you for my lodging."

Madam looks wistfully at the Sophomore, who holds his hat in his hand. She has a sweet face, and, withal, a benevolent, social appearance. She wipes the top of the candlestick gently with her apron.

"I should have no objection to having you stay, but the man of the house is not in."

"Will he be in soon?"

"Yes, at nine or ten o'clock. He has gone to East——."

"What town is this, madam?"

"West H——."

"How far is it to the next town?"

"Four miles."

"I think I will not stay. The man might blame you for letting me in." Something like a tear drops on the Sophomore's cheek. "I am much obliged to you, madam."

Door closes solemnly.

It is almost nine o'clock. Mud, over shoe, fills the road — there is no sidewalk. Darkness, thick as Newport fog, closes in around him. He passes a new white house. Hope revives. He shouts to a man who is walking in the yard with a lantern.

A reply, something like a growl, to his oft-repeated question, says something about the "housen" a mile or two ahead, and about a "double handed man" who sometimes takes in travelers.

Must he "camp out?"

Never! He will trudge on till daylight! He will, at any rate get out of the town of West——.

His indignation drives him two or three miles to a large dark mansion. He *must* go in here. He is out of that inhospitable town, at all events. He knocks at the north door. A man answers the rap. There is a good fire in the kitchen, he can see, but all is quiet. He is determined.

"What town is this, sir?" he asks.

"Huntington."

"Can I stop here to-night?"

"I don't know, I will see. Walk in, sir."

This last stroke was a *coup de main*. In an hour — after a cosy chat with the husband-man, his hospitable wife and the girls and

boys, and drying his wet feet — he was sleeping in a comfortable bed in the "south room."

The next day our Sophomore took the Western Road at Huntington station for Albany.

We happen to know both the Sophomore and the Schoolmaster. We hope that the Sophomore's experience may never be ours.

For the Schoolmaster.

The Tale of the Tub of Water.

ONE and twenty hundred, two score and four years have passed over the city of Syracuse, since the tale of the tub of water originated. There was, among the numerous houses of that great city, one to which a poor man, named Archimedes resorted for the purpose of bathing; — this was a long time ago, when bathing tubs were in fashion. His tub, either by design or by accident, was filled entirely to the brim with the protoxide of hydrogen, which was the substance used in those days for cleansing the body. The poor man, naturally a little bronzed, was evidently in a brown — a very dark brown — study, for king Hiero, who was very famous then, but who has since died, leaving only his name and a tin fountain, which squirts water to an amazing height, suspected that one of his goldsmiths had been cheating him by selling him plated instead of solid jewelry; the last suspected article was a crown, which the king had given orders to be made of twenty-four carat gold. Like many other great and rich men, Hiero considered rank and riches a sufficient apology for the lack of common sense, so he commanded his son, whose name was Gelon, to attend to the making of the crown and to furnish the jewelers with the gold. The crown was made, and, as Hiero thought, contained an inferior metal; but how was he to detect the deception? Instead of answering the question he asked Archimedes, his

poor relation. Many more ideas than these passed through the aching head of Archimedes as he slowly prepared to enter the bath. The philosopher, following the advice of Priessnitz, before whom he lived some two thousands of years, took a *douche* bath; but, wonderful to relate, as his head hopped above water, he spluttered out a very ambiguous Greek word, then again shouting it like an Indian war-whoop, sprang from his tub, scattering the fluid in every direction, and scampering to the door, bolted out, and ran, shouting like an excited fireman, from one end to the other of the broad street of Syracuse, leaving the tub alone.

While he was gone the water very quietly seeking its equilibrium, became as calm as if nothing had happened, although it had sunk half a cubit or more below its former height.

Archimedes was not mad. He probably returned again to his bathing tub, finished his bath, meditating, the while, as follows:

A piece of gold, of a certain size, being denser, is heavier than a piece of silver of equal size.

So a certain weight of gold will occupy less space than the same weight of silver.

Consequently, if I balance the crown with a piece of gold, I shall expect to find that the crown, if of pure gold, displaces as much water as the piece of gold and no more.

History states that Archimedes alternately plunged the crown and an equal weight of gold in a full vessel of water, ascertained that the crown displaced more water than the pure gold. "Hence," remarked he, "it is not sufficiently dense for pure gold: hence it is alloyed." Thus the deception was exposed, and thus the tale of a tub of water ends.

IDA.

THE most secret acts of goodness are seen and approved by the Almighty.

Ex-GOVERNOR BOUTWELL told the following at a recent Educational Convention in Pittsfield:

"A Yankee schoolmaster went over from Massachusetts into York State last fall, and engaged a school. He was told that there was one family of unruly boys who had turned the last teacher out of doors, and would try the same game on him. The new master resolved to begin with a firm hand, and establish his authority at the outset. On the first day of school, all went on smoothly; none of the rebellious family—the Litchfields—were there. The next day the same. On the third day, a stout young fellow of eighteen or nineteen appeared; and when the teacher asked his name, to record it, he learned it was Litchfield. 'Ah, your name is Litchfield? Just step out here.' And bringing him into the middle of the floor, he commenced whaling him with all his might, till the frightened youth fled for his life.

'There,' said the triumphant pedagogue, 'I understand those Litchfields threaten to turn me out of doors, but we'll see who is master here!'

The boys laughed, and seemed to enjoy it so much, that the excited hero of the birch demanded an explanation, and found to his dismay that he had flogged the wrong youth—a very inoffensive lad of a highly respectable family, whose name had led to a mistake. The schoolmaster thought 'a stitch in time would save nine,' but unfortunately he took it in the wrong place."

WOMEN have more power in their looks than men have in their laws, and more power in their tears than men have in their judgments.

THERE is healing in a smile, and laughter is medicine to the mind.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Providence Conference Seminary.

—
ITS HISTORY.

THIS institution of learning has, by its own intrinsic merits, risen to the first rank as a New England Academy, classical and English, and to the rank of the largest and most important institution of the kind in our state.

It was founded about the year 1800, and was long known as the "Kent Academy." It was incorporated in 1803, and entirely refitted and refurnished in 1804. In 1839 it was purchased by Rev. Daniel G. Allen, of North Kingstown, the building repaired, and an entire change made in the course of instruction and general regulations of the institution. This eminent instructor, having placed the academy on a permanent basis of prosperity, in 1841 sold it to the Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose hands it has since remained, and to whom the people of our state are largely indebted for its present high character and extensive usefulness.

A large and commodious building has recently been erected at an expense of about \$20,000, which has been mainly obtained by voluntary subscriptions. This fact shows the strong hold the institution has upon the hearts of the people.

THE NEW BUILDING.

The foundation of the new building was laid about three years ago, but the entire structure was not completed until very recently. It is in size, at its base, 56½ feet in breadth by 81 feet in depth, with a tower at each end north and south, 12 feet square and 58 feet high.

The main building is three stories high, resting upon a very spacious basement, which at present is used only for the heating apparatus.

"The chapel, covering the whole width of the building, is 55×57 feet in size, and 15 feet high. It is used for daily prayers, public occasions, lectures and addresses; and will seat comfortably from 600 to 800 persons. The walls are hard finished, the light is ample, the ventilation ex-

cellent; and taken altogether, it has an exceedingly neat, airy and attractive appearance. The new building occupies a site a short distance to the west of where the old one stood, and commands as fine a view of the surrounding region of country as often meets the eye. It is in fact encircled with a beautiful and highly cultivated valley, and from the top of either tower may be seen, in a clear day, Providence, Newport, Bristol and Warren. The walls are built of North River pressed bricks, the windows trimmed with free stone, and the inside wood-work, such as doors and casements, is made of hard pine, and instead of being painted, is simply oiled over and thoroughly dried. The interior spaces, or halls, are spacious, are easily reached from the adjoining rooms, and afford ample passages for the transmission of currents of fresh air."

The building is furnished throughout with gas, and is heated by Gold's patent steam-heating apparatus.

"The Rhode Island Steam Heating Company, manufacturers of the Gold's patent, have furnished the heating apparatus, and from the basement it is carried into every room in the building. It has worked admirably, and given, to those who have felt its effects, the highest degree of satisfaction. It leaves the air in its natural condition; it only heats it; adds nothing to it, and takes nothing from it. It brings into the room neither dust, nor smoke, nor gasses. It does not vitiate the air by bringing it in contact with intensely heated iron, or by burning the particles of vegetable or animal matter that are usually afloat in it, or by depriving it of the moisture which naturally belongs to it, and is essential to healthful respiration. It admits also of almost immediate increase or diminution of the temperature of the room; of gauging it, by thermometer, to any desirable degree, and holding it there."

THE DEDICATION.

The new building was dedicated on Tuesday, June 29th, with appropriate ceremonies.

On the platform were many gentlemen of distinction, among whom were: His Excellency Governor Elisha Dyer; His Honor William M.

Rodman, Mayor of Providence; Rev. Dr. Sears, President of Brown University; Rev. Dr. Joseph Cummings, President of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; John Kingsbury, LL. D. Commissioner of Public Schools; Gen. A. C. Greene, of Providence; and many other individuals distinguished in the professions.

Rev. Geo. W. Quereau, Principal of the Seminary, introduced the exercises by an "Address of Welcome," which was conceived in the very best taste and delivered with ease and grace.

Prayer was offered by Rev. William Livsey, after which the following hymn was sung by the choir. It was composed by Miss A. E. Remington, of Warwick, a pupil in the Seminary:

No costly pile to mammon reared,
No lofty temple grand
Is this in which, with grateful hearts
And prayerful lips, we stand.
Upon no idol altar we
Our votive offerings lay,
The work our God's rich blessing crowns
We dedicate to-day.

Man, blessed by God, toils not in vain;
How nobly and how well
The earthly builder's work is wrought
The great result shall tell,
Where Learning's votaries here shall crowd,
Their earnest vows to pay,
And Wisdom's children throng the halls
We dedicate to-day.

Religion, white-robed, here shall walk
With Science, hand in hand,
And harvests from the seed we sow,
Be reaped in every land.
The star of truth shall ever beam
With pure and fadeless ray,
And brighten with its light the halls
We dedicate to-day.

The Dedicatory Address was now delivered by President Cummings, of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct. "Its design and scope was to show the close connection between a right education and religion in its highest form.

Hon. William M. Rodman was then introduced, and delivered a Poem. Its theme was,—
"*The Harmony which exists between Nature and the Bible should teach Christian Unity.*"

His Excellency, Gov. Dyer, followed in a beautiful speech upon the rise and progress of the Methodist denomination.

The closing address was by John Kingsbury, LL. D., State Commissioner of Public Schools, who spoke as follows:

"Mr. Principal, and ladies and gentlemen:—
I am happy to be here to-day. It gives me pleasure to see these ample and beautiful arrangements for the accommodation of this institution of learning. It is wise to make the places where our children are to be educated, whether common schools or higher seminaries, both comfortable and attractive. Money thus expended—if expended wisely—will bring a better revenue than the largest dividend paying stocks, when the income is nothing but money. There is no better index of the improvement of the age in which we live, than the liberality which builds good houses for our public schools, and enriches our colleges and academies with the means for a thorough and a generous culture. But this liberality, and the results of it, so far as these results are confined to endowments for buildings, libraries and other external arrangements, are nothing more than an index. They cannot of themselves make a good institution of learning. They are always secondary events at their highest estimate. The great moving power must be mind—the mind of the teacher.—*He* may live and become immortal without endowments or buildings of any kind. That noble old Grecian who presided over the first academy had no other place than the grove of his garden wherein to gather and instruct his scholars. Rugby was one of the richly endowed institutions of England long before the days of Thomas Arnold. But he has given it a name far above all its endowments and all its previous history, a name that will never die. And of all the endowments by which a teacher can make himself a moving force in the history of the world, that of character is by far the most potent. This does not consist in learning, or genius, or eloquence alone. Neither does it consist in fidelity, industry, or even morality. In order to be a perfect moving power it must be a combination of all these—

yea more, a combination of all the faculties and powers which God has given a human being. Just so far as a teacher is lacking in any of the qualities which are necessary to form a great and good man, so far will his influence as a moving power in other minds be impaired. There must be talent, but talent which commands confidence. I cannot better illustrate my meaning than by recalling to your minds two names which have become imperishable in British history—William Pitt and Charles Fox. They were rivals and antagonists. No one will say that Fox was less eloquent than Pitt—nay, there were times when the former would rend the arguments of the latter into shreds, and tear away every vestige of reasoning,—yet Pitt even then would bear away the suffrages of parliament, so much weightier was character than logic or eloquence.

Such should be the character of the teacher, that he may always confer honor upon the institution in which he labors, rather than that the institution should confer honor upon him. Then will the teacher, in the language of one of our ablest educators, language which has become a household word, be able to make his mark upon those whom he instructs. This institution, I am happy to believe, has kept this principle in view; and it is owing to this that it has made its mark of blessing upon so many of those who have enjoyed its advantages. It gives me great pleasure to say that I find in almost every part of the state, not only school teachers, but school committees and other friends of education who name this as the place where their minds were permanently awakened to feel a deep interest in education. Long may this institution enjoy the smiles of a kind Providence and continue to bless our state and the denomination of Christians which is so nobly sustaining it."

At 3 o'clock, the officers, trustees, faculty, students, orator, poet, and a large array of invited guests, proceeded to the Updike Hotel, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared. Here followed a "feast of good things," only as a prelude to the still better "feast of reason and flow of soul." A series of rich toasts were responded to by the various distinguished gentlemen present,

in a singularly felicitous vein, with great profit, and infinite delight to the whole company.

In the evening, Bishop Clark addressed the young ladies' society, the "Thugatresophia," (Daughters of Wisdom.) His subject was female culture, which was treated by him with his usual ability, and most warmly appreciated by those to whom it was addressed.

On Wednesday morning the annual address before the "Philonthion Society" was delivered by Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., editor of Zion's Herald. Topic—"What should be the system of American Education?"

In the afternoon were the exercises connected with the graduation of the senior class.

The closing exercises of this interesting anniversary were held in the chapel Wednesday evening, at which time, A. G. Remington, Esq., of New York, addressed the "Adelphian Club." His theme was—"The Harmony of Beauty in Art."

We exceedingly regret to inform our readers that the accomplished and highly successful principal, Rev. G. W. Quereau, has tendered to the trustees his resignation, which, after the most urgent remonstrances, they finally accepted.

They subsequently elected, by a unanimous vote, Rev. Prof. Robert Allyn, late Commissioner of our Public Schools, and Editor of THE SCHOOLMASTER, to fill the place to be vacated by Mr. Quereau.

The latter gentleman, whose resignation, we understand, does not take effect until after the coming term, has an urgent call to take charge of a new Western Seminary, accompanied by very flattering offers. He will carry with him wherever he goes the ardent attachment and sincere respect and esteem, not only of his numerous former pupils, but also of the good people of Rhode Island, together with the most grateful remembrances of what he has done in the noble cause of education in our beloved state.

We sincerely hope Prof. Allyn will accept the post so heartily offered him, and that ere long we shall be thus enabled to greet him again and welcome his return to our state, where he has so long and successfully labored hitherto.

National Teachers' Association.

The First Annual Meeting of the National Teachers' Association, will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., Aug. 11.

At this Meeting, lectures are expected from the following distinguished educators, viz:

Introductory address by the President, Z. Richards, Principal of a Classical School, Washington, D. C.

Lecture by J. D. Philbrick, Superintendent of Schools, Boston, Mass.

Lecture by Daniel Read, Professor in the University of Wisconsin.

Lecture by John Young, Professor in the North Western Christian University, Indiana.

Lecture by Hon. John B. Mallard, Georgia.

Lecture by Hon. C. H. Wiley, North Carolina.

SUBJECTS FOR DISCUSSION.

1. The expediency and justice of maintaining FREE schools throughout our country by general taxation.

2. Parochial Schools: are they in harmony with the spirit of American Institutions?

3. Mixed Schools: the propriety and expediency of educating both sexes together, in the same classes.

The order of exercises will be announced at the meeting. Measures have been taken to make this assembling a grand National Teachers' Jubilee! Many of the most prominent friends of education from the several States and Canada, are expected to be present and take part in the exercises.

N. B. State, County, and other educational associations are respectfully invited to send delegates. Members and delegates are requested to report themselves, on their arrival at Cincinnati, at the office of A. J. Rickoff Superintendent of Schools.

The local committee, at Cincinnati, at the head of which is Mr. Superintendent Rickoff, is doing all that can be done to secure the objects of the meeting. It is expected that a reduction of fare on the principal roads will be made.

All educational journals, and other papers friendly to the objects of the Association, are re-

spectfully requested to insert this notice.

Further particulars may be had by addressing the president, Z. Richards, Washington, D. C., or the Secretary, J. W. Bulkley, Brooklyn, New York.

By order of the Board,

J. W. BULKLEY, Sec'y.

Clubbing with other Periodicals.

Our subscribers do not seem to understand that all clubbing with other periodicals is for the benefit of *subscribers* and of *no one else*.

When we furnish other journals in connection with our own at a reduced price, it is not all for our benefit, but sometimes to our disadvantage. For example, some of our leading educational journals we furnish *with* THE SCHOOLMASTER for \$1.60. Retaining *eighty* cents for THE SCHOOLMASTER and sending the same amount to the other journal.

In all cases of clubbing, therefore, we wish it distinctly understood that we are only responsible for our own journal, and not for the other publication, whatever it be. In all such cases we merely send in the name with the money to the publisher of the journal, and the same is entered regularly on *their* subscription book. If, for example, the Atlantic Monthly fails to reach our subscribers, they must write to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and not to us.

Official.

OFFICE OF THE COM. OF PUB. SCHOOLS. }
July 17, 1858. }

INSTITUTE FOR TEACHERS.

There will be an Institute at Newport in the early part of autumn. As it will be the only one of the season, all teachers are earnestly requested to make their arrangements to be present. The particulars will be given in due time.

JOHN KINGSBURY,

Com. of Pub Schools.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August contains a rich feast of good reading. We cannot say anything new for the Atlantic. All that is ne-

cessary for those who have read it is to say it is as good as ever, and 'all that we can say to any who may not have read it is, *get it and read it*. You will get it again.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT of the City Superintendent of Schools of the Consolidated City of Brooklyn, 1858.

On the subject of Grammar, the Superintendent says:

"That great master and teacher, John Locke, says, 'Children are not to be taught by rules, which will always be slipping out of their memories. What you think is necessary for them to do, settle in them by an indispensable practice.'

Our wisdom, then, according to this philosopher, and I think he is not singular in this, is to 'practice' writing through the whole Grammar course, not essays on Truth, or Fiction, Politics or Religion, but to PRACTICE; in other words, to put in use an element as soon as learned in Grammar; and so on, until sentences are formed, both simple and compound. In connection with the exercises in Grammar, writing should be continued, varying the same according to the nature of the exercises and the character and attainment of the pupil. Another method by which to initiate the learner into the subject of Composition is, that of giving a story, in good language, and requiring the pupil to write out so much as he can remember, simply by giving the ideas, as near as he can, in his own language. The whole to be subject to the teacher's revision, in which he will point out the errors and lead the pupil to correct them."

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE OF THE TOWN OF CRANSTON. 1858. — It reiterates what we have so often heard, but do not mind, with regard to

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

"The fact is, that children are sent to school too young. They are not encouraged to take sufficient exercise in the open air. They are compelled to study too many hours, and too many things. Teachers can do much—very much to eradicate these evils, by encouraging

their pupils to exercise in the open air, and, if need be, joining with them in their sports. On a pleasant day no child should be allowed to remain in the school-room during the time set apart for exercise, neither should they be confined to close study for two or three hours at a time. I am persuaded that there exists no subject at the present time, in school matters, which has more urgent need of the attention of both teachers and parents than this of physical culture."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—July, 1858. Crosby, Nichols & Co. Boston.

This number of the prince of American Quartermasters is an exceedingly interesting and able volume. It comprises twelve elaborate articles on a variety of subjects, treated in a masterly manner. The first article, on "Peirce's Analytic Mechanics," is not merely a learned, but an interesting and readable treatise on the *The Reason in Mathematics*. The third article, "The Missouri Valley and the Great Plains," is a valuable contribution, in a condensed form, to our general knowledge of the western section of our country.

The fifth article, "The Phillips family and Phillips Exeter Academy," gives an exceedingly interesting notice of *A Memoir of His Honor Samuel Phillips, LL. D., by Rev. John L. Taylor*. It is greatly to be desired that our youth should be trained to love more solid reading. We should have a better judgment, national and individual, and greater solidity of character, if our people read more such periodicals as *The North American Review*, and *Atlantic Monthly*, and less such light trash as usually fills our most popular weekly papers and monthly magazines.

A NEW LATIN-ENGLISH SCHOOL-LEXICON, on the basis of the Latin-Grammar Lexicon of Dr. C. F. Ingersden. By G. R. Crooks, D. D., and A. J. Schem, A. M.

Specimen papers of this new Lexicon, to be published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have been sent us. They say it will shortly be published in one volume of nearly 1000 pages.

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Questions for Examination.

WE present below the list of questions for the examination of candidates for admission to the Hartford High School, April, 1858. A similar list from the same school was published in THE SCHOOLMASTER for August, 1857. We thought that those were as fine a set of questions for the purpose as we had ever seen.

We commend these to the careful perusal of our readers.

ARITHMETIC.

1. Add together, forty-two thousand four hundred and sixty-five; 718.224; 3-5 of 2-2 of 7-8 of 4-7 212.005; .18 of 54-21 of four thousand nine hundred sixty-three and seven hundred fourteen thousandths; then divide the sum by *four less* than 21.06.

2. What is the difference between Notation and Numeration? Which methods of each do we use? What do you mean by a Significant figure? What is the use of the Cipher?

3. Define Factor; Multiple; Greatest Common Measure; Prime number. Separate 23 into two parts both of which shall be *Composite* numbers, and yet *prime to each other*.

4. How do we express Fractions? What does each of the numbers used express? What is the effect upon the value of a fraction, if you multiply the numerator and divide the denominator of the same fraction by 3. Give the reason *why*, and illustrate by the fraction 12-4.

5. (a) Reduce 4 furlongs, 30 rods, 4 yards, 2 feet, and 6 inches to the decimal of a mile. Then add to it 41.0705 miles, and reduce the sum to miles, fur., rods, &c.

(b) Multiply 15 ft. 1' 3" by 7 ft. 2" 4'''.

6. What is Interest? Rate? Amount? Present Worth? What is meant by Per Cent. What is 15 per ct. of 20 bushels?

The Interest of a certain sum of money for 4 ys. 6 mos. and 24 days, at 6 per ct. was \$32.9485. What was the Principal?

7. On the 19th of October, 1854, A gave B his note for \$2416.25, payable at the end of 3

years and 6 months, without interest. But on the 25th of May, 1855, A came to B desiring to pay his note. How much in cash ought B to receive?

8. Bought 50 gallons of wine at 75 cts. per gallon; and paid 12 per ct. duty on it at the custom house. But 10 gallons having leaked out, I wish to know for how much per gallon I must sell the remainder, that I may gain 15 per ct. by the whole transaction.

9. Define Ratio; Proportion,

If 288 men in 5 days of 11 hours each, can dig a trench 231 yards long, 3 feet wide and 2 feet deep; in how many days of 8 hours each, will 48 men dig a trench 420 yards long, 2 yards deep, and 5 feet wide?

10. Four men do a piece of work in 15 days. A alone can do it in 40 days, B alone in 60 days, and C alone in 80 days. In what time can D alone do it?

GRAMMAR.

1. Write a sentence containing a definitive (limiting) adjective; a verbal noun; a relative pronoun in the objective case; a verb in the active voice; a noun in the independent case; a verb in the subjunctive mood, past perfect tense.

2. Classify (by naming the part of speech) the following words: heavy; eating; morning; too; two; this; hers; ago; shall; less; what.

3. Define Orthography, Etymology, and Syntax, and illustrate your definition of each by means of any word in the following sentence: "What is the use of it?"

4. Give the passive, imperative, singular; the active, subjunctive, present, second person, singular; the active, infinitive perfect; the active, future perfect, third person, plural; the passive, potential, past, third person, singular; the past subjunctive, present perfect, first person, plural; the perfect active participle; the passive, future perfect, third person, singular; the active present, infinitive; the active, past, second person, singular, of the verb *love*.

5. Principal parts of *arise*, *dare*, *flee*, *lade*, *fly*, *lie*, *work*, *lay*, *slay*, *freeze*.

6. Correct the errors in the following sentences, and state the reasons for each correction:

I have took up the book that laid on the window seat. You said you ought to do it but I don't think you had.—Who has stole my book?—She was terrible sick yesterday but she is some better to-day.—The bank of the river is overflowed.—I wont go without you do.—Has he gone? Not as I know of.—You have not sewn your apron well. Between you and I, he dont believe it.

7. 8. 9. 10. Parse the following italicised words, "*There never was, anywhere, anything like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the Restoration. In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles, nor of Augustus, can come at all into comparison. For in that short period, we shall find the names of almost all the very great men that this nation has ever produced; men, all of them, not merely of great talents and accomplishments, but of vast compass and reach of understanding, and of minds truly creative; not men who perfected art by the delicacy of their taste.*"

GEOGRAPHY.

1. Draw a map including the five Great Lakes of the United States, their outlet and the states bordering upon them. Name the states and locate their capitals, principal rivers, and one chief town or city, affixing the name of each one which you locate.

2. Two travelers started, the one from Hartford and the other from Rio Janeiro, and each traveled due East till he again arrived at his starting place. Which one traveled the greater number of degrees? Why? Which one the greater number of miles? Why?

3. Mention the states, countries, principal mountain chains, bodies of water and zones that the traveler from Hartford must have crossed.

4. What countries and islands are washed by the Mediterranean Sea?

5. Define Equator, Tropic of Cancer, Antarctic Circle, and give the distance in degrees from the Tropic of Capricorn to the Arctic Circle, also from the Antarctic Circle to the North Pole.

6. A ship belonging to the capital city of the largest country in Europe was at sea in Lat. 20° N., Long. 150° W. (from Greenwich.) She put

in at the nearest port, supplied herself with fresh provisions and then left for home, touching at Melbourne on the way. Name the state, island, or country where she took in provisions. What zone is it in? Under what form of government is it? What are its principal products? Has it any natural feature of remarkable interest? Describe the passage of the ship after she left there till she reached home, mentioning the directions in which she sailed.

7. Arrange the following names of Islands in the order of their relative size; and tell which are larger and which smaller than the State of Connecticut: Newfoundland, Madagascar, Nantucket, New Guinea, Long Island, Sicily, Terra del Fuego, Ireland, Cuba, Iceland.

8. Describe the nine principal rivers of Asia and give a reason for their flowing in different directions.

9. In a coasting voyage from Chagres to Panama, what countries, rivers, capes and islands would you pass?

10. A merchant in Chicago received a box of nutmegs direct from their place of growth. Name any place from which they could have come, give its latitude, zone and nation; also describe the passage by water from thence to Chicago.

HISTORY.

1. Date and place of the first English, French, and Spanish settlements in our country.

2. When, by whom, and in what space of time was the first circumnavigation of the globe accomplished? When and by whom was the Pacific Ocean discovered? What name was at first given to it? Who gave it its present name? What is the oldest town in the United States? When and by whom was it founded?

3. Conquest of Mexico.

4. Dates, Causes, Events and Results of the French and Indian War.

5. How were the following individuals connected with American History? Roger Williams, Abby Hutchinson, Edmund Andros, Walter Raleigh, William Penn, John Wesley, Henry Hudson, Lafayette, Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin.

6. Mention the States which constituted the first United States. When were the Articles of Confederation adopted? What was the last state that joined the Confederation? When was the war of the Revolution terminated? Under what form of government were the States united at the close of the Revolution, and how long did this continue? What succeeded and when? Which of the States last adopted the Constitution, and when?

7. When was Washington inaugurated President? The District of Columbia formed? What States were formed during Washington's administration?

Solution to Mathematical Questions in April Number.

Two men, A and B, travel on the same road, and at the same rate, from New York to Boston. When A had traveled to within 50 miles of Boston, he overtook C traveling at the rate of 3 miles in two hours, and 2 hours after met D traveling at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. B overtook C 45 miles from Boston, and met D $\frac{2}{3}$ of an hour before he came within 31 miles of Boston. Where was B when A reached Boston?

Let x = A and B's miles per hour.

As C travels 3 miles in 2 hours, or 3-2 miles per hour, and is 5 miles nearer Boston when B overtakes him than when A overtakes him, it follows that he has traveled 5-3-2, or 10-8 hours.

In this time B must have traveled $\frac{10x}{3}$ miles, and as C traveled in the same direction with A, B is $\frac{10x}{3} - 5$ miles behind A.

Again, A meets D $50 - 2x$ miles from Boston, traveling at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$, or $9-4$ miles per hour, and B meets him $31 + \frac{2x}{3}$ miles from Boston, consequently the points of meeting are $(31 + \frac{2x}{3}) - (50 - 2x)$ miles apart. This distance

divided by D's rate per hour, gives $\frac{\frac{8x}{3} - 19}{9-4}$ for

the number of hours elapsed between the times of his meeting A and B respectively. As B and D approach each other at the rate of $x + 2\frac{1}{2}$

miles per hour, it follows that $\frac{\frac{8x}{3} - 19}{9-4} (x + 2\frac{1}{2})$ equals the distance they travel to meet, and also the distance of B behind A.

We have, therefore,

$$\frac{10x}{3} - 5 = \frac{\frac{8x}{3} - 19}{9-4}$$

Reducing, simplifying and transposing, we have—

$$x^2 - \frac{123x}{16} = \frac{189}{16}$$

Completing the square, and extracting the root—

$$x = 9 \quad \frac{123}{32} = \frac{165}{32}$$

$x = 9$. A and B's rate per hour.

$$\frac{10x}{3} - 5 = 25. \quad \text{B's distance behind A.}$$

Question 2. Let x and y represent the numbers.

$$\text{Then } xy = x - y \quad 1.$$

$$x^2 = \frac{x}{y} \quad 2.$$

Clearing, transposing and subtracting

$$xy + y = xy^2 \quad 3.$$

Dividing by y and transposing, $x^2 - x = 1$.

Completing the square, and extracting the root,

$$x + \frac{1}{2} = 1.1180338$$

$$x = 1.6180338$$

Dividing 2d equation by x ,

$$x = \frac{1}{y} \quad 4.$$

$$xy = 1$$

Substituting this in first, and transposing—

$$x = y + 1 \quad 5.$$

Comparing 4th and 5th,

$$\frac{1}{y} = y + 1$$

Simplifying and transposing, $y^2 + y = 1$.

Complete the square, &c., and we have—

$$y = .6180338.$$

A. A. M.

The R. I. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1858.

NO. 7.

For the Schoolmaster.

Influence of Modulated Sound on Brute Animals and Diseased Minds.

THAT there is an intrinsic beauty in some sounds is proved beyond a doubt from their effects on animals. The whole brute creation from the skillful weaver of gossamer — the spider — to the unwieldy elephant give abundant proof of their susceptibility to the "magic of sweet sounds."

Among old classical traditions there is one that the stately walls of Thebes rose to the sound of a lyre. From the same authorities we learn that the hundred-eyed monster, Argus, whom Juno sent to watch Io, against whom her implacable anger burned, was charmed to sleep by the simple music of an oaten reed played by Mercury. At the sound of Apollo's harp and Orpheus' lute, the trees of the forest moved and the beasts of the earth were charmed —

"For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame; and huge leviathans
Forsake unbounded deeps, and dance on sands."

These fabled achievements of musical divinities of which we read, strange as they may seem, scarcely exceed the truth. It is true that no city walls rise to the sound of a sweetly strung instrument, but the animal

creation are attracted and delighted with the harmony of sounds.

There is a story to whose credibility Sir W. Jones bears witness, that while a lutist was playing before a large company in a grove near Schiras, the nightingales vied with the musician until they dropped on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were roused by a change in the music.

Denham, the late distinguished traveler in the interior of Africa, speaking of the sluggish hippopotamus, says: — "We had a full opportunity of convincing ourselves that these uncouth and stupendous animals are very sensibly attracted by musical sounds, even though they should not be of the softest kind. As we passed along the waters of lake Muggaby at sunrise, they followed the drums of the different chiefs the whole length of the water, sometimes approaching so close to the shore that the water they spouted from their mouths reached the persons who were passing along the banks."

An officer who was imprisoned in the Bastille is said to have found himself surrounded by several hundreds of musical amateurs in the forms of mice and spiders, whenever he played on his lute.

The charming of serpents by music is proverbial, and in the east persons are employed

to free houses from venomous snakes by playing on flutes.

The negroes are said to catch lizards by whistling to attract them.

Travelers report that the Arabs are in the habit of teaching goats to stand with their feet close together on the top of several little blocks of wood. But, however long the goats may have been trained to this exhibition, they succeed only during the playing of a tune. If there be any change in the movement or tune the goat immediately begins to totter, and the instant the music ceases, he falls.

Music too, has often the most happy effects on minds untutored and debased like those of the savages, and on minds whose action is diseased and unnatural, as well as on bodily disease.

It is said that our Indians purchased of the Spaniards, when they first came to America, small bells, whose clear musical tinkling filled them with the wildest delight.

A Jesuit missionary relates that at one time he was thrown into a company of fierce Indians whose threatening aspect and menacing gestures betokened a reception far from friendly. But he, desiring no strife with them, instantly commenced playing on a stringed instrument, when their feelings were at once softened and all their rage was subdued.

It is related of Casper Hunsen, whose melancholy story is known to everybody, that some weeks after his release from his dreadful imprisonment, the nuptial procession of a peasant passed by, the tower with a band of music, close under his window. "He suddenly stood listening, motionless as a statue; his countenance appeared to be transfigured, and his eyes, as it were, to radiate his ecstasy; his ears and eyes seemed continually to follow the movements of the sounds as they receded more and more; and they had long ceased to be audible, while he still continued

fixed immovably in a listening posture, as if unwilling to lose the last vibrations of these, to him, celestial notes, or as if his soul had followed them and left his body behind in torpid insensibility."

It is said that Democritus taught that many diseases may be charmed away by a flute, and that Asclepiades treated sciatica successfully with the obstreperous notes of a trumpet.

In the Auxerre Asylum, it is said, that many insane persons have been restored to reason by a right use of music; and in other lunatic asylums, music is tried successfully to induce a quietude and repose.

For the Schoolmaster.

The Importance of a Longer Course at School.

THE age of fourteen is too apt to be thought the proper one for boys to leave the public schools, and where they do not intend to enter the high schools, to stop all book instruction and enter at once into the occupation of tending store, so fascinating to school boys, and too often encouraged by inconsiderate parents as the beginning of learning to earn their own living. In many cases this plea is necessary, and the boy, unfitted by his education to discharge the duties expected from him by his employer, shifts from one occupation to another, ultimately regretting that he had not spent more time in school, and feeling too old to return to his books. This is no fancy sketch. A boy, to whom I was talking about leaving a public school at fourteen, told me that his case was precisely like that, and that he had been sorry for it ever since. Parents who prefer, even at some sacrifice, to have their boys continue longer in school, find it difficult to carry their good intentions into effect, for the boy will meet his arguments as my boy did mine, by saying that his classmates had left for the high school or

to tend stores, and if he were required to remain he could only go over former exercises and feel mortified that it should look as if he was not far enough advanced to do as his classmates had done.

Now the course, as it seems to me, for parents to adopt in this intricate question is to take every opportunity to impress, at an early age, upon the minds of their children the necessity and advantages of being willing to go to school for a longer time, and that the boys who leave at fourteen, or earlier, make no more real progress in putting themselves to earning their living than those who give more time to their studies, and when they do leave school, go ahead at once in getting better employment, for they are better qualified for obtaining it. Any intelligent employer will tell them that such is the fact. And that it is so is confirmed by the remarks of Mr. Mann that the large cotton mills in Lowell find that the most intelligent operatives are the most profitable. It may be observed that boys and not girls form the subject of remark. This is owing to the fact generally noted, that the girls remain longer at school and of course become better scholars. The first class in reading in our grammar schools contains so few boys that any visitor would observe, and if he should ask the reason the teacher would tell him that "the boys had left for the high school or for tending store."

The writer hopes that he is not intrusive in these observations, and that the attention of school teachers and parents will be called to the "failure in teaching" caused by the short stay for the purposes of education, and the consequent hurrying through the different branches of instruction now so lamentably common, owing more to the ignorance or wilfulness of parents and children than to the negligence of the teacher. *

Vice, soon or late, brings misery.

The Calico Cloak.

"Have you seen the new scholar?" asked Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, as she ran to meet a group of schoolmates who were coming towards the school house; she cuts the most comical looking figure you ever saw. Her cloak is made out of calico, and her shoes are brogans, such as the men and boys wear."

"Oh, yes, I've seen her," replied Lucy Brooks; "she is the new washerwoman's daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. Brown would have taken her into the academy; but I suppose he likes the money that comes through suds as well as any. It is cleaner, of course."

And the air rang with the loud laugh of the girls.

"Come, let us go in and examine her," continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school house. "I'm thinking she will make some fun for us."

The girls went into the dressing-room where they found the new scholar. She was a mild, intelligent looking child, but very poorly tho' tidily clad. The girls went around her, whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood trembling and blushing in one corner of the room, without venturing to raise her eyes from the floor.

When they entered school they found the little girl was far in advance of those of her age in her studies, and was placed in classes with those two or three years her senior. This seemed, on the whole, to make those girls who were disposed to treat her unkindly dislike her the more; and she, being of a retiring disposition, through their influence had no friends, but went and returned from school alone.

"And so you really think," said Mary Lark, as she went up to the little girl a few weeks after she entered school, "that you are

going to get the medal? It will correspond nicely with your cloak!"

And she caught hold of the cape, and held it out from her, while the girls around joined in her loud laugh.

"Calico Cloak get the medal! I guess she will! I should like to see Mr. Brown giving it to her!" said another girl, as she caught hold of her arm, and peeped under the child's bonnet.

The little girl struggled to release herself, and, when she was free, ran home as fast as she could go.

"Oh, mother," she said, as she entered her mother's humble kitchen, "do answer Uncle William's letter, and tell him we will come to New York to live! I don't like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call me 'Calico Cloak,' and 'Brogans,' and you don't know, mother, how unkindly they treat me."

"Lizzie, my dear," said her mother, "you must expect to meet with some who will treat you unkindly on account of your poverty; but you must not be discouraged. Do right, my child, and you will eventually come off conqueror."

Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with severe trials for one so young.

"But, mother, they are all unkind to me," replied Lizzie; "there isn't one who loves me."

And the child buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

In Bridgeville Academy there were a few selfish, unprincipled girls, and the others joined them in teasing the little "Calico Cloak," as they called her, from thoughtlessness, and from a love of sport. But they knew not how deeply each sportive word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she shed in secret over their unkindness.

Mrs. L., learning that the scholars still continued their unjust treatment towards her child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although he was a poor man, and become a member of his family, hoping that while there, her child could continue her studies, and perhaps, through his influence, lead a happier life among her schoolmates. Accordingly, at the end of the term, she left Bridgeville, and removed to New York. Although Lizzie had been a member of the school but one term, yet she gained the medal, and it was worn from the academy beneath the despised garment.

Weeks, months, and years glided away to the students of the Bridgeville Academy, and the little "Calico Cloak" was forgotten. Those who were at school with her had left, to enter upon the business of life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a young clergyman came into Bridgeville, and was settled as the pastor of the village church. It was reported at the sewing circle, the week following his ordination, that it was expected that he would bring his bride into town in a few weeks. There was a great curiosity to see her, and, especially, after it was reported that she was a talented young authoress.

A few weeks after, Mr. Maynard gratified their curiosity by walking into church with his young wife leaning on his arm. She was a lady of great intellectual beauty, and everybody (as they always are at first) was deeply interested in the young minister and his wife.

The following week the ladies flocked to see her, and she promised to meet with them at the next gathering of the sewing circle.

The day arrived, and although it was quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was filled with smiling faces. The deacon's carriage

was sent to the parsonage after Mrs. Maynard, and, in due time it arrived, bringing the lady with it. The shaking of hands that followed her arrival can only be imagined by those who have been present on such an occasion.

"How are you pleased with our village?" asked a Mrs. Britton, after the opening exercises were over, as she took a seat beside Mrs. Maynard.

"I like its appearance very much; it certainly has improved wonderfully within the last twelve years."

"Were you ever in Bridgeville before?" asked another lady, as those around looked somewhat surprised.

"I was here some months, when a child," replied Mrs. Maynard.

Their curiosity was excited.

"Have you friends here?" asked a third, after a moment's silence.

"I have not. I resided with my mother, the widow Lee. We lived in a little cottage which stood upon the spot now occupied by a large store, on the corner of Pine street."

"The widow Lee?" repeated Mrs. Britton; "I well remember the cottage, but I do not recollect the name."

"I think I attended school with you at the academy," replied Mrs. Maynard; "you were Miss Mary Lark, were you not?"

"That was my name," replied the lady, as a smile passed over her features at being recognized; "but I am really quite ashamed that my memory has proved so recreant."

"I was known in the academy as the little 'Calico Cloak.' Perhaps you can remember me by that name."

The smile faded from Mrs. Britton's face, and a deep blush overspread her features, which in a few moments was seen deepening upon the faces of others present.

There was a silence for some minutes; when Mrs. Maynard looked up, she found she

had caused considerable disturbance among the ladies of her own age, by making herself known.

"O! I remember very well when the little 'Calico Cloak' went to the academy," said an old lady, as she looked up over her glasses, "and I think, if my memory serves me right, some of the ladies present will owe Mrs. Maynard an apology."

"I had no intention whatever, ladies," replied Mrs. Maynard, "to reprove any one present by making myself known; but, as it may seem to some that it was my intention, I will add a few words. Most of the younger ladies present will remember the little 'Calico Cloak;' but no one but the wearer knows how deeply each unkind word pierced the little heart that beat beneath it. And as I again hear the old academy bell ring, it brings back fresh to my mind the sorrows of childhood. But let no lady mistake me, by supposing I cherish an unkind feeling towards any one. I know that whatever the past may have been, you are now my friends.

"But, ladies, let me add, if you have children teach them a lesson from my experience, and tell them to treat kindly the poor and the despised. A calico cloak may cover a heart as warm with affection, and as sensitive to sorrow, as one that beats beneath a velvet covering. Whenever you meet a child who shows a disposition to despise the poor, tell it the story of the 'calico cloak;' it will carry its own moral with it."

"That is the shortest, but the best sermon I ever heard," said the old lady, as she put her handkerchief under her glasses; "I do not believe its moral effect will be lost upon any of us."

The old lady was right. The story went from one to another, until it found its way into the old academy. At the very time a little boy was attending school there, whose

mother was struggling with her needle to give him an education. The boys often made sport of his patched knees and elbows, and he would run sobbing home to his mother. But when the story of the "calico cloak" reached the scholars, the little boy, (for he was naturally a noble-hearted child,) became very popular in school; and the children, from that time, were very kind to "Little Patchey," as he had always been called.

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story of "Little Patchey," she felt that she was well repaid for all she had suffered in childhood.

✓ Girls' Schools.—No. 4.

"Ye mak' it not 'what is she?' but 'what has she!'"—SCOTCH PROVERB.

THE law of association of ideas is a great help which Nature has granted to teachers, but they generally reject it utterly. For instance, a jumble of daily lessons, which are unconnected by any chain of interest, similitude, or natural relation to one another, is given to the scholars; and perhaps the succeeding day has another jumble, totally different. These tasks, from their diverse nature, are learned with effort, and without the least expenditure of interest. It should be quite otherwise. One should lead to another—the geography of a country to the historical facts connected with it—history to the biography of its great men—biography to literature—the noble poems, and plays, and narrations in prose. Thus pleasant memories will cluster around the name of that country, and interest to know more will be fully aroused;—there you have a nucleus, a center of attraction, and accumulation for knowledge, which will last a lifetime. Thus dry studies, veritable *tasks*, become pleasures, which may excite even an enthusiastic pursuit.

A child cannot be too young to begin in

this way, even if all the literature of the country to meet her apprehension be comprised in Mother Goose.

Some persons may say, "That plan would take too much time; our children would never get around the world during the whole course of their schooling."

Perhaps not. But they will have formed good habits for the future, and have gained a knowledge of how to go to work to pursue study when alone. Above all, they will have an appetite for it; they will know its real pleasures, and will thenceforth crave them. A wise old Scotch proverb says: "Do your turn weel, and none will spear what time ye took." Parents, do remember this, pray do; and do not urge on the teachers of your children, until they adopt an unsafe speed, which will end by running them off the track altogether.

Teachers themselves often find this plan entirely too much trouble, and they cry, "We cannot help having variety in study. There are some exercises which necessarily recur every day, such as writing, in which constant practice is indispensable."

Granted. Let a half hour be devoted to it, under the same system of compelled attention, upon a plan like that adopted—perhaps devised—by a Mr. Fife of Philadelphia. He gave a letter, or word, written upon a slip of paper, to each scholar to copy. She had time given her to take a good look at it, and to make two or three imitations as carefully as she could. Then the whole class was required to write it over and over again for a minute as fast as they could make their fingers move. When the time was up, the pupils counted the words they had written, and she who had made the greatest number was proclaimed triumphant.

Thus earnest effort, close attention, lively interest, and diversity of action, which pre-

vented weariness, were properly secured, and the most astonishing progress made, both in facility and beauty of writing. Many persons can write well by slow care, but few are at once both rapid, easy, and legible in their penmanship. That kind of chirography is of little worth which is not for everyday use, and careful imitations of copperplate certainly are not.

After this brisk exercise, the girls were usually wide awake, and in good humor, instead of being overcome with ennui.

There is another thing which must be pursued daily — Arithmetic; and there is none which can be used for such severe discipline of the mind. Colburn's first book was prepared by a profound philosopher; and she who has properly gone through with it, according to the plan of the author, *must* have a readier, stronger head in consequence. But how shamefully is this book abused! — the pupil often being allowed to recite with it in her hands — thus losing the benefit of the strict command of attention which it means to demand.

And there are substituted for it numberless books of "Arithmetic made Easy!" as if the object was to get so much ciphering accomplished in a life-time, so many sums done before leaving school — sums which will be rubbed from the mind as quickly and as utterly as they are from the slate! Teachers (and parents) lose sight of the real object, viz: to strengthen and exercise that mind, until it becomes clear, prompt, efficient in thought and action, to solve all of life's hard problem.

A little child trained to Attention, Association, and Retention, can, with half the usual time, fatigue, and trouble bestowed upon its lessons, become strikingly efficient in study, and of course simultaneously active and shrewd in every-day affairs. For exercised strength and vigor in school, it does not con-

fine its force to that sphere of action, nor become incapable immediately upon leaving it. It has been developed to true proportions; it is distorted by no clogs of bad habit, and it has within itself the principle of growth.

Instead of being productive of good results, many schools now force upon the scholar frivolity of pursuit, and inertia of mind and body. Such schools should be carefully avoided — if children are to be allowed a fair chance for healthful development, mentally and physically.

The latter subject is a very important one, I can only glance at it. Vigor of body, of course, increases vigor of mind, and *vice versa*. I do not say that fatness of body increases vigor of mind, nor that irritability and excitability of mind increase vigor of body. I mean that the health of one helps the health of the other.

But how is a poor child to attain to health of either, shut up as she is from exercise and sunlight nearly all day long? Not taught the proper way to study, she wastes hours on a task requiring but a few minutes' deep attention. And she is incapacitated from giving that attention by habits of idleness, and by general debility of purpose and nerve. Moreover, at the Barnacle school she has only learned "How not to do it."

The way in which children's lessons are learned nowadays is exceedingly unfair to parents, who sustain at home all the annoyance of forcing them to give up their play hours to study with an unwilling spirit, and in a most improper manner. Those who are most anxious for their daughters' improvement, have actually all the trouble of teaching themselves, and the privilege of paying the schoolmaster for hearing a perfect recitation at his ease! This is an unnatural transfer of duties, and I wonder that parents submit to it.

If the teacher knew what he was about, and took a vital interest in his calling, placing it before his own ease, he himself would be the one to object to this studying at home, which has a most pernicious influence upon the pupil, as has been shown. She contracts all manner of bad habits. Mothers who have small children, and their housekeeping duties to care for, have not, of course, the time to inform themselves of all it is necessary to know, in order to give their daughters the best habits of mental activity.

There is another reason for abolishing the present arrangement.

School hours are usually from nine until two, and surely five hours of the hardest kind of work — mental application — are all that should be required of young, tender, feeble girls, when adults, men, clamor to rest after ten hours of manual labor. They think — and are right — that they cannot sustain more without injury. Five hours to delicate students is more than twelve to men.

Bulwer has spoken strongly against too long mental application. He gives but three hours a day to it, and says that to apply himself a longer time is to lessen the degree of his power.

Children's muscles need play. They must have it, or they grow perverse, and distort the bones they act upon. Their blood needs sunlight and air, and will have them, or it becomes pale and diseased. If you want your daughters to grow up into beautiful, graceful women, who will have good health, long life, and happy tempers, you must, mothers, let school be school, and play hours be play hours. Then, if they really strengthen their minds by hard work in the morning, and their bodies by hard play in the afternoon, they will be prompt, practical, and efficient in their important tasks as housekeepers, teachers, mothers, and patronesses of the beautiful and

intellectual in life. They will be too wise to be led away from their legitimate calling into courses and pursuits you would tremble to see them entering. They would always be guided rather by good sense and good nature, than by inflamed imaginations and sickly fancies. — *A. L. O., in New York Independent.*

For the Schoolmaster.
The Miner's Song.

BY J. SWETT.

The eastern sky is blushing red,
The distant hill-top glowing,
The river o'er its rocky bed
In idle frolics flowing;
'Tis time the pickaxe and the spade
Against the rocks were ringing,
And, with ourselves, the golden stream
A song of labor singing.

The mountain air is fresh and cold,
Unclouded skies bend o'er us,
Broad *placers*, rich in hidden gold,
Lie temptingly before us.
We need no Mida's magic wand,
Nor wizard rod divining,
The pickaxe, spade, and brawny hand
Are sorcerers in mining!

When labor closes with the day,
To simple fare returning,
We gather in a merry group
Around the camp fires burning;
The mountain sod our couch at night,
The stars shine bright above us,
We think of home and fall asleep
To dream of those who love us.

FEATHER RIVER, California.

Who is rich? Diogenes in his tub was rich in the wealth and warmth of the sun. It is he who has much and wants more who is poor, and he who has little and is therewith content is rich.

**"Debate on the Bill Establishing Free Schools,
At the January Session of the Rhode Island
Legislature, A. D. 1828."**

In our last we placed before our readers the introductory remarks of Hon. Joseph L. Tillinghast on this bill. We present below the closing remarks of that gentleman before moving the adoption of the bill. The remarks relate to the lottery question and to the general provisions of the bill as at first introduced.

In our next we propose to give some *short* and *spicy* paragraphs from the remarks of several gentlemen who spoke upon the bill.

At our point of view, what the honorable gentleman says upon the system of lotteries savors a little of *expediency*. Having shown that the sum of \$10,000 might probably be appropriated annually from the lottery revenue, he proceeds to say :

"I know that individual opinions are divided upon the propriety of the system of lotteries — that this mode of resorting to the lot, as it has been called, is by some censured, and by others advocated. It falls not in my way, at present, to advocate or to investigate any conscientious opinion upon this subject. But I believe there can be no difference of opinion on this point, that while this branch of business exists, unprohibited by public authority, it is not unwise to make it subservient to the public good — to enable those who reprobate it to perceive that, as far as practicable, it makes restitution and atonement, on the one hand, for such evils as they suppose it occasions on the other.

Judging from past experience, we may believe that tickets will be offered for sale, and will be bought, in this state; and the money of our citizens, if not expended in lotteries originating at home, will go abroad to benefit

other states, in consequence of purchasing foreign tickets. In years past, laws prohibiting the sale of foreign tickets have been passed, proved wholly ineffectual, and repealed. And we cannot calculate on any immediate change in the principle of human nature which produces this result. But if we could, our treasury, I believe, might still be supplied.

Being, then, in a situation to make a present provision, let us for a moment consider the principle of the bill reported. By the first section a sum left blank, and which, upon the supposition that the rest of the bill passes, I shall propose to be \$10,000 — is to be set apart from the revenue arising from lotteries and auction sales, to be paid out annually to the towns, according to their respective proportions under the last estimate of rateable property. This seems the most obvious, just, and equal ratio of distribution; and, as far as we can pursue equality, we are bound to do so. When we come to the actual application of the money to its immediate object, the idea of equality, in respect to the numbers or individuals to be benefitted by each portion, cannot be retained. An individual who has but one child, though he may be assessed at twenty dollars tax, will receive less fruits of the appropriation than he who is assessed at a dollar and has ten children. And this will apply also to the respective towns, as well as families, who may have more or less children requiring education than their respective proportions in the estimate. Perfect equality in the *application*, therefore, is impossible. But equality in the *distribution*, according to the proportion in which the towns are bound to *contribute* to the public expenses, is attainable, and seems just. Nevertheless, I have heard suggestions from several members that the ratio of *population* might be preferable. If so, it is open to discussion; — and, if, upon discussion, that ratio is deemed best, it will prevail. I wish to be distinctly under-

stood, that if the main principle and benefit contemplated by the bill is established, it is not my purpose or wish to adhere pertinaciously to the exact provisions of the bill on this point, or on any other, or to refuse my vote to any fair modification. Whatever qualifications consistent with the spirit and efficacy of the measure, may be found expedient by the expressed sense of the House, after due deliberation, shall have my cheerful acquiescence. And from the effect of this remark I would not exclude the second section, which provides that each town, before receiving its proportion, is to raise a sum equal to — I should say the sum — which it is entitled to, as its proportion of the appropriation. A difference of opinion exists as to the amount so to be raised by the towns; and half the above sum has been named. This also is open to discussion, in settling the details of the bill. But I would here suggest that it is certainly an object to provide as much as twenty thousand dollars annually. Upon twenty thousand dollars apportioned according to the estimate, the smallest towns in the state would have one hundred and sixteen dollars.

The treasury could not probably spare twenty thousand dollars a year without resorting to other modes of supplying it than those that have of late sufficed. And of all modes of directly raising money, none are so satisfactory as that by which the freemen of each town, by themselves and their own officers under their own inspection and at their own times, raise what is wanted for their own use and benefit. Raising part of the fund directly from themselves, they would feel a direct interest in seeing to its careful application, and I think we should be mistaken if we should suppose that the freemen of most of the towns in the state are not, at this time, prepared, willingly and cheerfully to raise their proportions, for the objects of this bill. By a provision in connexion with this the

towns that neglect to raise their proportion do not thereby lose their right to partake of the fund except for each year of the neglect. Their proportions are to be added to the fund for distribution the next year, and they can at any time come in and partake. The succeeding sections provide for the appointment of school committees, and their powers and duties; and for the mode in which the treasurer is to keep his accounts of the revenues appropriated, and report and publish each town's annual proportion.

The last section provides for an appropriation of a certain sum out of the money now in the treasury, to be invested in productive stock for the commencement and formation of a permanent school fund, allowing only so much of the interest to be used as may be required in case of a deficiency in the sum for annual distribution. The object of this is to form a nucleus upon which future appropriations and donations accruing, may accumulate and be preserved inviolate for the purposes of public education.

These being the principal features of the bill before you, I now move, sir, that we proceed to consider it section by section. And I sincerely hope and trust that we shall proceed in the spirit of conciliation, and mutual concession without embarrassment and with united purpose, to adopt the main principle of the bill; to make it conform to our best views of prudence and utility; and at all events, before we leave it, before we separate, now, in our day and opportunity, to discharge our duty to the republic in this particular, and make an effectual provision for the education of our youth which may be felt in its salutary effects upon this and each succeeding generation."

ADVICE generally requires some very powerful argument in order to be taken.

For the Schoolmaster.
Modern Coins.

BY MANFRED.

MODERN coins comprise those struck since the fall of the Western Empire.

The Italian coins under the Ostrogoths were issued soon after the year 480 of the Christian era. The French series commence with Clovis, A. D. 490. The Spanish with Liuva, Prince of the Visigoths, about A. D. 567. The German States issued money soon after the reign of Charlemagne, probably during the ninth century, as well as the independent Lombard cities, and the Neapolitans. The Papal currency begins with Pope Hadrian I., A. D. 772. Denmark has coins of an early date, but few of them are intelligible until the reign of Canute, about A. D. 1000. Contemporary with this date are the coins of the petty kings of Ireland. In Sweden it is said coinage was begun under Biorno, A. D. 818. In Norway with Olave or Olaf, A. D. 1066. Russian coinage is of a later date than other European countries. Scotch pennies, it is said, are found which are ascribed to Alexander I. A. D. 1107, while those of William the Lion, A. D. 1166, are even now quite numerous in antiquarian collections in that land. Pennies were the earliest coins issued in most of the European kingdoms, and the prevailing device upon them was a cross.

As a matter of course we have more minute detail of the early English currency than that of any other country save our own. The precise date when Roman currency passed out of circulation is not known. The early kings of Kent had struck, probably during the sixth century, *sceattæ*, derived from the Anglo Saxon, and signifying shot—money. They are too rude to admit of a description, are of silver, and of different weights, from seven grains and a half (troy) to twenty and upwards;

their common weight, however, is from fifteen to nineteen grains. The earliest Saxon coin known, is a *sceatta* of Ethilberht I. of Kent, who reigned from A. D. 561 to 616. In point of antiquity the penny succeeds, the name of which first appears in the laws of Ina, king of the West Saxons, whose reign commenced A. D. 688. The word is probably derived from *pendo*, to weigh, and is now, as it was then, the 240th part of the nummary pound. Little is known in regard to the half of the penny. A Saxon half-penny of Edward the Elder is said to exist in the Bodleian collection at Oxford, England.

From the reign of Ecgrith, who ascended the throne in A. D. 670, to that of Eanred, whose reign began A. D. 808, a space of more than a century, no coins have as yet been found. One silver penny of Eanred is known. The last silver half-penny was struck under the Commonwealth. The last silver farthing was coined in the reign of Edward VI., but no specimen of it has been seen. The *testoon*, or shilling, was first coined by Henry VII. in 1503. The appellation of *testoon* was from *teste* or *tete*, the head of the king upon it; that of shilling was of old but uncertain origin. Pinkerton says that coins of that name had been struck in Hamburgh in 1407.

Henry VIII. struck some patterns for a silver crown, but the first crown for currency was struck by Edward VI, with the half crown, sixpence, and threepence. Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, coined three-half-penny, and in 1561 three-farthing pieces. Pinkerton says they were dropped in 1582, but there is a three-half-penny piece in the British Museum bearing the date of 1599. Charles I. struck twenty-shilling and ten-shilling pieces in silver, but they soon passed out of circulation.

In the year 1257 a manuscript chronicle in the archives of the city of London, states that

the king made a penny of the finest gold, which weighed two sterlings, and willed that it should pass for twenty pence. Three specimens are still found in England, and two out of the three are in the British Museum. They are from different dies. But with Edward III. the series of English gold coin really commences. That prince in 1344 struck florins, — the half and quarter florins were struck at the same time. The circulation of the florin was doubtless very limited, and it seems to have been soon withdrawn, as none have as yet been found, while a few quarter-florins and one half are preserved in English cabinets. In the same year, the noble was published of 6s 8d value, forming half a mark, then the most general ideal form of money. The obverse represents the king standing in a vessel asserting the dominion of the sea. The noble was attended by its half and quarter. Charles II. coined the guinea, half-guineas, double guineas and five guinea pieces; so called from Guinea gold from which they were first struck in 1663. George I. and George III. issued quarter-guineas, and George III. pieces of seven-shillings in 1797. In 1815 sovereigns and half-sovereigns of 20s and 10s each were coined, and the guinea and half-guinea gradually went out of circulation.

The present copper coinage of England arose a thousand years later than its silver. Queen Elizabeth had a great aversion to copper money, although the necessities of her people for small change was obvious. She allowed a pattern struck, as the PLEDGE OF A HALF PENNY, and James I. and Charles I. issued farthing tokens as pledges, but no authorized coinage of copper was struck till 1672, when half pence and farthings of that metal were first made public money. In 1684, tin farthings were coined with a stud of copper in the centre. Others, as well as half pence, of the same metal were struck by James William and Mary. In 1693 the tin

was called in and copper renewed. George III. coined pieces of a penny and two pence in copper, but they did not answer their purpose, and were soon discontinued. The penny pieces still remain in circulation. Of the money struck in France by English princes, we have account of the deniers of Eleanor, wife of Henry II., as duchess of Aquitaine, with deniers and half deniers of Henry II., and pennies and half pennies of Aquitaine, and pence of Poitou and Rouen of Richard I. Also of a lion of billion of Edward I., coined during the lifetime of his father, after he had received Gascony, a series of silver and billion coins of Edward III., Edward the Black Prince, Richard II., and of Henry IV., V., and VI.

The denominations of the silver were the hardi, double hardi, groat, half groat, penny and half penny. In this class are the Calais groats and half groats of the sovereigns of England, from Edward III. to Henry VI., and the Tournay groats of Henry VIII. Edward III. was the first of the English princes who struck gold money in France. The denominations were guiennois, leopard, chaise, and mouton. To these Edward the Black Prince added the hardi of gold, and the pavilion; and Henry V. salutes and half salutes. Henry VI. coined salutes, angelots, and francs in gold. The equivocal specimens of silver coins, supposed to have been struck by Margaret of Burgundy for Perkin Warbeck, are usually classed with the Anglo Gallic series.

In our next article we intend to treat of early American currency, giving the inscriptions of some of those that bring down to us the spirit of the age in which they were coined.

LEAVE your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them, by that time, will require answering.

For the Schoolmaster.
To-Day and To-Morrow.

Now is the accepted time. Seize and improve the present moment. This alone is thine. Thou canst not in this world claim any future time. As time rolls on his ceaseless course and sweeps away the moments that be, it is true that other moments will arrive. But how knowest thou where thou shalt be when those moments come. That which thy hand findeth to do, it should do now.

But, alas! how often is the case far different. How often does the exclamation grate harshly on the ear, To-morrow will be time enough. To-morrow is the Almighty's, he will dispose of it. Be wise. There is time enough now and it is safe to use it. Why then dangerously delay what can be done now as well, if not better, than at any future time. To-morrow after to-morrow glides into to-day and still the delayed work is unaccomplished; and, finally, the last to-morrow comes and the spirit is ushered into the glorious to-day of another world and the proposed work is not done, is not even begun.

Let not thy heart be earnestly on future blessings, but thoroughly enjoy those of the present. Each hour is fraught with blessings which no future can restore. Take them while they are present. for afterwards thou mayst strive for them in vain. Garner the golden minutes with a careful hand, let not one remain unstored. Remember the tiny seconds, also, that each minute may be perfect.

As the All-wise Father has, in the natural world, hidden his most precious and costly gifts in the deep recesses and caves of the earth and in the secret places of the deep waters, so that the labor and difficulty through which man obtains them may cause him to value them as highly as he ought; so, also,

in the spiritual world, the rich, choice gems of the heart are shrouded in grief and perplexity, in order that they may be drawn out and polished by the stern contact of the world, that thus by the arduous struggle, we may be able to estimate nightly their intrinsic value.

Thou must not expect all blessings, for trials will cluster around thee. Thy life will not be all sunshine and no shade. Were it so, of what value would it be to thee? It would be as worthless as an unshaded picture. The harmonious blending of light and shade gives to the artist's work its value and renders the effect of the performance pleasing to the taste. So it is with the soul of man. A life all sunshine would produce very little effect. But a life where sunshine and shadow blend in harmonious proportions, would be similar to a finished picture, grateful and pleasing. The rich, deep shade would give a glory to the mellow light.

Let not the clouds that overshadow, overpower thee. Remember that the clear sky and bright sun are beyond and above them. The sorrow and grief of to-day are sufficient for thee, borrow none from the morrow. Do not envelop thy spirit in thick clouds of melancholy, doubt, distrust, and dark foreboding, for if thou dost, the fear of to-morrow will annihilate the pleasure of to-day. Endure all things patiently. Labor and pray *now*, not on the morrow, for that is not thine.

Oh! trust not the siren whispers of to-morrow, but listen to the stern voice of to-day. Do the duty which to-day assigns thee while the sun shines brightly on thee, ere the shades of evening dim thy vision, and sober midnight locks thine eyes in slumber. Let naught tempt thee from the performance of that duty; neither the scorching noontide beams of a summer's sun, nor the chilling

snows and piercing winds of winter. Let no visions of the future clude, nor memories of the past enthrall thee. But, free and unfettered, up and do thy great task cheerfully and diligently, for the day wanes and the night shades approach. Then shall thy spirit, purified and refined by labor and trial, soar from this world into that world where there is no to-morrow, but all time is one never-ending day.

ROSA.

For the Schoolmaster.
School Songs.

1. *What they are.* — 2. *What they ought to be.*
— 3. *How they may be improved.*

1. Many juvenile songs are puerile and insipid; those for older scholars affected by false sentiment. Recently, *melody* has given way to *harmony*. For the school-room, a meaningless melody is insufficient even when the harmony is skillful.

2. The music ought to be simple, expressive, melodious and with the words should be cheerful, enlivening. The language may teach moral lessons. Such songs will be sung with pleasure. What little one is not pleased to lip "Lightly row," "Little drops of water," or "Haste thee, Winter"? Who tires of "Sweet Home," "I know a kindly angel," "Now Winter's gone," "When the day with rosy light," "Night is stealing," or "Auld Lang Syne"?

3. Let the next writer of school songs, first knowing and loving children, imagine himself again a child, communing, an honest, free, childlike spirit, with Nature and Nature's God. Let him sing songs of joy or praise and then write his song and simple melody, or let him write with birds and trees and sky around him. Such songs, written in a right spirit will be loved.

For the Schoolmaster.
Geology.

EVIDENCE IN RHODE ISLAND OF THE GREAT
SOUTH CURRENT.

EVIDENCE of observation proves that the surface of New England and the northern states was at some period long past affected by an overwhelming current of water from the north, which made its way by the valleys, carrying with it heavy rocks and other movable matter towards the south to the Long Island Sound or Atlantic shore in the eastern, and to the Ohio river in the western states. The action of glaciers has here also been detected.

Fragments from a singular and curious natural collection of such matter are at this moment under the eye of the writer. They are of granite or sienite, rather finely than coarsely compounded, generally of a reddish tinge where merely fractured, containing little spots of colored mica. The quartz is also of a dark color, the felspar of its usual tint. Its outer surface as generally is darkened and moss covered.

The rocks whence these specimens were taken are called Cat Rocks. They are in lat. $41\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N., lon. $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ E., on Wood river, a branch of the Pawcatuck, in this state.

That ledge of rocks in Johnston, whence those beautiful pillars in the Arcade, at Providence, were brought, is of entirely different material; being of light color and partaking more of the nature of sienite. The ledges in the vicinity of Cat Rocks are generally of this order of material; quartz and felspar without mica or with homblende. Smithfield abounds in limestone; the stationary rocks of Attleboro' are also of light color, with one or two ledges of red rocks; Red Rock Hill, for instance. For thirty miles, therefore, north and northeast of the Cat Rocks, no instance, as I

am aware, of similar rock to these have been found. An inference is that the boulders which form them are from some ledge further north.

Four or five years ago this phenomena attracted my notice. The theory of currents was then almost unknown to me. The object of my study was to detect, if possible, the cause of the phenomena.

These rocks can best be described by imagining or observing the appearance of the bed of a brook of swift running water. It will be seen that while the bottom is sandy or gravelly, numerous small pebbles are disposed on its sides. By noticing carefully, it may be discovered that these pebbles are generally regularly arranged, the smallest where the collection begins and the largest near the place of termination, down stream. The stones at the top and bottom of the deposition are smaller than near the middle of it. In the same manner are these great boulders arranged. The side of the hill leading west into the valley is completely covered with erratic rocks, large and small, some as great as twelve or fourteen feet in diameter. The valley, perhaps a mile wide, is filled with small hummucks of drift, flanked at their south margin by great boulders. Detached rocks of twenty or thirty feet in diameter and height lie in the open fields, some of them split from top to bottom, by apparent collision with rocks which lie south of them. So plain is the evidence of a north and south current here that an attentive study of these phenomena certified it, before I learned the fact from Hitchcock's work.

P. F.

THE newspaper is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the most indifferent — it may also instruct the most profound.

The Names of States.

MAINE was so called as early as 1623, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, November 7, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, January 16, 1777, from the French *verd mont*, the green mountains.

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians, in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. "I had learnt," says Roger Williams, "that the the Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills."

Rhode Island was so called in 1665, in reference to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Nocheakannew word, signifying long river.

New York was so called in 1674 in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England.

New Jersey was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn.

Delaware was so called in 1703 from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la War, who died in this Bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen of England.

Carolina was so called by the French in 1664, in honor of King Charles IX. of France.

Georgia was so called in 1732, in honor of King George II.

Alabama was so called in 1814, from its principal river.

Mississippi was so called in 1806, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river, i. e., the river formed by the union of many.

Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XIV. of France.

Tennessee was so called in 1796, from its principal river. The word Ten-asse is said to signify a *curved spoon*.

Kentucky was so called in 1793, from its principal river.

Illinois was so called in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the *river of men*.

Indiana was so called in 1809, from the American Indians.

Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called in 1812, from the lake on its border.

Arkansas was so called in 1812, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, Pascua Florida.

Columbia was so called in reference to Columbus.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river.

Iowa was so called from its principal river.

Oregon was so called from its principal river.

Talents no Protection.

WERE they so, Bacon would never have taken a bribe, nor would Dodd have committed forgery; Voltaire might have been another Luther; David Hume another Matthew Hale; and Satan himself might yet be in the canopy of heaven, an orb of the first magnitude. Indeed, high talent, unless early cultivated, as was that of Moses, and Milton, and Baxter, and Edwards, and Wesley, and Robert Hall, is the most restive under moral restraints; is the most fearless in exposing itself to temptation; is the most ready to lay itself on the lap of Delilah, trusting in the lock of its strength. And, alas! like Sampson, how often is it found blind and grinding in the prison house, when it might be wielding the highest political power, or civilizing and evangelizing the nations! — DR. MURRAY.

History in Words.

THE history of words is the history of trade and commerce. Our very apparel is a dictionary. We are told of the "bayonet," that it was first made in Bayonne; "cambrics," that they came from Cambray; "damask," from Damascus; "aras," from the city of the same name; "cordwine," or "cordoven," from Cordova; "currants," from Corinth; the "guinea," that was originally coined of gold brought from the African coast so called; "camlet," that it was woven, at least in part, of camel's hair. Such has been the manufacturing progress that we now and then send calicoes and muslins to India and the east, and yet the words give standing witness that we once imported these from thence; for "calico" is from Calcut, and "muslin" is from Mosul, a city in Asiatic Turkey.—*Zion's Herald*.

In childhood be modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just, in old age prudent.

The Old Cottage Clock.

OH! the old, old clock, of the household stock
 Was the brightest thing and neatest;
 Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
 And its chime rang still the sweetest.
 'Twas a monitor too, though its words were few,
 Yet they lived, though nations altered;
 And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
 When the voice and friendship faltered!
 "Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—
 For ten I've given warning;
 Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
 You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
 As it stood in the corner smiling,
 And blessed the time, with a merry chime,
 The wintry hours beguiling;
 But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
 As it called at daybreak boldly,
 When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
 And the early air blew coldly;
 "Tick, tick," it said—"quick, out of bed,
 For five I've given warning;
 You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
 Unless you're up in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
 With a tone that ceases never;
 While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
 And the old friends lost forever!
 Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
 That warmer beat and younger;
 Its hands still move—though hands we love
 Are clasped on earth no longer!
 "Tick—tick," it said—"to the church-yard bed
 The grave hath given warning—
 Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
 And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

—*Letters of Laura d' Auverne, by Charles Swain.*

Bad Spelling.

SOME years ago a teacher presented himself as a candidate for the mastership of a school, of which the salary was fifteen hundred dol-

lars. His qualifications were deemed satisfactory in all respects except in *spelling*. On account of this deficiency he was rejected. See, now, what ignorance in this elementary branch cost him. In ten years his salary would have amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, throwing out of the calculation the increase which by good investment might have accrued from interest. Besides, the salary of the same school has since been advanced to two thousand dollars. But he might have remained in the position twice or three times ten years, as other teachers in the same place have done, and that large amount might, consequently have been increased in proportion.

A gentleman of excellent reputation as a scholar was proposed to fill a professorship in one of our New England colleges, not many years since; but in his correspondence, so much bad spelling was found, that his name was dropped, and an honorable position was lost by him. The corporation of the college concluded that, however high his qualifications as a professor might be in general literature, the orthography of his correspondence would not add much to the reputation of the institution.

A prominent manufacturer, in a neighboring town received a business letter from an individual who had contracted to supply him with a large quantity of stock; but so badly was it spelled, and so illegible the penmanship, that the receiver found it nearly impossible to decipher the meaning. An immediate decision must be given in reply; and yet, so obscure was the expression that it was impossible to determine what should be the answer. Delay would be sure to bring loss; a wrong decision would lead to a still more serious result. Perplexed with uncertainty, throwing down the letter, he declared that this should be the last business transaction between him and the writer of such an illiterate communication; for, said he, "I am liable to loss

more in this trade alone, than I can make in a lifetime with him."

A gentleman who had been a book keeper some years, offered himself as a candidate for the office of secretary to an insurance company. Although a man of estimable character, possessed of many excellent qualifications, he failed of being elected because he was in the habit of leaving words mis-spelled on his book. The position would require him to attend to a portion of the correspondence of the office, and it was thought that incorrect spelling would not *insure* the company a very excellent reputation for their method of doing business, whatever amount might be transacted.

Inability to spell correctly exposes one to pecuniary loss. It is, moreover, an obstacle to an advancement to honorable station. Such instances as those recited above are satisfactory proofs; but that this defect in one's education is productive of mortification and mischief, is illustrated by the following actual occurrence.

A young teacher had received assistance from a friend in obtaining a school, and wrote a letter overflowing with gratitude to his benefactor, but closed it thus: "Please *except* (accept?) my thanks for your kind favors in my behalf."—*Mass Teacher*.

Religious Instruction.

DANIEL WEBSTER, in his masterly argument in the celebrated Girard College case, in the Supreme Court of the United States, says:

"I maintain that, in any institution for the instruction of youth, where the authority of God is disowned, and the duties of Christianity derided and despised, and its ministers shut out from all participation in its proceedings, there can no more be charity, true charity, found to exist, than evil can spring out of

the Bible, error out of truth, or hatred and animosity come forth from the bosom of perfect love." * * *

"At the meeting of the first Congress there was a doubt in the minds of many, of the propriety of opening the session with prayer; and the reason assigned was, as here, the great diversity of opinion and religious belief. At length Mr. Samuel Adams, with the gray hairs hanging about his shoulders, and with an impressive venerableness now seldom to be met with (I suppose owing to the difference of habits), rose in that assembly, and with the air of a perfect Puritan, said that it did not become men, professing to be Christian men, who had come together for solemn deliberation in the hour of their extremity, to say that there was so wide a difference in their religious belief, that they could not, as one man, bow the knee in prayer to the Almighty, whose advice and assistance they hoped to obtain. Independent as he was, and an enemy to all prelacy as he was known to be, he moved that the Rev. Mr. Duche, of the Episcopal Church, should address the Throne of Grace in prayer. And John Adams, in a letter to his wife, says that he never saw a more moving spectacle. Dr. Duche read the Episcopal service of the Church of England, and then, as if moved by the occasion, he broke out into extemporaneous prayer. And those men who were then about to resort to force to obtain their rights, were moved to tears; and floods of tears, Mr. Adams says, ran down the cheeks of the pacific Quakers who formed part of that most interesting assembly. Depend upon it, where there is a spirit of Christianity, there is a spirit which rises above forms, above ceremonies, independent of sect or creed, and the controversies of clashing doctrines."

To be good is to be happy.

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.

Answer to Geographical Enigma in August Number.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 3d.

MR. MOWRY:—I have solved the "Geographical Enigma" in this month's number, but found one or two mistakes. Cape Frio is on the coast of South America, instead of Africa, and *mountain* in New England should be *mountains*.

RAYMOND.

Our young friend will find in some of our Geographies a *Cape Frio* on the western coast of Africa, in Lat. 18° south, nearly.—ED.

ANSWER.

Antwerp, Godavery, Owyhee, White, Verona, Frio, Ur, Augsburg, Torres, Arta, Brest, Suwanee, Sviatoi.

Whole—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

Answer to Enigma Literary in June No.

By some *hocus pocus* this beautiful enigma, as also the riddle, from an esteemed correspondent, has never been answered in THE SCHOOLMASTER. The answer is as follows:

Kane, Whitmer, Anybody, Balwer.

Whole—The New York Daily Tribune.Answer to Riddle in June number; *ink*.

Mr. Canabag's Enigma in June Number.

SOME of our readers have called for the answer to this curious puzzle. We suppose the word *CARES* will give the key to a complete solution, provided *verb* in the first line reads *word*. Then by adding *s* the bitter *cares* will become a sweet *caress*.

God hears the heart without words, but never hears words without the heart.

The King and his Slave.

A GAME FOR THE CHILDREN.

A KING or Queen is chosen, and conducted with much pomp to a throne at one end of the room. Though elected by popular acclamation, this monarch is vested with powers scarcely less absolute than those of an hereditary despot.

The first act of his reign is to make a slave of one of his subjects. He fixes upon any one he likes. The slave submits—he had better!—and is requested to seat himself at the foot of the throne.

The king then calls on one of the company by name, "—, approach, my subject."

If the player called upon be unacquainted with the etiquette of this powerful court, he will, in all probability, approach the presence rudely, and without ceremony. He immediately pays a heavy forfeit into the royal treasury, and takes the place of the slave. This terrible punishment is inflicted without the culprit being told the nature of his offence. As we have already said, the monarch is absolute and irresponsible.

If, on the contrary, the subject honored by the royal summons should happen to know his duty, he says,—

"Sire, may I dare?"

The king is graciously pleased to reply, "You may."

The subject then approaches and says—

"Sire, I have obeyed; I await your royal orders."

The king then orders him to take from the *slave* any ornament or superfluous article of dress he may think fit. But the subject (under the same penalties as before) must not proceed to execute the royal command without pronouncing the *formula*, "Sire, may I dare?" to which the king, with the same enormous amount of condescension, again replies, "You may."

After the execution of the edict, the player repeats,—

"Sire, I have obeyed; I await your royal orders."

The king either commands him to take something else from the slave, or says, "Return to your place." This, however, the player must take care not to do *at once*, on pain of taking the slave's place, and paying a forfeit. He must first say, "Sire, may I dare?" as usual; and not think of quitting the presence until the king says, "You may."

The articles taken from the slave are claimed by the State as forfeits. It is seldom, however, he is stripped of many of his ornaments. The spoiler is almost sure to neglect the necessary formula, previous to executing one or other of the royal commands, and become an object for plunder himself.

The king is elected for an unlimited period, but may abdicate whenever he pleases, with the privilege of appointing his successor. With all his absolute power, he had, however, better take care. We have seen unpopular, partial, and especially stupid monarchs, dethroned at a moment's notice.

Dr. Franklin's Integrity.

FROM WEEB'S LIFE OF FRANKLIN.

BUT few have it so much in their power to do good or evil as the printers. I know they all glory in Dr. Franklin as a father, and are wont to name his name with veneration; happy would it be for this country if they would read the following with imitation:

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.

Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called and asked his opinion of it. "Why, sir," replied

Franklin, "I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss on account of my poverty whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue,—at night, when my work was done, I bought a two-peeny loaf, on which, with a mug of cold water, I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat slept very soundly on the floor till morning; when another loaf and a mug of water afforded me a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion, for a more luxurious living?"

One cannot read this anecdote of our American sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archilaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts,—"Meal, please your majesty, is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing."

Joe Douglass.

HOW EDDIE MADE A FRIEND OF HIM—A TESTAMENT FOR A BLOW.

I NEVER want to go to that school again as long as I live, *never*," said Eddie, as rushing in from school with flushed face and soiled garments and bruised chin, he buried his face in his mother's lap and cried aloud.

Waiting a little for him to become calm his mother wiped his face, and then heard his story. "Joe Douglass will *never* let me go to school in peace, or come home either. He is always taking away my books, or catching off my cap and throwing stones, or knocking me down and to-night because I would not let him have my ball, he took it away, and then threw me down and struck me, and kept me from coming home till now. I *never* want to

go to that school any more ;" and again his feeling burst forth into tears which he could not repress.

"Do you never try to irritate him, my son? Do you treat him kindly?"

"I try to keep out of his way. I don't want to play with him."

"Why not let him have your ball? Perhaps he has none, and it might do him good."

"I have let him take my pencils and my knife, and he always says he lost them, and all the boys think he *keeps* them."

The mother thought awhile. There was no other school for her little son to attend. She really pitied him, and tried to devise some way to soothe the feelings of the injured boy.

"Has Joseph any books of his own, Eddie?"

"No, mother, none that are good for anything. The teacher sometimes lends him some, when his lesson is torn out."

"He has a Testament of his own?"

"I don't think he has. He always reads from one of the other scholars'."

"You saw those pretty new Testaments I bought the other day. Now, I will give you one. You may go and pick out the prettiest cover, and if you wish, you may carry it to-morrow morning and give it to Joseph. I will write his name in it. Would you like to make him a present of it?"

It was a new idea to Eddie, but it struck him rather pleasantly; and his eyes brightened, his tears were all dried, and with a little brushing and washing he looked quite like himself again.

The next evening his mother waited a little anxiously for his return from school, as the distance was such he could not return at noon; but the smiling, happy face showed no more marks of blows.

"Why, mother, he came towards me, saying, 'Now you'll get it, old fellow;' and I held out the Testament, and said, 'Here,

Joe, I've brought you a new Testament;' and he looked, and looked, and I thought was going to knock it out of my hands; and I showed him his name, and told him you said I might make him a present of it; and he said, 'I thank you,' and this afternoon he brought me an apple."

It is almost time for the school to close, but there have been no more complaints of Joe Douglass, and Eddie says, "Mother, what shall I do when the school leaves off? — Messenger."

Story of the Bottle.

MR. PRESIDENT: I have a confession to make which may startle some of my old temperance friends who happen to be present. I came all the way from home to Boston to-day with a bottle in my pocket. Possibly it may relieve their anxiety a little if I assure them that, although the contents would have proved a sore temptation to many a man, since it has been in my possession, I have never drawn the cork. Here is the bottle. It contains 437 three cent pieces. These were placed there one by one, by an Irish boy, about fourteen years of age, the son of Catholic parents.

It occurred on this wise: The boy was accustomed to visit the shop of one of our teachers who by occupation is a grocer. This teacher became interested in him, and loaned him the Wellspring and other similar publications to read. The boy became much interested in them, but was afraid to carry them home, or even to have his parents know that he read anything so heretical. To relieve him from danger, this teacher gave him the use of a light, and allowed him to sit beneath his counter in the evening and read, all unobserved. Having gained the boy's confidence, and noticing that he was addicted to the use of cigars, he ventured to question him

as to the cost of this habit, and to suggest whether it would not be wise to rid himself of it, not only as a means of saving some of his hard-earned money, but also of preserving his health. The boy listened, and expressed a willingness to try. The teacher asked the amount he was spending thus, and learning that it was three cents a day, suggested that he save that amount daily, and lay it aside as a special fund. As the boy could think of no way to keep it safely, the teacher took this bottle from his shelf, and proposed to him to drop in it a three cent piece daily, (on Saturday dropping two,) promising to keep it for him. It was not long before he was cured of the habit, but he concluded to continue the daily deposit until his little bank was filled, so he kept on for 437 days—(there being a brief interruption when, by a sudden casualty, he was thrown out of employment)—until at last the bottle was filled. He then corked it up tight, and to make all sure, drove five nails into the cork. Grateful to the society which had published the papers in which he had been so much interested, he handed the bottle to the teacher with directions to give it to them to aid in publishing and distributing more. I have loaned it on two or three occasions to interest other schools, charging a dollar for its use, and devoting the dollar to the funds of this society. I now place it in your hands, hoping that your worthy secretary will take this hint; and trusting that in this case he will find it *profitable* and *beneficial* to be “addicted to the bottle.”—*The Wellspring*.

DANIEL WEBSTER penned the following beautiful sentiment:

“If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon our mortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just

fear of God and of their fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity.”

Only Me.

A LADY had two children—both girls. The elder one a fair child; the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. Her whole love centered in it. The elder was neglected, while “Sweet” (the pet name of the younger) received every attention that love could bestow. One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step on the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favorite. “Is that you, Sweet?” she enquired. “No, mamma,” was the sad and touching reply, “it isn't Sweet; it's only me.” The mother's heart smote her, and from that hour “only me” was restored to an equal place in her affections.

The Boy at the Dike.

A little boy in Holland was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dike. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell, the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings; how in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dike, until, the whole defense being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and every thing in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to

close it. Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the approach of some villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a groan, and looked round to see where it came from. "Why are you there, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dike was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

A Bright Example.

MANY years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious boy was to be seen; and it was evident to all that his mind was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot to settle in a remote town in that state, and pursue his fortunes there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is in business in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the State. Before he is twenty-five years of age, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-fitted lawyer. Now he is found on the bench of the Supreme Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the commit-

tee of six to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest counselors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored in his sphere the name of a Christian, he died regretted and loved by state and nation. This man was Roger Sherman. We take particular satisfaction, now and then, in chronicling the career of these self-made men; and holding them up as bright examples for the youth of our time to follow. It is the best service a journalist can perform for the good of the rising generation.

Kind Acts.

"Bessie, there is a peach for you, the finest I have seen this season," said Mr. Kohler to his little daughter.

It was very beautiful — so ripe that it looked just ready to burst through the thin skin, and a painter might have attempted in vain to rival the color. It was very tempting, for it was the first one Bessie had seen this summer, yet she stood with it in her hands, seemingly lost in thought.

"May I take it to cousin Mary? she is sick, and nothing tastes well to her, and she has been wishing so much for a peach."

"Yes, if you like."

And away flew Bessie on her errand of love. She went softly into cousin Mary's sick chamber, laid the peach before her, and quickly glided from the room.

As the parched lips were moistened by the delicious juice, the little sufferer declared it made her feel "almost well."

Now, that little act of kindness made Bessie happier than eating the peach would have done. Would you have acted like Bessie? —
Reaper.

Hear the Old Man.

REV. DANIEL WALDO is now *ninety-six* years old, and from his good health, sprightly walk and vigorous mind, you would hardly suppose him to be *seventy-five*. He was fourteen years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed. He served in the Revolutionary War, and was imprisoned on board the prison ship at New York. For his services and sufferings in the war he receives a pension.

While laboring as a missionary in this state more than forty years ago, he preached in Slatersville, and was successful in organizing the Congregational Church in that place. He recently officiated for two yeas as chaplain at Washington. The people of Slatersville were recently favored with a sermon from this venerable old man, while on a visit to that place of his former labors.

He reads five or six hours a day without apparent weariness, and in conversation is remarkably keen, witty and interesting, as well as instructive. The following advice to the young, recently penned by him, is worthy of a careful consideration:

"I AM an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly — masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupations smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent tempest of passion tears down the constitution more than a typhus fever. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative; report what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to this communicativeness. You, young men, who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best, and at the same time be honest.

The best profession is the ministry of the gospel. If you have not talents to be a minister, be a lawyer, but be an honest lawyer."

A Good Humored Rebuke.

A certain good natured old farmer preserved his constant good nature, let what would turn up. One day while the black tongue prevailed he was told that one of his red oxen was dead.

"Is he," said the old man, "well, he was always a breechy old fellow. Take off his hide and take it down to Fletcher's; it will bring the cash."

In an hour or two the man came back with the news "line black" and his mate were both dead.

"Are they?" said the old man, "well, I took them from B——, to save a bad debt I never expected to get. Take the hides down to Fletcher's; they will be as good as cash."

In about an hour the man came back to inform him that the nigh brindle was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man, "well, he was a very, very old ox. Take off the hide, and take it down to Fletcher's; it is worth more than any of the others."

Hereupon his wife, taking upon her the office of Eliphaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not aware that his loss was a judgment from Heaven for his wickedness.

"Is it?" said the old man; "well, if they take judgment in cattle, it is the easiest way I can pay them."

DEOR by drop falls into the clear well-spring of our youth the bitter water of experience, and there is no filterer this side of the grave that can restore the old purity.

"Tis money that makes men lords.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

The Atlantic Telegraph.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA UNITED.

THE first of September is the grand jubilee in honor of the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable. The work is accomplished. The Old World and the New are in instantaneous communication, and the lines are open to the business men of both hemispheres. Let all rejoice. We are glad to send this little unassuming monthly to our kind friends and patrons upon such a day of rejoicing. This Atlantic Cable will be a handmaid to education. Already the great American body of teachers—the American Institute of Instruction—have voted to send greetings to their brethren across the great waters.

Let every teacher join in the shout of praise this day ascending from the Christian world to God, whose kind Providence has given success to the great enterprise of our age.

American Institute of Instruction.

THE twenty-ninth annual meeting of this venerable body of American Teachers was held in the large hall of the Free Academy, in Norwich, Conn., August 17th, 18th, and 19th.

We have room at present for only a brief report of their proceedings.

The meeting was one of the largest ever held, and in all respects one of the most successful.

The members of this body comprise the most able and distinguished teachers of our country.

The lectures, addresses and discussions are of the highest order, and the general effect of the annual gatherings, both upon the people of the place of the meeting and upon the teachers and other educational men from all parts of the country, is most inspiring and salutary.

This meeting at Norwich will long be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to be present, as one on which the memory will delight to dwell for years to come.

The members of the Institute were most cordially welcomed to the hospitalities of the city by His Excellency Gov. Buckingham. This welcome was extended in behalf of the Trustees of the Free Academy, of which he is the chairman, of the Board of Education of the city, and of the citizens generally. In the course of his address, His Excellency referred to the interest which the citizens of Norwich had manifested in the work of education, by the time they had given to it, and the expense which they had voluntarily incurred. The Free Academy itself was a voluntary contribution of more than \$100,000.

After a happy response from the president, Hon. J. D. Philbrick, Superintendent of the Boston schools, the first address was given by Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., President of Brown University.

His subject was a survey of our entire system of education, dwelling especially upon our higher institutions. He contended earnestly for the education of the college and the university as well as the practical or scientific schools.

The second address was given on Tuesday evening by Rev. J. P. Gulliver, of Norwich.

His topic was *The School the natural ally of the Pulpit*, or, the proper education of the Mind has a tendency to secure the proper education of the Heart.

On Wednesday morning the Institute entered upon the discussion of the question as to the education of the sexes together in the public schools.

The discussion was opened by Elbridge Smith, Esq., Principal of the Free Academy, Norwich.

He was followed by the following gentlemen, nearly all of whom agreed with Mr. Smith that the sexes should be educated together:

"Father Greenleaf," of Bradford Mass., Richard Edwards, of St. Louis, Mo., Geo. B. Emerson, of Boston, Mr. Batchelder, of Salem, Mass.

The third lecture was then delivered by T. W. Valentine, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y. His theme was, "Words Fitly Spoken."

In the afternoon a proposition was presented at once by Mr. Dole, of Maine, for submitting what he claims as a great discovery, to the in-

vestigation of a committee to be raised by the Institute. He claims to have solved what he calls the enigma of the English verb, to have discovered its true theory. He confidently believed that, on a fair investigation, his claim would prove a good one. In accordance with his request a committee was appointed by the Chair in relation to the matter, consisting of A. Crosby, of Salem, Mr. Hart, of Farmington, and Mr. Amos Perry, of Providence.

Prof. D. N. Camp then offered a series of resolutions with reference to the loss of the Institute by the death of the late Prof. Andrews, of New Britain, and accompanied them with very appropriate remarks.

The resolutions were seconded by Dr. Wm. A. Alcott, of Newton, Mr. Greenleaf, of Bradford, Mr. Greenleaf, of Brooklyn, Mr. Emerson, of Boston, Mr. Kingsbury, of Providence, and Mr. Hedges, of New Jersey, who suggested that the vote be taken by rising. They were unanimously adopted.

The fourth lecture was by B. W. Putnam, Esq., Principal of the Quincy School, Boston.

The subject chosen by Mr. Putnam was, "Drawing as a Branch of Education." This gentleman's address was an able and manly argument in favor of Drawing as a means of cultivating refinement and taste, of developing accurately the perceptive faculties, of disciplining the imagination and enhancing the pleasure and profit of reading, and of moral education.

A brief discussion followed, in the main sustaining the position of the lecturer, participated in by Messrs. Greenleaf of Bradford, Emerson of Boston, Greenleaf of Brooklyn, Boutwell of Groton, and Wetherell of Boston.

The fifth lecture was delivered on Wednesday evening, by Prof. John Foster, of Union College. He discoursed upon the general subject of Education, discussing particularly the opposing theories of the "progressives" and "conservatives."

On Thursday the officers for the ensuing year were elected, resulting in the reelection of nearly all of last year's list.

After the election of officers, a discussion was indulged in, upon the question: "Ought Public

Schools to be entirely supported by General Taxation."

The discussion was participated in by Hon. D. N. Camp, Supt. of Common Schools of Connecticut, Samuel St. John of Bridgeport, Dr. W. A. Alcott of Newton, Messrs. Greenleaf of Bradford, Mass., and Greenleaf of Brooklyn, N. Y., Hon. John A. Rockwell of Norwich, and Gov. Boutwell.

The sixth lecture was delivered by Prof. Calthorpe, of Bridgeport, Conn.

He took a general survey of man, and of the means for his education, as a being possessed of Body, Mind, Heart, Conscience and Soul. These he considered as all mutually dependent;—and in consequence of that connection, the body has something to do with the mind, heart, conscience and soul of man. His performance was a most amusing and satisfactory one, calling forth repeated applause.

At its close, G. F. Thayer, Esq., of Boston, expressed his delight with the discourse, and moved that, if the funds of the Institute would permit of it, the author be requested to furnish a copy, and that five thousand copies be printed for gratuitous circulation.

Hon. John A. Rockwell suggested that there should be no condition as to the state of the fund. He thought the means would be readily found.

Mr. Batchelder, of Salem, preferred that the number of copies should be put at fifty thousand. There would be no trouble, he thought, in raising the funds by subscription.

Gov. Buckingham coincided in his views with Mr. Rockwell, and Mr. Thayer so modified his motion. Thus modified, it was unanimously adopted, and the announcement was received with hearty applause.

The Institute then adjourned to take a pleasure trip down the river in the afternoon.

The afternoon of Thursday was devoted to an excursion down the Thames. About eight hundred ladies and gentlemen took their places on board the steamer Connecticut and enjoyed a delightful trip down the Thames to the Sound.

The evening was devoted to the closing ad-

dressess, which formed perhaps the most interesting exercises of the three days' meetings.

The last vote of the Institute before adjourning was to authorize its president and secretary to send greetings, via the Atlantic Telegraph, to a similar association of educators in the mother country.

As usual, the exercises of the meeting were closed by singing the Doxology, at nearly eleven o'clock, previous to which hour not a dozen persons had left the hall.

Nearly six hundred female teachers shared the bountiful hospitalities of the citizens of Norwich, and the hotels were filled to overflowing by the male portion of the profession.

Acquaintances were made between hosts and guests which will be pleasant for years to come. Ideas were suggested which will find their practical test in the school-rooms of the East, the West, and the South. A higher degree of culture was advocated, which will be responded to by the people of our nation.

National Teachers' Association.

THE annual convention of the National Teachers' Association, convened at Cincinnati on Wednesday, Aug. 11th, has been an occasion of unusual interest. Eminent educators from every quarter of our country were present. The discussions were spirited and harmonious. In response to calls for reports on educational matters, Mr. Adams, of Montpelier, spoke for Vermont; Mr. Philbrick, of Boston, for Massachusetts; Dr. M'Jilton, for Maryland; Mr. Baggs, for Alabama; and Mr. Devoll for Missouri. Favorable reports of the cause were also made for New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. Prof. Daniel Read, of Wisconsin University, delivered an address "On the educational tendencies and progress of the last thirty years." Mr. Philbrick delivered an address on "Manual Education;" the President, Z. Richards, one on the "Province and agency of the National Teachers' Association;" and Horace Mann one on the "Motives of Teachers." This last was characterized by the graphic style,

copious illustration, profound thought, and earnest spirit which distinguishes all the author's productions. It commanded close attention, and at its close was loudly applauded. A copy was requested for publication. A similar compliment was paid to Mr. Philbrick.—*Providence Journal*.

INSTITUTE AT NEWPORT. — Our readers will find by the advertisement in this number that arrangements have been completed by the efficient School Commissioner, Mr. Kingsbury, for a Teachers' Institute at Newport, the first week in October. The instructors and lecturers engaged are of the highest order, and the meeting promises to be one of the most interesting and valuable which the teachers of Rhode Island have had an opportunity to attend for many years.

As this is the only Institute to be held in the state the present season, we bespeak for it the general attendance of teachers of every grade throughout the state.

THE APPOINTMENT AT EAST GREENWICH. — Rev. Prof. Robert Allyn has, we understand, negatived the call to the principalship of the Providence Conference Seminary, and Rev. Micah J. Talbot, A. M., of Newport, has been unanimously elected by the trustees. Mr. Talbot is a graduate of the Wesleyan University of the class of 1844.

CHARLES B. GOFF. — This gentleman has recently been appointed Principal of the High School at Fall River, Mass. He was the valedictorian of the class of 1866, Brown University, is a fine scholar, especially in the ancient classics, an accomplished gentleman, and a successful teacher. He was recently principal of the High School in Schenectady, New York.

School Incidents.

1, "What makes you draw your words so?" asked the village pedagogue of a young lad who came in from *the farm*, a mile and a half from the village, and who said "naeow" and "caeow." "Because," said the boy, "I-have-so-fur-ter-come."

2. A young school-marm was one day asking the questions of the book and receiving, parrot-like, the stereotype answers, when the following reply was given to the question—

"Who inhabit the northeastern portion of North America?"

"Esquimaux, *species* of Indians," was the quick reply.

It is hardly necessary to say that the little fellow had mistaken the word *species* for *spices*.

3. The *R. I. Schoolmaster* once taught a village school in Massachusetts. One day his first class was reading a piece called *The Maniac*, in which occurs this passage: "He led him up through sundry passages to the roof of the house." The lad read it: "He led him up through *sun dry pastures* to the roof of the house."

For the Schoolmaster.

"How Plants Grow." *

To observe, and then to think and to reason is the law of development in the human mind. Far more natural is it for a child to delight in handling a flower, in looking intently at its form and its color, and in smelling its odor, than to attend to conceptions of classes, and of relations, or to desire to investigate the philosophy of language. This fact should be a guiding principle in the arrangement of studies in our primary schools. The youthful scholar should be encouraged to observe the things around him, not so much his books, his slate, and his desk, the works of man, as the clouds and the rocks, the beautiful creations of God. To assist him in one department of the study of natural objects, and that perhaps the most delightful of all, Prof. Gray has left for the time his more dignified works, such as the "Botanical Text Book," and the "Botany of the Northern United States,"

* *HOW PLANTS GROW*, a simple introduction to Structural Botany. With a popular Flora, or an arrangement and description of common plants, both wild and cultivated. Illustrated by 500 wood engravings. By Asa Gray, M. D., Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Ivison and Phinney, 320 Broadway.

and prepared the little book "How Plants Grow." It comes to us fresh from the dew of the morning and laden with the sweetness of spring flowers. It allures us out into the fields to pluck butter cups and lilies, and to "behold how they grow." Right worthy is it of a hearty welcome, and a place among the text-books of our common schools.

The study of plants is the most charming pursuit which can occupy the mind of a child. It is one also of *never-failing* interest and instruction. There is no child in our schools so young that he could not be taught to admire the beautiful forms of leaves. This is the point, where we would have the study commence. Indeed, we would advise the teacher to tell her scholars about the shapes of leaves, and of roots, and to encourage them to collect and to arrange these, even if she be able to carry the pursuit no farther. Take the leaf of a garden lily, and another of a cherry tree, and point out how one has its little veins all running parallel from the base to the apex, while in the other they are all branching off from a central rib. Then let the scholars gather all the leaves they can, and separate them into two classes in accordance with this distinction, and if they do not take a real living interest in it, we are much mistaken. Then go on, step by step, to "linear" leaves, and "oval," and "heart-shaped," and "wedge-shaped," and "arrow-shaped," and "shield-shaped," with all the rest, and let them gather specimens of each. They will thus be cultivating a habit of observation, and a love for the beautiful, of incalculable value through life.

A knowledge of the varied and beautiful forms of leaves and stems, and roots will prepare the way for a right understanding of their functions and uses. This will form the second stage of the study. Show how the rootlets are fitted for absorbing fluids from the soil, how the stem serves to hang out the leaves in the sunlight and the air, and how the leaves change the character of the fluid absorbed by the roots, so that it is capable of ministering to the building up of the plant. Thus the plan of vegetation is presented, and we naturally ask, where did the plant begin,

and whither is it going? We are thus introduced to the mysteries of the flower and the seed. Branches which at first consisted of stem and leaves only, now take another form, and more beautiful colors, and are called flowers. Now is the time to point out the different parts of the flower, the sepals, and the petals, the stamens, and the pistils, and hidden among them all the ovary, which will ere long become the only valuable part, to be preserved with care, when its present gay covering is all gone to decay. Now open an ovary, it makes no difference whether you do it by cutting an apple, or cracking a chestnut bur, and placing the seeds or the nuts in the ground, watch the coming forth of the seed-leaves, and the plumicle, and show your scholars that you have traced the cycle of vegetable life from the perfect growing plant, through bud, and flower, and fruit, and seed, and germ round to the perfect growing plant again.

The scholars will then be prepared to consider some of the questions which Prof. Gray answers in his third chapter. "Why do plants grow?" "What are they made for?" "What do they do?" We cannot better close this short notice than by extracting a part of our Author's answer to the question,

"WHAT ARE PLANTS MADE FOR?"

"In the first place, in the very act of making vegetable matter, plants fulfill one great purpose of their existence, that is,

"*They purify the air for animals.* That part of the air which renders it fit for breathing is called *oxygen*; this makes up about one fifth part of the air we breathe. At every breath animals take in some of this *oxygen* and change it into *carbonic acid*; that is, they combine the oxygen with carbon from their blood, which makes carbonic acid, and breathe out this carbonic acid into the air, in place of the oxygen they drew in. Now this carbonic acid is unfit for the breathing of animals, — so much so, that, if it were to increase so as to make any considerable part of the atmosphere, man and other animals could not live in it. But plants prevent the carbonic acid from accumulating in the air. While animals need the oxygen of the air, and in using it change it into car-

bonic acid, hurtful to them, plants need the carbon of this carbonic acid; indeed, it makes a very large portion of their food, — as we plainly see it must, when we know that about half of every part of a plant is carbon, that is, charcoal. And this carbonic acid is the very part of the air that plants use; they constantly take it from the air, decompose it in their leaves during sunshine, keep the carbon, and give back the oxygen pure, so keeping the air fit for the breathing of animals. The carbon which plants take from the air in this way, along with water, &c., they assimilate, that is, change into vegetable matter; and in doing this

"*They make all the food which animals live upon.* Animals cannot live upon air, water, or earth, nor are they able to change these into food which they may live upon. This work is done for them by plants. Vegetable matter in almost every form — especially as herbage, or more concentrated in the accumulations of nourishment which plants store up in roots, in bulbs and tubers, in many stalks, in fruits, and in seeds — is food for animals. '*And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth,*' as well as to men, is given '*every green herb for meat.*' Some animals take it by feeding directly upon vegetables; others, in feeding upon the flesh of herbivorous animals, receive what they have taken from plants. Man and a few animals take in both ways what plants have prepared for them. But however received, and however changed in form in the progress from plant to animal or from one animal to another, all the food and all the substance of all animals were made by plants. And this is what plants are made for.

"Notice also that plants furnish us not merely needful sustenance, but almost every comfort and convenience. *Medicine* for restoring, as well as food for supporting health and strength, mainly comes from plants.

"*They furnish all the clothing of man*; — not only what is made from the woolly hairs of certain seeds (*cotton*), or from the woody fibres of bark (*linen*), and what is spun from Mulberry leaves by the grubs of certain moths (as *silk*),

but also the skin and the fur or wool of animals, owe their origin to plants, just as their flesh does.

"*They furnish utensils, tools, and building materials*, in great variety; and even the materials which the mineral kingdom yields for man's service (such as iron) are unavailable without vegetables, to supply fuel for working and shaping them.

"*They supply all the fuel in the world*; and this is one special service of that vegetable matter which, in the solid form of wood, does not naturally serve for food. Burned in our fire-places, one part of a plant may be used to cook the food furnished by another part, or to protect us against cold; or burned under a steam-boiler it may grind our corn, or carry us swiftly from place to place. Even the coal dug from the bowels of the earth is vegetable matter, the remains of forests and herbage which flourished for ages before man existed, and long ago laid up for his present use. We may proceed one step farther, and explain where the heat of fuel comes from; for even a child may understand it. Plants make vegetable matter only in the direct light of the sun. With every particle of carbonic acid that is decomposed, and vegetable matter that is made, a portion of the sun's heat and light is absorbed and laid up in it. And whenever this vegetable matter is decomposed, as in burning it, this heat and light (how much of each, depends upon the mode of burning) are given out.

"So all our *lighting* as well as warming, which we do not receive directly from the sun, we receive from plants, in which sunlight has been stored up for our use. And equally so, whether we burn olive-oil or pine-oil of the present day, or candles made from old peat, or coal-gas, or lard, tallow, or wax, — the latter a vegetable matter which has been somewhat changed by animals. And, finally,

"*The natural warmth of the bodies of animals comes from the food they eat, and so is supplied by plants*. A healthy animal, no longer growing, receives into his system a daily supply of food without any corresponding increase in weight, or often without any increase at all. This is because he decomposes as much as he receives. If

a vegetable-feeder, far the greater part of his food (all the starch of grain and bread, the sugar, oil, &c.), after being added to the blood, is decomposed, and breathed out from the lungs in the form of carbonic acid and water. That is just what it would become if set on fire and burned, as when we burn oil or tallow in our lamps and candles, or wood in our fire-places; and in the process, in animals no less than in our lamps and fire-places, the heat which was absorbed from the sun, when the vegetable matter was produced from carbonic acid and water, is given out when this matter is decomposed into carbonic acid and water again. And this is what keeps up the natural heat of animals. We are warmed by plants in the food we consume, as well as by the fuel we burn.

"In learning, as we have done, How Plants Grow, and Why they Grow, have we not learned more of the lesson of the text placed at the beginning of this book, and of the verses that follow? '*Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more clothe you? . . . Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.*' And we now perceive that causing plants to grow is the very way in which He bountifully supplies these needs, and feeds, clothes, warms, and shelters the myriads of beings He has made, and especially *Man*, whom He made to have dominion over them all."

CHARLES B. CHACE. — We understand that this gentleman, recently of Brown University, has been appointed Principal of the High School in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

We are constantly losing our best teachers, and shall continue to lose them just so long as our committees refuse to give them adequate compensation. The diminution of salaries in several places recently has, naturally enough, taken some of the most efficient teachers from New England and transplanted them to the Middle, Western, and Southern States. More are going.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. Vol. III. 768 pages. Bea-Browning. D. Appleton & Co., New York. D. Kimball & Co., Agents for Rhode Island.

This volume appears to us more full and complete than its predecessors, and certainly does not fall below them in the richness of its contents. It has a very large number of articles in biography, but many of them are necessarily short. In science and art it is quite sufficient. In all matters pertaining to the *practical* this volume will commend itself to the mass of men in every walk in life.

This work when finished will form a complete library for every man. It is popular in its character, and at the same time full and exact in every department of science, art and literature.

It is especially valuable for schools, and we hope it will be taken for our school libraries, in the city and the country villages. Price \$3 per volume, payable on delivery.

TWO MILLIONS.—By William Allen Butler. D. Appleton & Co. N. Y. 1858.

The author of *Nothing to Wear* has certainly shown his ability to write that beautiful poem by the skill and ability displayed in the present one.

The plot of the story is somewhat elaborate, but natural and reasonable. The style is easy, chaste and in many parts quite ornate. The meter is well adapted to the story. The moral will be appreciated, certainly by those for whom it is intended. We liked the poem much better on the second reading than the first. It improves by acquaintance. We understand the sale is already very large. The paper, print and style of binding are exquisitely beautiful. It only wants "illustrations by Hoppin."

We have received a beautiful lithograph of CYRUS W. FIELD, the energetic and efficient Superintendent of the Atlantic Telegraph. It is engraved by *Grozillier*, that inimitable artist, and published by J. E. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington street, Boston. Price 75 cents.

JEWETT'S SPIER'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY.—School Edition. Mason Brothers, New York.

The lovers of the French language, especially the teachers of that language, will thank Prof. Jewett for the book now before us. It is full for a school edition, and the type and general mechanical arrangement exhibit great perspicuity.

We are much pleased with one feature, namely: its system of pronunciation. It is impossible to represent French pronunciation with English sounds of letters. The work gives the pronunciation with the French sounds of the letters. It contains 716 pages. Price \$1.60.

We present our thanks to Hon. James F. Simmons for the eighth volume of the *Exploration and Surveys for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean*.

THE LECTURES OF LOLA MONTÉZ, including her Autobiography. Rudd & Carleton. N. Y. For Lola Montéz we have nothing to say. "It is easier to preach than to practice." But she has written a very readable book, in a style simple, beautiful and enchanting. It abounds in incident, the materials for which her varied life readily furnished.

Although it has somewhat of nonsense and silly flippery, yet for the most part it is filled with good, wholesome advice, which the ladies would do well to follow. We can recommend to their especial attention the lecture on *Beauty*.

The print and paper, like all the publications of this enterprising house, are remarkably pleasing and tasteful.

We understand that EATON'S ARITHMETIC has been introduced into the schools of Boston. See advertisement.

ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Richard Chevenix Trench, Redfield, New York, 1858.

This is a scholarly work, giving the arguments for a new translation of the New Testament, together with the difficulties and objections to such

a revision. It is a masterly treatise of a scholar and will amply repay any one interested in Sabbath School teaching, or Bible study in any form, for a careful perusal.

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, OF London. Fourth Series. Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co., New York. 1858.

No man of modern times has acquired such popularity as a preacher as Mr. Spurgeon. No man has attracted such crowds to hear the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. Whatever difference of opinion may exist with regard to his style of preaching, or however people may differ from him with respect to various doctrinal points, still his sermons will find multitudes of readers who will surely be interested in their perusal. We wish the number of the readers of this volume might be increased tenfold.

FIVE LITTLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN.—1. Hill-side Farm; 2. Johnny M'Kay; 3. Joe Carton; 4. The Golden Mushroom; 5. The Story of our Darling Nellie. Published by Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill, Boston.

These beautiful little books for the young are just published and are *beautiful* indeed. Nothing can exceed the simplicity and beauty of the history of Johnny M'Kay, the little Irish boy. The story we have numbered 5 is for very little children, who require coarse print and plain, short words. The others will not fail to interest children as old as most of us are.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.—By the author of John Halifax, Gentleman, &c. Rudd & Carleton, New York. 1858.

We are obliged to notice this book before reading it, but our friends (who have more leisure than we) say it is a good book, charmingly interesting, and well worthy a perusal by all. Moreover their judgment is better than ours, for the book was written for them and not for us. We are content, therefore, to recommend it on their opinion.

ERRATUM.—Page 206, sixth line from bottom, second column, "homblende," read "*hornblende*."

DAVIES' UNIVERSITY ALGEBRA.—By Charles Davies, LL. D. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 1858.

The publishers have sent us a copy of this work, just published, which we have not yet examined. We have been much pleased with Prof. Davies' Elementary and Bourdon, and have long wished an intermediate work, which in many cases might be used instead of the Elementary, and would better fit the pupil for the higher work. From a hasty examination of the book we have the impression that it will be found a valuable work. The typography and perspicuity of arrangement are excellent.

THE ICHNOLITE, or Amherst College Magazine, July, 1858.

If the contents of this college quarterly be an index of the maturity of thought attained by the students of the institution which publish it, the instruction must be creditable alike to the college and to New England.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September comes to us with a rich table of contents. We are glad to learn that the enterprising publishers are soon to issue the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" in a volume.

We would call especial attention to the publisher's advertisement of CHAPMAN'S AMERICAN DRAWING BOOK. It is the best work of the kind with which we are acquainted. Those wishing systematic instruction upon this important branch of study would do well to send for this work, either complete or in parts.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—Words and Tunes. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. 1858.

A collection of fine old Scotch airs, comprising many of the most popular tunes of our modern songs, accompanied with the words originally set to them by Scotch authors.

SEVERAL books have been received notices of which will appear next month.

The R. I. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1858.

NO. 8.

For the Schoolmaster.
Charlotte Corday.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY D'ARMANS, or, as Lamartine styles her, "The angel of assassination," is one of those strange characters which history presents to us in the paradox of heavenly beauty and virtue, united with the darkest image of crime. Charlotte Corday, the beautiful enthusiast, the murderer of Marat, the self-immolated victim upon the altar of liberty. Through the troubled vistas of national discord, in the sanguinary glare of slaughter, her face beams upon us fair and pure as a celestial spirit, yet calm and passionless as a minister of vengeance.

In the study of history, it is not only needful that we seek the causes that underlie great events, but that we also search out the causes that led to the formation of certain characters, and fitted them for their work and for their destiny.

All souls are moulded by their surroundings, and poverty, misfortune, and sorrow, had bequeathed to Charlotte a pride above her station, a dignity above her years, and a melancholy which inclined her to much visionary dreaming. Long seclusion from the world, and solitary study, had turned her mind back upon itself and made the ideal seem true and tangible, the real false and visionary.

At the time when the faction of the Mountain was triumphant in the convention, and the banished Girondists fled for safety from Paris, Charlotte was living with an aged aunt in Caen. Hither came large numbers of the vanquished party. Their eloquent appeals in behalf of suffering France only kindled still more a soul that had long beat in sympathy with their views. Slowly her thoughts seemed to group themselves around one great idea, a resolve to *do* something for her country. Those who saw her sitting by the fountain in the garden, or reading her favorite authors, little dreamed of the deed she was nerving her hand to accomplish. Over and over again she read the works of Jean Rousseau, or of the Abbé Raynal, but most frequently the lives of Plutarch. In this exquisite master-painter she found her ideals converted into living realities, her heroes into men.

All this time the fires of civil war were raging in the capitol, and a worse tyranny than that of the Roman Marius was exercised by that bloody triumvirate Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. In this last Charlotte Corday thought she perceived the source of those horrors that distracted France. She conceived the bold idea of going to Paris, and once there, to act upon her plan, kill Marat, and abide the consequences. Thus

she went forth like Judith, "adorned with a marvellous beauty" to deliver her country.

Did no whisperings of home loves draw her footsteps backward from the threshold of the awful future? Once, and once only, she turned aside from her self-imposed task to cast a regretful eye over the scenes of youth. It was when she visited for the last time her father's estate in Argentan, the home of her childhood, the nucleus of many endearing associations. Locking her secret in her own breast, she had come to crave the blessing of her parent upon her departure, knowing she looked upon his face for the last time, although he believed she sought safety in England. It was here that old memories, her mother's grave, her father's age and spotless name, seemed to draw her with strong cords back into the paths of obscurity and peace, and her whole woman's nature protested against the sacrifice. It was but a moment and the old enthusiasm returned, and smiling at her own weakness, she turned her face towards that great Beyond so fraught with dangerous fortune, and ignoble death. Her father blessed her with tears, laying his hand upon her head in benediction, and from that time Charlotte consecrated all earthly love, all selfish feeling to the cause of France and human freedom. Henceforth she ceased to be an individual; she lived in, and for an idea, a dream of liberty; she became a part of history. She went forth from her home to join the high march of martyrs to the tribunal — to the Conciergerie — to the scaffold.

We hang with rapture over the heroic story of Joan of Arc; we shed a tear at the sorrows of Marié Antoinette; we follow with admiration the sublime course of Madame Roland; but we pause in a thoughtful silence at the grave of Charlotte Corday. Our lips are mute to censure while we admire her lofty and noble character; our souls cannot yield her love

and honor while we view her as an assassin, even though the victim be the loathsome Marat. In pitying charity we strive to forget the dagger while we remember her patriotism.

The object of the crime of Charlotte Corday was the salvation of France. Vain hope! For the monster Marat was hydra-headed, and the death of the "People's Friend" seemed to render his partizans *all* Marats. Her hand made the wound deeper, and inaugurated the "Reign of Terror."

"There are crimes of which men are no judges." Much of this visionary fanaticism was the result of a wrong education. She lived too much within herself. She saw men and things in a soft moonlight glory, like the "dim religious light" of her early convent cloister rather than the strong healthy light of every-day life. She breathed the air of saintly buried ages, rather than the pure atmosphere of work-day labor.

Why, it may be asked, was this young girl allowed by Providence to sacrifice herself for naught? We may not question the motive of Deity. But the eye of reason can discern her failings through her enthusiasm and devotion. Charlotte unwittingly made herself equal with God. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." It may be that Divine Justice intended to punish that daring which arrogated to itself the prerogative of the Almighty, and to warn others lest they made Reason and Religion secondary to an ideal enthusiasm.

M. C. P.

HIGH WATER. — The highest waterfall in the world is in the Sandwich Islands, and is stated to be between four and five thousand feet high. The stream on which the fall occurs, runs among the peaks of one of the highest mountains, so high that the water *actually never reaches the bottom*, so great is the distance, and it ascends to the clouds again.

For the Schoolmaster.
A Dream of Childhood.

BY ANNIE ELIZABETH.

A dream of other years last night
Came whispering to my soul,
I thought I trod the pathway bright,
By childhood's sunny goal;
And gathered there was many a form
I never more shall see;
Some that have ceased to brave life's storm,
There joined in careless glee.
The well remembered school house rose
From out the distant shades;
The scene of childish joys and woes,
That ne'er from memory fades.

I passed the time-stained portal through,
As in the days of yore,
And there arose before my view
Scenes that will rise no more.

The same band was assembled round
That years ago was there,
And long forgotten names I found
Upon that record fair.

Oh, where are now the youthful band
That night-dream brought to me?
They're scattered throughout many a land,—
O'er many a trackless sea,—

Far by the verdant prairie's side,
Some have long made their home,
And some upon the ocean's tide,
In wild delight now roam.

Rut some have found a resting place
On the immortal shore,
Upon life's painful, toilsome race,
We meet them now no more.

One sleeps within a sheltered nook
By Sacramento's stream,
We read together from one book
In that bright sunny dream.

Long years have past since some were laid
Within the earth's dark breast,

A gleam of light too fair to fade,
They came from that lone rest;
And merry were their tones, as when
I joined their shouts of glee;
It must have been their spirits then
Bright hovering over me.
Soon as the morning hour drew near
The lovely vision fled,
Their voices faded from my ear
Each airy phantom sped.

But sweeter than the voice of song,
Fairer than morning rays,
Will hover o'er my spirit long
That dream of other days.

WARREN, Sept. 7, 1858.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Teacher's Vocation.

*The Change in Twenty-Five Years — American
Institute of Instruction—Norwich—The Free
Academy—The Central School.*

THE writer of this article is a teacher, and never did he feel prouder of his profession than now, after an experience extending through more than a score of years. During this period the teacher's calling has steadily advanced in dignity and public favor until it is recognized by the intelligent and liberal in every community, as second to no other in importance and respectability. In all necessary facilities and qualifications there has also been a corresponding progress. The old fashioned school houses, — low, narrow, and ill furnished — have, to a gratifying extent, given place to commodious structures, fashioned according to correct principles of architecture, externally pleasing to the eye, and fitted up internally with a careful regard to comfort and convenience. I might here present a long catalogue of specifications, calling attention to the extent to which these buildings have been furnished with books of reference,

maps, libraries and apparatus; to the higher talent, superior qualifications and increased compensation of teachers; to the advantages afforded by normal schools, teachers' institutes, and other educational facilities, but this is not my purpose. I simply add, in this connection, that no one whose observation has not extended through the last twenty-five or thirty years, can adequately appreciate the educational improvements of the present.

I have never been more deeply impressed with the extent to which the means of public instruction have been improved than during the recent meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, in the beautiful city of Norwich, Connecticut. This meeting must have been, for all the teachers who attended it, the distinguishing event of their summer vacation. Omitting all allusion to the picturesque beauty of the city, its princely mansions, its opulence, and the intelligence and hospitality of its citizens; the successful energy that has been here exerted in the cause of education alone, is sufficient to give this city an enviable distinction among the many of our land. The Free Academy, which we might almost mistake for the palace "the name of which was called Beautiful," except that the way to it is broad and guarded by no lions, is an object which, once seen, is never to be forgotten. To say that it is in every respect admirable, is the least compliment that is worthy of it. Thirty years ago the man that should have proposed to erect, by private subscription, an edifice for the purposes of free education at an expense, including fixtures, of nearly forty thousand dollars, exclusive of a lot of more than six acres most delightfully situated, in a city whose population amounted to but little more than ten thousand, would have been deemed scarcely less than a fit candidate for the mad house. Yet it was done. There it stands, beautiful, noble, FREE! It is a proud monument to the philanthropy, enterprise and

liberality of the men who conceived and brought it into being. It is magnificent in itself and complete in all its appointments. Whatever can be derived from books of reference and expensive apparatus has been made abundantly available. Its teachers are of the highest order. Funds, promptly furnished, have given it existence and support hitherto, and funds, permanently invested, have been abundantly supplied for its continued support. In the language of Rev J. P. Gulliver, at its dedication, "This institution had its origin in efforts, repeatedly defeated, to provide for all classes in the community, an education adequate to the demands of their future occupations. This is still the desire of its friends. They have no wish to unfit the scholars of this school for the ordinary employments of life. But they do wish to prepare them for a high success in whatever employments they may engage. They intend that mechanics and merchants, and navigators, and agriculturists shall be educated here, who, by superior culture and learning, shall become masters in their business. They intend that young ladies shall be educated here, not to flit like butterflies through the world, as beautiful and as useless as they, but to adorn society, to mould the mind of youth, to be the honored heads of well-ordered households, and to charm by the beauty of an elegant culture and a disciplined mind. They wish to offer to the poorest boy in the community, who aspires to join himself to the noble fraternity of scholars, the opportunity to fit himself for the university or the scientific school. Their motto is — Every employment is dignified and honorable to one who is determined to excel." Such was the noble purpose of the noble founders of this noble institution.

The Central District School building is scarcely less creditable to the enlightened liberality of the citizens of Norwich than the

Free Academy. This edifice, which is most admirably arranged for the accommodation of their system of graded schools, was erected at a cost, for ground and buildings, of more than thirty-seven thousand dollars. It is a model building as a whole, and in all its details. It is only those who are familiar with the hostility and opposition encountered by all school reforms of importance, twenty-five or thirty years ago, that can adequately appreciate the self-denial, energy and perseverance of those who have transferred the account of them from the page of speculation to that of history.

I. F. C.

For the Schoolmaster.
To Prayer.

FROM THE FRENCH.

How mad to hope for happiness below,
Where sorrow shadows all the heart holds dear:
This world we love is full of sin and woe,
While blessings few and far between appear.

More sounds of wailing than of mirth arise;
More tombs than cradles do we here behold;
And beauty fades before th' enchanted eyes,
As night blots out the sunset's red and gold.

So we pursue through life with toiling feet,
Imaginary shadows to the tomb;
From bitterness we would express the sweet,
And seek for fragrance in the thistle's bloom.

Each day we breathe the language of complaint
That from the mire and filth which round us
lie,

The heavenly artist, Hope, can never paint
Her bow of promise on our future sky.

Without a helm to govern, we would fain
Direct our vessel o'er an ocean calm;
Without the labor we the prize would gain,
And, undeserving, bear the martyr's palm.

We would that o'er our path the light should
steal,
Our guiding star above serene and pure;

That e'en the angry lightning might reveal
A haven from the tempest's rage secure.

We would — Oh! madness this! To prayer!
To prayer!

The soul arises when we bend the knee;
Let us in solitude our sorrows bear,
To Him whose presence can from sadness free.

HASIL.

For the Schoolmaster.
Etymological Study.

To one who is familiar with the schools of Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania, the absence of all study and instruction in etymology in the boasted schools of New England is "passing strange." Geography, it may be, Grammar, the Sciences, and perhaps Arithmetic are taught by methods superior and to a greater extent than in the above-mentioned section of our common country. But you may go through whole counties, and I do not know but whole states even, and find not a single school where any adequate attention is given to the beautiful and highly important study of etymology. Scarcely a school have I seen in Rhode Island where the origin of words was made a separate study. In a few instances indeed have I found the teachers of the ancient classics giving some oral instruction in respect to the derivation of words.

I do not wish to set myself up as a critic, or to be so bold as to attempt to instruct or judge the talented educators of New England's sons, so highly and so deservedly honored for their intelligence wherever they are found, the world over, but I know the teachers of Rhode Island will not think me intrusive for respectfully asking their attention to this subject of etymological study. I think they will pardon a friendly stranger who, while traveling in New England has gained highly important information and been vastly instructed by the several hundred schools he

has visited in four of the Eastern states, and who thinks he shall be a better teacher as the result of this visitation, if he suggest to them that there are beauties in the English language, intensely interesting historical incidents connected with the derivation of words, and great advantage accruing from the study of this science, of which it would *seem*, to a traveler, that the teachers of New England have never *dreamed*.

Allow me, in conclusion, to introduce a short paragraph illustrative of the subject, (which however may be familiar to very many, but which they may not have profited by as they ought,) from "Trench on the Study of Words:"

"Take the word 'stock;' in what an almost infinite number of senses it is employed; we have live 'stock,' 'stock' in trade, the village 'stocks,' the 'stock' of a gun, the 'stock' dove, the 'stocks' on which ships are built, the 'stock' which goes round the neck, the family 'stock,' the 'stocks,' or public funds, in which money is invested, and other 'stocks' very likely besides these. What point in common can we find between them all? This, that they are all derived from, and were originally the past participle of 'to stick,' which as it now makes 'stuck,' made formerly 'stock;'" and they cohere in the idea of *fixedness*, which is common to every one. Thus, the 'stock' of a gun is that in which the barrel is fixed; the village 'stocks' are those in which the feet are fastened; the 'stock' in trade is the fixed capital; and so, too, the 'stock' on the farm, although the fixed capital has there taken the shape of horses and cattle; in the 'stocks,' or public funds, money sticks fast, inasmuch as those who place it there can not withdraw or demand the capital, but receive only the interest; the 'stock' of a tree is fast set in the ground; and from this use of the word it

is transferred to a family; the 'stock' or 'stirps' is that from which it grows, and out of which it unfolds itself. And here we may bring in the 'stock'-dove, as being the 'stock' or stirps of the domestic kinds. I might group with these, 'stake' in both its spellings; a 'stake' in the hedge is stuck and fixed there; the 'stakes' which men wager against the issue of a race are paid down, and thus fixed or deposited to answer the event; a beef-'steak' is a piece of meat so small that it can be stuck on the point of a fork; with much more of the same kind."

PHILOLOGOS.

For the Schoolmaster.

Man's Susceptibility of Mental Culture.

SUCH is the constitution of man that he is capable of becoming fitted for states of life for which he was once wholly unqualified. The human mind is susceptible of great changes, from the circumstances in which it is placed and from the attention and culture which it receives. On this susceptibility, the whole system of education is founded. A person's estimate of the value of education will be very much in proportion to the strength and vividness of his belief in the capacity of the mind for cultivation. On this same belief will depend his hope for the intellectual improvement of individuals as well as for the elevation of nations in the scale of civilization and social improvement. Were the mind incapable of acquiring knowledge, of securing discipline, of experiencing development; the occupation of the teacher would be gone and his office have no existence. Were nations also incapable of improvement in the arts of life and destitute of the power of mental and social elevation under the appliance of the means of culture, the philanthropist would cherish no hope of the advancement of society and the Christian no expectation of the

meral redemption of the barbarous tribes of the earth under the influence of Christianity. The fact that mankind are susceptible of improvement by culture is a fact full of significance in its bearings on the cause of education and the hopes of our race. The plant and the animal are not required to become a different thing from what they already are at the moment of their mature growth. The purpose of their existence is realized in its full extent by the fact alone of their material nature and physical organization. But with man it is quite otherwise. He is destined for improvement. This is the law of his being. Instinct is less in man than in the animal, because man is constituted with this susceptibility for development — the power of acquisition — the capability for advancement and elevation. The physical man, however admirable may be his organization is not the true man. Man as a barbarian, or as a corporeal giant, is not all he is capable of being. He has a higher nature and a higher mission. He has a susceptibility for improvement — for intellectual, social and moral culture. The barbarian may be made a civilized man. Under the influence of education in its largest sense he may be elevated to a high position of honor, enterprise and happiness. Here is the warrant and the security for systems of education.

WIMBAS.

For the Schoolmaster.
Music as a Recreation.

THE power of music as a recreation is seen in the case of the celebrated divine, Bourdaloue. It is said that he was accustomed to allay the excitement of his mind after the composition of his eloquent sermons by very uncanonical behavior. His attendants were one day mightily scandalized and alarmed by hearing a very lively tune played on a fiddle, in his room, while they waited without to ac-

company him to the cathedral. They peeped through the key-hole, and what was their consternation to behold the great divine frisking about in wild undress to the inspiration of his own music. Soon after, he met them in a manner becoming his character; but observing signs of astonishment in the party, he said that without his music, he would have been incapable of his public duty.

It was in music that the wicked Saul sought relief when the Lord in anger sent an evil spirit to trouble him. For thus it is written :

“ And Saul’s servants said unto him, Behold now an evil spirit from the Lord troubleth thee. Let our lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player on a harp : and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from the Lord is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand and thou shalt be well. And Saul said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me. Then answered one of the servants and said, Behold, I have seen a son of Jesse the Beth- Chemite, that is cunning in playing, and a mighty valiant man, and a man of war, and prudent in matters, and a comely person and the Lord is with him. Wherefore Saul sent messengers unto Jesse and said, Send me David thy son that is with the sheep. And David came to Saul and stood before him ; and he loved him greatly, and he became his armor-bearer. And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand : so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.”—*First Samuel, 16th chapter.*

ALLOW a boy to run at large one year in indolence, and you have laid the foundation whereon will be built his future ruin.

For the Schoolmaster.

A Lament.

BY J. SWETT.

A brother has left us — our circle is broken;
He is gone, and forever, no parting word spoken,
Like the aspen leaf driven by autumn's wild
breath

He was swept by the waters wild down to his
death.

A true friend hath left us, our rough mining band
No longer shall feel the warm grasp of his hand,
The heart that so often has made our souls thrill,
Lies cold on the mountain side, pulseless and
still.

Lay him down to his rest on lone mountain side,
Far away from his home and his friends he hath
died,

The dream of the sleeper shall waken in bliss,
His home is a golden land brighter than this.

FEATHER RIVER, California.

For the Schoolmaster.

My Dead Schoolmates.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

WE are born — grow up — sicken — die
and are gone forever! We must be deprived,
too, of those we love dearest. We ought to
rejoice in our worldly attachments just as long
as we remain in this breathing world; but
alas! with these is incorporated much of the
pain that qualifies human enjoyment. We
live but a few years, and then disappear. Oh
the vanity of worldly pleasures! The blasted
hopes and sufferings of childhood and man-
hood are heart-sickening to call to recollec-
tion. This is true of my recollections of
those who have gone before us.

MARY, my beautiful classmate, and I am
proud to call her so, was the benevolent in-
strument in making me what I am now. If
it had not been for her, I would not have

come on well in my studies, perhaps. She
had gone to school a few months before me.
In order to place myself on an equal footing
with her, therefore, I had to grope my way
through the vocabulary; sometimes suffering
extreme agony of mind. She volunteered to
assist me in forming the letters with a pencil;
and after I had acquainted myself with this
species of writing, she taught me composition,
in which I soon went ahead of her. I blush
to confess that my success made me turn my
back on her, and she declined in my estima-
tion, though she was much attached to me.
I seldom spoke to her. I was, however, told
of her affection for me. Her eyes, too, spoke in
language that could not be misunderstood. I
pursued my studies with vigor, not thinking
of love all the time. Mary possessed a hand-
some figure, with an expression of affection
and love in her face. She wrote pleasing es-
says with facility. Her parents lived in New
Jersey; they were opulent, and of high fami-
ly. When she was fourteen years of age, she
was attacked with an inflammation of the
lungs, from which she never recovered. Thus
were destroyed the expectations that had been
formed of her at her start in scholastic life.
She was in actual possession of five thousand
dollars before her death, and would have in-
herited a large estate also.

CHARLOTTE published a piece in the "La-
dies' Repository," which showed power and
command of language. It was, I believe, the
first effort of her pen. She was noted for her
gentle disposition and propriety of deport-
ment.

JOHN, who died in Baltimore several years
ago, kept a shop, carrying on the trade of a
saddler. He did an excellent business. He
wrote well, although he was not a clever
artist in the use of words. He was a person
of pure, unblemished life. He had the same
turn of features with an Indian girl whom it

was my pleasure to teach for six years. He was polite in his attentions to the ladies.

JAMES was the most laborious student in the institution. Possessed of a handsome figure, and well mannered, he won the affectionate esteem of his companions, and of the teachers. He was regarded by his fellow-pupils as the Solon of the school. He was an heir to an extensive estate in Mississippi. After he went through his educational period, he returned home, and soon afterwards lost his father; whose death put him in possession of an extensive plantation. He liberated his slaves, and despatched them to Africa. After an interval of several years he returned to the institution, for the purpose of devoting himself wholly to literary pursuits. Loss of eyesight soon intervened to frustrate his purposes. He returned to his homestead once more. To add to his misfortunes, his reason was dethroned, — I know not how — and having passed several years in a terrible state of insanity, he died. His cousin, a deaf lady, is an inmate of the insane hospital. In regard to this unfortunate young lady, there is a tale of sorrow, which borders on the romantic. I must tell it, by way of illustrating the passions of the deaf and dumb after education. Lively and gay was Lydia, for so this lady was called, when I first saw her at the institution. She was rather tall, good looking, with blue eyes, and of a complexion naturally lovely; and her constitution was delicate. Her parents were wealthy, and lived in the sunny south. While in the institution, she kept up a regular correspondence with her friends. They never neglected to write to her when marriages took place among her immediate relatives; which naturally enough led her to think of marriage. In process of time she left the institution to live with her parents.

"What has become of Lydia, madam,"

said I, a few weeks ago, to a young lady who was just returned from a visit to Lydia's parents.

"She is an inmate of the insane asylum," returned she.

"Ah! that is impossible," exclaimed I.

"No jesting, sir. She is a raving maniac. She wished to get married, though she had not yet fixed her affections on any man; but her parents and friends opposed her marriage, as they thought, because she was ill qualified for managing a family or at least keeping house, as she was deaf and dumb. She saw her brothers and sisters blessed with spouses, while she was solitary and alone in the cold world of single blessedness. She longed for a companion in whom to confide. The neglect of her friends, the opposition of her parents, the incessant yearnings of her heart, all preyed upon her mind until at length nature gave way to the weight of her anguish, and her reason was gone forever."

Human nature is everywhere the same, and has been the same in all ages of the world. Let the parents of mute children ponder this.

James' sister, also deaf, died a few years ago, highly honored and respected. She possessed an uncommon share of mental strength. She sent a friend of mine, again and again, some of the sweet producing of her genius. She was a distinguished pupil of the gentleman to whose instruction, next to Heaven, I am indebted for the little information I possess.

ELLEN was the most intelligent girl that the deaf and dumb institution of which I have the honor to be a member, ever produced. To a powerful mind she united graces of person and face; she was fair as any dream-vision of the painter. All who enjoyed the pleasure of her conversation, concurred in saying that no woman made your heart bow before a purity so divine. General Walker,

whose revolutionary movements in Nicaragua drew upon him the wrath of John Bull, fell in love with her while he was editor of the New Orleans Crescent, and would certainly have married her if she had not died. She wrote many letters, all of which were characterized by elegance of diction and delicacy of sentiment. One of these, probably her best, was published four or five years ago in the Report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and created no little sensation in literary circles. She lost her hearing at three years of age, and with it all memory of sound. Her widowed mother lives in New Orleans, surrounded with the luxuries of life. During the prevalence of the Asiatic cholera in that city, Ellen was attacked, and exclaiming, "Mother, I am dying," expired. Thus died the most accomplished mute girl in the United States. Gen. Walker published a short piece in his paper, the Crescent, paying an elegant tribute to her memory. Truly, death is at its work of mischief and destruction. My brother-in-law, who served in the army of the United States as captain before his death, described Ellen as possessing a versatility of talents, so rare in the deaf and dumb world. Her forte lay in the dissection of sentences. She was only twenty-four years of age when she passed from among us. Her superior talents will ever be remembered by those who had the pleasure of corresponding with her. Her name stands high upon the list of America's mute scholars, of whom I may remark *en passant*, the number is very small.

RHETORICAL FIGURE. — If you would have an idea of the ocean in a storm, just imagine four thousand hills and four thousand mountains, all drunk, chasing one another over newly-ploughed ground, with lots of caverns in it for them to step into now and then.

The Martyrs of the Prison Ships.

BY A. M. DANA, OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

ON the eastern slope of the city of Brooklyn, is an inlet from the East river which in earlier times was well known as Wallabout Bay, but is now occupied by one of our finest naval yards. To this Bay is attached a more than historical interest, linked as it is with a chapter in our Revolutionary history, the awfulness of which has never yet been fully revealed. As the stranger visits this interesting spot, and stands on the well-washed decks of the North Carolina, the receiving ship of the yard, his thoughts naturally recur to the scenes that there transpired. Volumes perhaps might have been written on the heart-sickening incidents that there took place, but history, as if fearing to unfold the awful realities of that inhuman tragedy, makes but a partial revelation. It is doubtless best that a veil of obscurity and ignorance, conceals from public contemplation this black chapter of humanity's sufferings, lest sense and feeling reel under the frightful picture, and the finer susceptibilities be blunted by the unearthly revelations.

In 1776, and for six succeeding years, there was anchored at Wallabout Bay, several condemned hulks of the British, which were used for the reception and confinement of American prisoners of war. Ever since then they have been more widely known as the Prison Ships. From reliable statistics that have been furnished to the world, it is ascertained that eleven thousand five hundred American prisoners here met death — rendered worse than torture by the ravages of disease, the dreadful gnawings of hunger, and the miasma that their unutterable condition engendered. A large transport, the Whitby, was the first of the Prison Ships anchored here. Four more were soon after added, two of them the Hope

and Falmouth, were hospital ships, as they were termed. In April, 1776, the Jersey, a British ship of line, was added to the number. Her appearance was truly prison-like. "She was dismantled, her rudder unhung, her only spars a bowsprit and derrick for taking in water. Her port-holes were closed, and two tiers of small holes cut in her sides, to admit but a meagre supply of light and air. These were protected by transverse bars of iron to prevent all possibility of escape. It is supposed that ten thousand American seamen perished in her during their confinement. Her outward appearance, stripped of all ornament, corresponded but too well with the despair, suffering and death that reigned within."

No Howard or angel of mercy ever visited her. Medical attendance was for a long time unknown, and the poor victims courted death as the only alleviation to a life too intolerable to be borne. Says one of the early pastors of Berkely, Massachusetts, who was a prisoner on board for some time, "On the commencement of the first evening we were driven down to darkness between decks, secured by iron gratings and an armed soldiery. A scene of horror which baffles description presented itself. On every side wretched, desponding shapes of men could be seen. Around the well room an armed guard was forcing the prisoners to the winches, to clear the ship of water and prevent her sinking, and little else could be heard but a war of mutual execrations, reproaches and insults. During this operation there was a small light admitted below, but it served only to make darkness more visible and terrific. In my reflections, I said this must be a complete image and anticipation of Hell. Milton's description of the dark world rushed on my mind,

'Sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell.'"

This was but one day's experience in this black hole of despair and death. Conceive it repeated for weeks and months, and the dread reality is more fully apparent. Their food consisted of the condemned provisions of British ships of war, putrid beef and pork, and worm-eaten bread. Water, the smell of which would have affected the degraded African, called, as if in mockery, the relief water, was their only drink, although in full sight of the ship ran a fresh, pure stream, whose life-giving draughts might have saved many precious lives. Yellow fever and the small pox seized nearly all who were imprisoned, and the wild and incoherent ravings of delirium and temporal insanity, rendered the place too awful for human language to depict. The very fellow that had lain down by your side in apparent health the night before, was found as the first faint gleams of the morning sun illumined the dismal gloom, a cold corpse. As the parched palates of the feverish prisoners, urged them to cry for water, their irregular attempts to ascend the hatchway, were met by the gleaming point of the bayonet, and when, with the morning light, came the glad summons to ascend on deck, the night's work of the King of Terrors was revoltingly revealed. Boats filled with human corpses were seen slowly moving towards the shore, and there amid the shifting and tide-washed sands, the common and shallow pit was filled to the top with these human bodies, and slightly covered with sand, left for the returning water to wash off, and generate the miasma that filled the surrounding air.

"Each day at least six carcasses we bore,
And scratched them graves along the sandy shore,
By feeble hands the feeble graves were made,
No stone memorial on their corpses laid,
In barren sands and far from home they lie,
No friend to shed a tear when passing by,
O'er the mean tombs insulting Britons tread,
Spurn at the sand and curse the rebel dead."

All the savage glut for vengeance and for blood, seemed here exhibited by those whom education and nature had taught better. "Thousands there suffered and died whose names have never been known to their countrymen. They died where no eye could witness their fortitude, no tongue describe their suffering or praise their devotion to their country." And though no historic record of man's device has preserved their names, yet the patriot's God will not permit their secret devotion to their country to pass forever unrevealed. This will be a part of the future's just but awful revelations.

On May 26, 1808, under the auspices of the Tammany Society of New York, the entombment of the tenants of these sandy graves took place. Thirteen capacious coffins carried the remaining relics of eleven thousand American citizens and soldiers who perished on the prison ships. The civic, military and naval bodies of the two cities joined in the funeral ceremonies, while the glad sunshine was reflected from the numberless sails, that like the banners of peace floated o'er the rippling waters of New York Bay. The beating hearts of thirty thousand spectators were the witnesses of the solemn pageant. The memories recalled by the scene, rendered it solemn; while the hearts of the American soldiery felt anew the inspiration that had won their noble service.

Near the Naval Yard that is an honor and a strength to the government for whose establishment these victims gave their life, and an ornament to the city within whose precincts they perished, is the final grave of these American martyrs. To-day, within the shadow of the lofty spire of the Trinity of New York, stands a monument whose chaste architectural beauty arrests the attention of the passers by. Of the same style and material as the church itself, facing the street through

which in either way sweeps the great city's crowded population, it is designed as an honor and a tribute to the memory of these noble martyrs. Still another is yet to be raised on the highest eminence of the "city of churches," a crowning testimonial to their memory.

Now, where once those dreadful ships were stationed, is anchored the receiving frigate of the yard; while instead of the boats that made their daily trips of death, is the ferry between the ship and shore, carrying over the numerous strangers that visit this interesting locality. On the once low shore, then the patriots' burying ground, are now the costly docks, extensive ship-houses and machine shops. The din of busy life, and the rattle of machinery, with the music of the rippling waters are now their only requiem. America, truly, is rich in her graves. The memories of the noble dead should surely inspire us, their descendants, with some of their ardor and devotion. Each precious life lost on those ships of horror and woe, should solemnize life into what it is — a battle ground of truth. Though the trials and privations of war are not our fortune, yet in the life struggle of every freeman there is quite as much of self-denying effort and patient suffering. The idea of human freedom — the problem of self-government and the perpetuity of our institution, are now the contests that invoke our truest service. The past with its mighty dead — its sufferings and successes — admonish us, the future with its bright hopes and expectations inspire us —

"Shrink not from the strife unequal!
With the best is always hope:
And ever in the sequel,
God holds the right side up."

Be active in whatever field you choose to labor.

For the Schoolmaster.
My Cottage Home.

My home was once a cottage home
In a rural woodland glade;
A rivulet through the distant wood
Its winding pathway made,
And nature's beauties everywhere
Were scattered far and wide,
And joy and mirth rolled swiftly there
Their never ceasing tide.

There childhood's hallowed innocence
Played joyful o'er the green,
And gave a cheerful aspect
To the old and rustic scene;
For there no kingly pomp arrayed
The scenes of youthful days,
But anon the hardy herdsman's song
Came forth in gentle lays.

The scenes around that cottage home —
That home to memory dear —
Would now recall the hours there spent
In happiness and cheer;
But time has changed the aspect now,
And in its onward flight,
Has altered many rustic charms
That once would greet the sight.

But still a hallowed influence has
Endeared that home to me
By many soft memorial links
That hung o'er life's broad sea;
Yet I must bid a last adieu

To that dear, distant grove;
And learn with heartfelt gratitude
Far other scenes to love.

ALPHA.

INSANITY — RELIGION. — DR. RAY, in the report of the Butler Hospital for the Insane, in Providence, says: "I believe — and it is in some measure the result of considerable observation of various psychological states — that in this age of fast living, nothing can be relied upon more surely for preserving the healthy balance of the mental faculties, than an earnest, practical conviction of the great truths of Christianity."

Specimen of a Collegiate Examination.

THE following piece of witty satire by Francis Hopkinson, who was said by Dr. Rush to equal as a humorist and satirist Lucien, Swift, or Rabelais, was intended to turn some branches, and the mode of studying them, into ridicule:

METAPHYSICS.

Professor. What is a SALT-BOX?

Student. It is a box made to contain salt.

P. How is it divided?

S. Into a salt-box and a box of salt.

P. Very well! show the distinction.

S. A salt-box may be where there is no salt; but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt.

P. Are not salt-boxes otherwise divided?

S. Yes; by a partition.

P. What is the use of this partition?

S. To separate the coarse salt from the fine.

P. How? think a little.

S. To separate the fine salt from the coarse.

P. To be sure; it is to separate the fine from the coarse; but are not salt-boxes yet otherwise distinguished?

S. Yes; into *possible*, *probable* and *positive*.

P. Define these several kinds of salt-boxes.

S. A *possible* salt-box is a salt-box yet unsold in the hands of the joiner.

P. Why so?

S. Because it hath never yet become a salt-box *in fact*, having never had any salt in it; and it may possibly be applied to some other use.

P. Very true; for a salt-box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have, any salt in it, can only be termed a *possible* salt-box. What is a *probable* salt-box?

S. It is a salt-box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who hath six-

pence in his pocket to pay the grocer; and a *positive* salt-box is one which hath actually and *bona fide* got salt in it.

P. Very good:—but is there no instance of a *positive* salt-box, which hath no salt in it?

S. I know of none.

P. Yes: there is one mentioned by some authors: it is where a box hath by long use been so impregnated with salt, that, although all the salt hath been long since emptied out, it may be called a salt-box, with the same propriety that we say a salt-herring, salt beef, &c. And in this sense, any box that may have accidentally, or otherwise, been long steeped in brine, may be termed *positively* a salt-box, although never designed for the purpose of keeping salt. But tell me, what other division of salt-boxes do you recollect?

S. They are further divided into *substantive* and *pendant*, a *substantive* salt-box is that which stands by itself on the table or dresser; and a *pendant* is that which hangs upon a nail against the wall.

P. What is the idea of a salt-box?

S. It is that image which the mind conceives of a salt-box when no salt-box is present.

P. What is the abstract idea of a salt-box?

S. It is the idea of a salt-box abstracted from the idea of a box, or of salt, or of a salt-box, or of a box of salt.

P. Very right; and by these means you acquire a most perfect knowledge of a salt-box; but tell me, is the idea of a salt-box a salt idea?

S. Not unless the ideal box hath ideal salt in it.

P. True; and therefore an abstract idea cannot be either salt or fresh, round or square, long or short; for a true abstract idea must be entirely free of all adjuncts. And this shows the difference between a salt idea and

an idea of salt. Is an aptitude to hold salt an *essential* or an *accidental* property of a salt-box?

S. It is *essential*; but if there should be a crack in the bottom of the box the aptitude to spill salt would be termed an *accidental* property of that salt-box.

P. Very well! very well indeed!—What is the salt called with respect to the box?

S. It is called its contents.

P. And why so?

S. Because the cook is content *quo ad hoc* to find plenty of salt in the box.

P. You are very right—I see you have not mispent your time: but let us now proceed to

LOGIC.

P. How many parts are there in a salt-box?

S. Three. *Bottom, top and sides.*

P. How many modes are there in salt-boxes.

S. Four. *The formal, the substantial, the accidental, and the topsy-turvy.*

P. Define these several modes.

S. The *forma* respects the figure or shape of the box, such as round, square, oblong, and so forth; the *substantial* respects the work of the joiner; and the *accidental* depends upon the string by which the box is hung against the wall.

P. Very well; and what are the consequences of the *accidental* mode?

S. If the string should break the box would fall, the salt be spilt, the salt-box broken, and the cook in a bitter passion; and this is the accidental mode with its consequences.

P. How do you distinguish between the top and bottom of a salt-box?

S. The top of a box is that part which is uppermost, and the bottom that part which is lowest in all possible positions.

P. You should rather say the lowest part is the bottom and the uppermost part is the top. How is it then if the bottom should be the uppermost.

S. The top would then be the lowermost; and so the bottom would become the top, and the top would become the bottom; and this is called the *topsy-turvy* mode, which is nearly allied to the *accidentai*, and frequently arises from it.

P. Very good; but are not salt-boxes sometimes single, and sometimes double?

S. Yea.

P. Well, then mention the several combinations of salt-boxes with respect to their having salt or not.

S. They are divided into single salt-boxes having salt; single salt-boxes having no salt; double salt-boxes having salt; double salt-boxes having no salt; and single double salt-boxes having salt and no salt.

P. Hold! hold! you are going too far.

Familiar Sketch of a Common School in Germany.

THE following is a familiar sketch of the every-day routine of a German elementary school, from Dickens' Household Words.

Teachers should reject the bad and adopt the good. The great fault of many teachers with us, as well as in Germany, is that they teach too much; or, rather, they *tell too much*. To educate, means to *draw out* the powers of the one taught. It is not to *pour in* knowledge. The method of teaching geography indicated below has some decidedly good features. We like the idea of the last paragraph.

"Just step into the interior of one of these German schools, and see what manner of outlandish work is going on. There! Did you ever see the like of that! Call that a school!

The boys are comfortably seated, and the master stands!

"Mean-spirited fellow, there he stands, as though it were he who had the hardest work to do! The room is lofty, airy, and well warmed; the children sit, I do believe, in absolute enjoyment of the lesson. No other sound interrupts the teacher and his class; the other classes are under the same roof in other rooms. Ruined by luxury, there sit the children — with a grown man, and what's worse, a trained and educated man, standing before them, pouring out his energies. He isn't hearing them their lessons out of a book; the lesson they have learned out of a book, he is explaining with all the art of a lawyer, enlivening with anecdotes, sprinkling about with apt questions. The children are all on the *qui vive*, and asking questions in their turn — why don't he knock 'em down for their impertinence? See! now he asks a question of the class — up go two dozen little hands! The owners of those little hands believe that they can answer it. There! he selects one to answer, who looks pleased at the distinction. When the next question comes, he'll tackle some one else.

"Now comes a lesson in geography. He takes a piece of chalk and turns to the black-board. Dot..dot..dot. There is a range of mountains. As soon as the shape is defined, the children eagerly shout out its name. In five seconds the names of five rivers are indicated, and named as fast as they are drawn, by the young vagabonds, who watch the artist's hand. Down go the rivers to the sea, and — dot..dot..dot.. — a dozen and a half of towns are indicated, every dot named in chorus. Then comes the coast line, boundaries of countries, provinces, and chief towns. In ten minutes there is on the board a clever impromptu map of Germany, and the children have shouted out the meaning of every

dot and stroke as it was made. They think it better fun than puzzles. Very pretty.

"Now there he is, beginning at the school-yard, talking of its size; then advancing to a notion of the street; then of the town, then of the province; and leading his pupils to an idea of space, and the extent of country indicated upon such a map."

Punctuation Points.

THE points now used in punctuation were introduced into writing gradually, sometime after the invention of printing. The Greeks had none, and there was no space between their words. The Romans put a kind of division between their words; thus, Publius Scipio Africanus.

Up to the end of the fifteenth century, only the period, colon, and comma had been introduced. The latter came into use latest, and was only a perpendicular figure or line proportionate to the size of the letter. To Aldus Manutius, an eminent Italian painter, in 1490, we are indebted for the semi-colon, and also for the present form of the comma. He also laid down rules, now observed, in regard to their use. The note of interrogation and the note of exclamation were not added till some years later, and it is not known by whom.

Inverted commas ("") were first used by Guillemet (pronounced gheel-ma), a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede the use of *Italic* letters; and the French printers now call them by the inventor's name. But these marks are at present used by English printers to denote quoted matter. In a London book—"The Art of English Poetry"—printed in 1807, it appears that this mode of denoting quoted matter is of late origin, as such matter is therein denoted by being set in *Italic*. It is not known by whom the apostrophe and dash were invented.

The Bible in Schools.

JUDAS WHITING has addressed a letter to the Governor of New York, recommending that the punishment of O'Connell, convicted of murder should be commuted. In the letter he says:

"The convict is a youth, as near as I could judge, about sixteen; his life a forfeit of the law; a victim of bad habits and a want of early moral training—if ever an inmate of one of our common schools, *one from which the Bible, the best school book ever placed in the hands of children, was probably ruthlessly rejected.*

The idea that simply to educate the brain, and to neglect the heart, is the duty of the state, is to my mind the greatest error of the age. The Bible is the hand book which points out the path, the straight and narrow way, which leads to life, and is resorted to by all religionists following after our Saviour. Why should it be rejected if used without note or comment? Excuse me, sir, this digression does not belong to this letter, and I trust your Excellency will forgive it. My heart bleeds for not only this poor lad, but for hundreds I see around me every day, following in his footsteps, which the goodness of an unseen arm, rather than the moral training of the state or of the home, restrains."

There is great truth in this although it is nothing new. The Bible is the best school book ever placed in the hands of children. The precepts that are learned before they are fully comprehended well up into the soul long afterwards, a living spring to refresh and invigorate it. Apart from its religious character, its literary merits, its elevation of sentiment, its beauty and sublimity render it the book of all books for the education of the intellect as well as of the heart.—*Providence Daily Journal.*

A Letter from Georgia.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Sept. 15th, 1858.

My Dear Schoolmaster :

We are so far behind you of New England in almost everything relating to educational progress, that we have hardly the courage to tell you of our present condition and prospects. Nevertheless, since you have requested me to do so, I will give you a brief outline of what the friends of education in this state hope to accomplish during the approaching winter.

You are probably aware that we have no public school system in Georgia. But it would do the people of this state great injustice to conclude from this fact, that they are indifferent to the great matter of popular education. In almost every county of the state there is a chartered academy, liberally endowed with the proceeds of state lands, granted some years ago for this purpose. In every community, also, where a sufficient number of children can be gathered, a school of a lower grade may be found. Many of these schools in the most favored communities, would suffer little in comparison with the best schools in your own little state. In the plantation districts, especially along the sea-board, where the scattered condition of the white population necessarily precludes the idea of a school, the planters, in order to educate their children, are compelled either to employ private tuition, or to send their children away to school. Ample provision is made for higher education in our state. We have a well endowed university, five or six colleges, at least as many female colleges, and several professional schools, — all in a flourishing condition. Notwithstanding all this, however, there are many children growing up in this great state almost destitute of the means of obtaining even an ordinary education : while many more, I regret to say, fail to obtain an

education, not so much for the want of opportunity, as for the want of inclination.

That something should be done to extend educational facilities to all the children of the state, is not only admitted, but is felt as a necessity, by all interested in the welfare of our state. Hitherto, on account of the practical difficulties in the way of a general system of education adapted to the unequally conditioned localities of the state, together with the various elements of opposition to such a system, nothing has been done by the state. Indeed, the friends of education have at last been compelled, though reluctantly, to relinquish all idea of a general system adapted to all portions of the state, and have united with great harmony, on a plan embracing the following points ;

1. The appointment of a State Superintendent of Public Instruction, whose duty it shall be to visit the different parts of the state for the purpose of obtaining educational statistics, the present condition of the schools, and the wants of the people ; also, by lectures, teachers' associations, educational conventions, and such other means as he may be able to employ, to awaken an interest in popular education, and disseminate sound and enlightened views on the subject.

2. To pass a law authorizing any county to elect a Board of Education, to establish a system of public schools within its jurisdiction, subject to certain general restrictions, and to levy a tax on the property of the county for the support of such schools.

3. Either to sell the State Railroad, valued at \$5,000,000, and set aside the proceeds as a permanent educational fund, or apply the annual net proceeds of the road, about \$300,000, to the support of the schools of the state. In distributing this sum annually to all the counties of the state, it is proposed to discriminate somewhat in favor of those coun-

ties which shall adopt a liberal policy, and thus carry out the design of the law.

A bill embracing these features is now preparing, and I have no doubt that it will pass and become a law during the next session of our legislature. Hon. J. B. Mallard, chairman of the committee on education in the senate, is the leading man in the movement, and is eminently qualified to take the direction of the work. He has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the educational systems of other states, and knows what are the wants and hindrances in his own state. He will undoubtedly receive the appointment of superintendent, as we have no other man in the state so well qualified for the service.

Introducing the system thus gradually will be a slow process, but it will be a natural growth of public sentiment, and will therefore be more likely to have a healthy progress, and permanent character.

I hope soon to be able to tell you that we are carrying on successfully our work of educational reform.

I remain, as ever, my dear Schoolmaster,

Yours, very truly,

X.

Corrupt English.

"I should like to see a tribunal established at Westminster," says a correspondent of a literary journal, "for the trial of those who assail and batter the Queen's good English. With such a man as the late Sir Philip Francis on the judgment seat, we should fill all the state prisons during Hilary term. I mention two more of the most recent improvements in the language of Old England, for the making of which platform orators and the daily newspaper press cannot be too much complimented. *Patent*—A word, in the dark age of William Shakspeare, that was

wont to be used only as a substantive, and always meant something appropriated by letters patent; but in the Augustan age of Gillfillan and Tupper, it seems bad breeding to use the words clear, plain, evident, intelligible, open—we must say *patent*, if you please, instead. 'I feel confident,' thunders one gentleman, who is denouncing the Pope in Exeter Hall, 'that this utterly abominable priestcraft must be patent to you all.' 'My Lude,' says another (Mr. Slipslop, Q. C.), 'that the last witness called has disgracefully perjured himself must be patent to everybody present in this court.' 'Have faith in this sublime truth, my beloved brethren,' snuffles the Honorable and Very Reverend Somebody, in his most sonorous cadence, 'the road to eternal life is patent to you all.' *Some*—'The jury retired for some half hour or so, to deliberate upon their verdict.' Here is a vicious sense in which to use the word '*some*'—it makes flat nonsense of it. Why not say, 'The jury retired for half an hour or thereabouts;' or, 'For about an hour?' Yet these learned pundits, these ripe scholars, would laugh consumedly if they heard any man say that 'The judge retired to drink some sherry or so,' or that 'The foreman of the jury came into court and delivered some verdict or so.' 'Our own correspondents' in the daily public prints have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps. Critical severity, therefore, on these points, cannot be pushed to an excess."

H. B. MAYNARD, of Kendalls Mill, Maine, agent, advertises in the Gospel Banner for two male teachers for the coming winter, who can "*teach*" as well as "*keep*" school. He adds in postscript, "No person who wears a *shawl*, *spectacles*, or walks with a *cane*, need apply, as sufficient instruction from that class has already been had."

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.

Brown Bread.

I am a Yankee, born 'mong the rye and corn,
Of the Eastern States, 'tis said;
And a tribute I'll pay, in a rhyming way,
To their loaves of *good brown bread*.

I've lived, at best, six years in the West,
Where wheat is used instead,
But in all my round, I've seldom found
A loaf of *good brown bread*.

Since I have roamed to my boyhood's home,
The rocks and hills I dread;
Yet, in spite of that, I'm growing fat,
Every day, on *good brown bread*.

You still may make white bread and cake,
By style and fancy led,
But, I will tell you, sir, that I prefer
A loaf of *good brown bread*.

— *New England Farmer*.

C. E. E.

The Cook Who Does n't Like Peas.

A GAME FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE leader of the game puts the following question to the assembled players in succession:

"My cook does n't like peas; what shall we give her to eat?"

A player suggests "turnips," "potatoes," "a piece of bread," "chops," "a penny roll," "pork," &c.

To all these, the questioner replies "She doesn't like them (or it) — pay a forfeit."

Another proposes "carrots," "dry bread," "beef," "mutton," &c., the answer to any of which is —

"That will suit her," and the questioner pays a forfeit.

If only two or three are in the secret, the game proceeds for some time to the intense mystification of the players, who have no idea

what they have said to incur or escape the penalties. It depends upon a play of words. The cook not liking "*Peas*," the players must avoid giving an answer in which that letter occurs. As the same proposition must not be repeated twice, those even who are in the plot are sometimes entrapped; the answer they had resolved on being forestalled by another player, they have no time for consideration.

Object Lesson.—No. 1.

THE TABLE CLOTH.

IN a valuable little book, re-published in this country by Gould & Lincoln, Boston, entitled "*Pleasant Pages for Young People*," we find a series of OBJECT LESSONS, a few of which we intend to present from time to time to the readers of THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Lucy. I do not know anything about Object Lessons. *Mamma*, what are they?

Mamma. First, — To teach you to observe minutely. More than half the knowledge which men possess, they get by carefully noticing things.

W. That is easy; we are to use our eyes, I suppose.

M. Yes, and other organs also; you do not observe sounds with your eyes.

W. No; I use my ears.

M. And how do you notice different scents?

W. I observe them with my nose.

M. And the differences in taste — between the taste of milk, and milk and water, for instance?

W. I find that out with my tongue.

M. And if you want to know whether your plate is hot or cold?

W. I can tell that by feeling.

M. So you have several organs to observe with.

W. Yes; organs for seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, — there are five.

M. They are called the *five senses*. These senses are, all day long, bringing some knowledge or other to your mind. The Object Lessons will lead you to use them more carefully and slowly, — and afterwards to form words for expressing your observations with exactness.

In the course of time you will learn many things. You will have to look at two or three objects together, — and to notice in what they are alike, and in what they differ — to *compare* them as we say. Then you will learn to find out the *reason why* they differ — to *reflect*; and when you can observe, compare, and reflect carefully, you shall learn to *arrange* your objects in classes.

W. Oh, I do not understand that at all, mamma! Please, where is an object to begin with?

M. There are plenty of objects everywhere. Here on the breakfast table is a good stock of lessons. The piece of bread and butter you are eating — you have never noticed it half enough.

L. And the milk and egg.

M. Yes; we will talk about the bread, butter, sugar, milk, the egg, the salt, coffee, papa's cocoa, the boiling water, bacon, knife and fork, plate, tea-cup, spoon, coffee-pot, the table-cloth, and the mats: one object every Thursday morning at breakfast-time.

We shall not have time for a long lesson now — suppose we begin with the table-cloth. Now, Willie — take great notice with your eyes, and tell me all its parts.

W. My eyes tell me it has no parts at all; it is all in one piece.

M. Then you must have very bad eyes, Willie — look again.

Ion. Here is the *corner* of the cloth in my lap. This is one part, is it not? The table-cloth has corners.

M. Quite right Ion. Now move your finger from that corner to Lucy's corner, without taking it off the cloth, and you will find that it may travel to her in four directions.

I. I can move my finger along this edge, or the other — in two directions.

W. That is *another* part — the edge. The cloth has corners and *edges* — two parts.

I. Or, instead of going round the edges, I move my finger across the face of the cloth to Lucy.

M. Do not say "the cloth's *face*," say *surface*. Your finger may travel in another way across the *under surface* — that will make four directions.

W. Ah, then, the cloth has four parts — the edges, corners, upper surface, and under surface. And I see another! In what part is the urn placed?

Ada. In the *middle*; that is another part.

L. Here is another part, which I made myself — the "hem" round it.

I. And then you made some *stitches*, they must be parts of the cloth.

M. So they are.

A. I see some *flowers* marked all over it.

W. But they are *not parts*.

L. I think the flowers on it must be called parts, because if the cloth had not any patterns on it, it would be a sheet.

W. Very well. It has a *border* — that is a part.

I. Oh! oh! I am so pleased, I have found thousands of parts all at once. Look! — while I pull out some in this place, where it is "unraveled." They are little threads or "ravelings."

M. They are called *fibers* properly.

I. Where do the fibers come from, mamma?

M. They grow in the fields. In Yorkshire, Ireland, and Flanders, you may see fields covered with plants, bearing a pretty blue

flower : they are called *flax plants*. After the flowers are dead, the plants are pulled up. The seeds are then beaten out ; the stalks are soaked in water, and dried, and beaten, and combed, and bleached, and so on, until they become bundles of fibers fit to make into a table-cloth.

L. What is done with the seeds ?

M. They are sold to the chemists, and others, and are called linseed.

W. So my linseed-tea, and the table-cloth come from the same plant.

L. And the linseed-oil which Jane rubs the furniture with.

M. Goods made from flax-plant are called "linen" goods. They are manufactured in Leeds, Dundee, Dunfermline, and the north of Ireland. You may look for these places on the map. Come, Willie, see if your eyes are any better now. Can you tell me the parts of the table-cloth ?

W. Yes, mamma, I can see them now. May I make up the lesson about it ?

OBJECT LESSON NUMBER ONE. — THE TABLE-CLOTH.

(1) Our Table-cloth is a piece of linen with four edges — four corners — an Under Surface, Upper Surface — Middle, Hem, Stitches, Pattern, Border, and Fibers.

(2) The linen is procured from the stalk of the flax-plant, which is grown in Yorkshire, Ireland, Flanders, &c.

(3) Table-cloths are made at Leeds, Dundee, Dunfermline, &c.

The Wonderful Key.

JANE was the most tiresome and wayward child in her school. She quarreled with her companions, disobeyed her teachers, and behaved improperly. No one could manage her. The more she was scolded and punished, the worse she became. At length the master de-

cided that she must be expelled. She got no good herself, and her bad example injured the others ; it would be better that she should be dismissed. He called Jane to him one afternoon, and gravely told her his intention of sending her away.

"I don't care," said Jane, angrily. "I hate the school, and I shall be glad to go !"

He endeavored to reason with her upon the ingratitude and sinfulness of her conduct. As he was speaking, one of the teachers, whom we will designate Miss Gray, came very near them to fetch a book which she wanted. Of course she did not pass without Jane's quick eyes seeing her. The girl's sullen demeanor instantly changed. A fresh thought seemed to strike her, and looking up at the master, she said, hastily, "Well, I'll promise to be a better girl if you'll put me in Miss Gray's class."

"How will that make you a better girl, Jane ?"

"I don't know, sir. But *I like her*, and I'll do what she tells me."

"And why do you like Miss Gray, Jane ?"

"Because she's the first teacher that's ever spoke kind to me. She helped me to get my bonnet-strings out of a knot this morning, when I wanted to undo them because it was so hot ; and she was so pleasant over it. She smiled and said, 'It only wants a little patience, Jane. Oh, she is such a nice lady ! If you would only let me get into *her* class !'

The result was that Jane went into Miss Gray's class, where she soon fulfilled the promise she had made of becoming a better girl. She grew so tractable, and industrious, and obliging, that every body in the school, the grave master not excepted, was perfectly astonished. "We must learn your secret," say they to Miss Gray.

"I have no secret but *love*," was her reply. And that "love" was the key which had op-

ened Jane's heart. She loved her teacher; and from loving her teacher, she learned to love her Saviour. Years have rolled away since then; Miss Gray has finished her labors, and entered into her rest; and Jane — the once troublesome, self-willed, unmanageable school-girl — is now the active and devoted wife of a faithful home missionary, winning the affections of children by the same irresistible charm which early attracted her own.

Take encouragement, dear teacher, and resolve to make use of this magic key. Cultivate an affectionate attractiveness of manner. Strive to "be gentle unto all, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves:" for in a world like ours, where sin has planted not only sadness but suspicion in the mind, and natural pride and independence guard with careful jealousy the portals of the heart, it needs a tender and considerate touch to elicit another's confidence and sympathy. "He that winneth souls is wise." Let your children feel that you really love them, and they will soon reciprocate your love; and when you have secured their warm affections, you have accomplished much. For there is little hope of our doing the young any permanent good, unless we have first found out the way to reach their hearts; and this is one reason, we are inclined to think, why our teaching so often fails — it emanates rather from a mind imbued with a sense of duty, than gushes forth from a heart overflowing with love. Our pupils recognize us as their *teachers*: but do they look upon us as their *friends*?

"Mother," said a Sunday scholar one day to his mother, "I don't like my new teacher half so well as my old one."

"Why not, Robert? Isn't he as clever?"

"Oh, yes, mother; he talks much grander than Mr. B—— used to do, and he seems to

know all that is in the Bible; but somehow I don't get so interested in what he teaches us, and I don't feel so inclined to mind it."

"How is that, Robert?"

"Why, mother, he never looks a bit pleasant at us, and he never says a word to us except about our lessons. I'm sure I could never tell him if I was in any sort of trouble, for I don't think he understands just how boys like us feel; but I could have gone to Mr. B—— if I had wanted to, as easy as I could go to you, mother: he was a real gentleman, Mr. B—— was, mother; but for all that he was the best friend I ever had. I wish he would come back again."

It is very evident that Robert's old teacher had got hold of the right key. — *Christian Treasury*.

Anecdote of Nathaniel Bowditch.

THE following anecdote, which we find in the biography of this eminent mathematician and teacher of navigation — himself entirely a self-taught man — was translated by Rev. Mr. Young from the *Correspondance Astronomique* of Baron Zach, a very distinguished European astronomer:

"The Baron is relating the sensation caused at Genoa by the arrival there, in 1817, of that splendid packet, the *Cleopatra's Barge*, owned by George Crowninshield, Esq., of Salem. He says that he went on board with all the world, "and it happened," to use his own words, "that, on inquiring after my friends and correspondents at Philadelphia and Boston, I mentioned, among others, the name of Mr. Bowditch. 'He is a friend of our family and our neighbor at Salem,' replied the captain, — a smart, little, old man; 'and that young man whom you see there, my son, was his pupil; in fact, it is he, and not myself, who navigates the ship. Question him a little, and see if he has learnt anything.' Our

dialogue was as follows: 'You have had an excellent teacher of navigation, young man; and you could not well help being a good scholar. In making the Straits of Gibraltar, what was the error in your reckoning?' The young man replied, 'Six miles.' 'You must then have got your longitude very accurately: how did you get it?' 'First by our chronometers, and afterwards by lunar distances.' 'What! do you know how to take and calculate the longitude by lunar distances?' The young captain seemed somewhat nettled at my question, and answered me with a scornful smile, — 'I know how to calculate the longitude! why, our *cook* can do *that*!' 'Your *cook*!' Here the owner of the ship and the old captain assured me that the cook on board could calculate the longitude very well, that he had a taste and a passion for it, and did it every day. 'There he is,' said the young man, pointing with his finger to a negro at the stern of the ship, with a white apron before him, and holding a chicken in one hand, and a butcher knife in the other. 'Come forward, Jack,' said the captain to him; 'the gentleman is surprised that you can calculate the longitude, — answer his questions.' I asked him, 'What method do you use to calculate the longitude by lunar distances?' His answer was, 'It's all one to me; I use the methods of Maskelyne, Lyons, Witchel, and Bowditch; but, upon the whole, I prefer Dunthorne's. — I am more used to it, and can work it quicker.' I could not express my surprise at hearing this black face talk in this way, with his bloody chicken and knife in his hand. 'Go,' said Mr. Crowninshield to him, 'lay down your chicken, bring your books and your journal, and show the gentleman your calculations.' The cook soon returned with his books under his arm. He had Bowditch's Practical Navigator, The Requisite Tables, Hutton's Tables of Logarithms, and the Nautical Almanac. I saw all

this negro's calculation of the latitude, the longitude, and the true time, which he had worked out on the passage. He answered all my questions with wonderful accuracy, not in the Latin of the caboose, but in good set terms of navigation. This cook had been round the world, a cabin boy, with Captain Cook on his last voyage, and was well acquainted with the particulars of his assassination at Owhyhee, on the 14th of Feb. 1779."

For the Schoolmaster.
Simplicity and Bombast.

MR. BLUNT. Here, Jim, take my horse, water him and feed him, and I'll pay you for it.

MR. EXQUISITE. And now, Mr. Ostler, I require your strictest attention for a fleeting moment. I surrender and commit to your special care this exceedingly beautiful dappled-grey quadruped. Receive him as an important charge. Circumambulate him around this spacious mansion, this renowned public house; let him imbibe a few aqueous particles; then cast before him a small amount of vegetable nutriment, and when he has satiated his appetite, I will render to you, for his recuperative refreshment, pecuniary remuneration.

The Smiths.

SMITH, the razor strop man, is about again. He is not ashamed of his patronymic — he rather glories in it. In the course of a recent harangue in our city, Smith administered the following consolation to the great family to which he has the honor to belong:

"Gentlemen, my name is Smith, I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up,

his dickey, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort.

Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name, And stands very high in the annals of fame, Let White, Brown and Jones increase as they will,

Believe me, Smith will outnumber them still.

Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original *Smith*; not a *SMITHE*, nor a *SMYTH*, but a regular, natural, and original s-m-i-t-h, Smith. Putting the Y in the middle, or the E at the end won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of *Smyth*, or Smith-e. Echo answers *who?* and everybody answers nobody. But as for Smith, plain s-m-i-t-h *Smith*, why, the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name.

Who are the most racy, witty, and popular authors of this country? Horace and Albert Smith.

Who the most original, pithy, and humorous preacher? Rev. Sidney Smith.

To go further back, who was the bravest and boldest soldier in Sumpter's army, in the Revolution? A Smith.

Who palavered with Powhattan, galivanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of one of the first families in Virginia? A Smith again.

And who, I ask — and I ask the question seriously and soberly — *who*, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, ran away with the most wives, and married the most widows? *History says, you say, I say, everybody says*, John Smith.

NEVER permit your energies to slumber.

The Boomerang.

THIS curious weapon, peculiar to the natives of Australia, has often proved a puzzler to men of science. It is a piece of carved wood, nearly in the form of a crescent, from thirty to forty inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corners quite sharp. The mode of using it is quite as singular as the weapon. Ask a native to throw it so as to fall at his feet, and away it goes, full forty yards before him, skimming along the surface, at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise in the air, forty or sixty feet, describing a curve, and finally drop at the feet of the thrower. During its course, it revolves with great rapidity, as on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful that so barbarous a people should have invented so singular a weapon, which sets laws of progression at defiance. It is very dangerous for a European to try to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In a native's hand, it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projector being seen; like the Irishman's gun, shooting round the corner equally as straightforward. It was invented to strike the kangaroo, which animal is killed by it with certainty; and, though a copse intervene between the hunter and the animal, the boomerang comes round the corner, and breaks the animal's legs.

DOG DAYS.—A schoolmaster asked a class, how many dog days there are? The question passed from one to another, without a satisfactory answer, until one bright looking boy replied, that he thought there must be a great many; for he had heard "that every dog has his day." Who can give the correct answer?

KINDNESSES are stowed away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS *who are in arrears will find their bills in this number.* "The times are hard," friends, but they are harder for THE SCHOOLMASTER than for his subscribers. So, please be so kind as to send that dollar right along. He needs it to buy paper and pay his printer. Don't lay aside the bill and forget it, but send the \$ AT ONCE and call it square.

To Our Readers.

A YEAR has now passed since the present editor entered upon his duties in connection with this journal. It was then temporarily suspended, and never would have seen the light again had not the financial flurry deprived him of anything better to do than to furnish a journal of education to the people of our good little state.

This he undertook to do. He put his hand to the plow and has not dared to look back. He did not believe the teachers and families of Rhode Island would suffer the only magazine in the state to die for want of a *single dollar*, if it were *worthy* of patronage. He has labored earnestly to furnish a journal which *should* be worthy of support. He has endeavored to improve its mechanical appearance; to procure from the best writers in the state, original articles of interest and value; and to select from exchanges and from books *the best* articles possible for such a publication. In short, he has endeavored to furnish a magazine which should be welcome to the teachers and the families of the state—not forgetting the children—and to all in other states who should chance to meet with it. This has been his aim. How well he has succeeded he leaves his readers to judge.

THE SCHOOLMASTER has been faithfully remembered by its contributors, special, regular and occasional.

The subscription book has been well patronized by other states, both far and near. The Pennsylvania list is *nearly* as large as the list from

Rhode Island outside of Providence. It has subscribers in all of the northern and western states, including California, and in several of the southern states. But the teachers in the various towns of our own state have not patronized their journal as they ought. There are now more teachers in the towns of Rhode Island who are not subscribers to it than who are.

We are aware that the past has been a remarkable year. Rhode Island never before saw the time when business was so paralyzed. Being emphatically a manufacturing state, and all or nearly all manufacturing having been suspended for a part and much for all of the year, of course our people have found unusually "hard times," so that many have been compelled to send an order of discontinuance, accompanied with expressions of regret that they were obliged to do so.

Thus we have had to struggle through unprecedented difficulties. Add to this that the subscription list was at its lowest point when we took the charge of the journal, and that the state has never given it any patronage, such as is extended by other states to similar publications, and our friends may have some idea of the effort necessary to sustain THE SCHOOLMASTER. We have succeeded in sustaining it thus far, but with no remuneration for services, and not yet receipts sufficient to cover expenditures.

We therefore call upon the teachers of Rhode Island and the friends of THE SCHOOLMASTER everywhere to aid us in increasing the subscription list. The fall schools are now commenced and all are making arrangements for the winter schools. It is a time, therefore, when many new subscribers may be obtained. On another page may be found a letter from Missouri, the writer of which sent a new name with his *gold dollar*. We send bills to our friends in arrears, and will they not send the *gold* or the *paper* dollar accompanied with the names of one or more new subscribers?

Will not, also, all who love THE SCHOOLMASTER ask their friends and neighbors, and scholars, and brother teachers, and sister teachers, who have not already subscribed, to hand them

one little dollar to forward to the editor with which to "pay the printer?"

By so doing they will insure the continuance of the publication, increase its efficiency, and have the satisfaction of the assurance that they have helped maintain the *Rhode Island State Educational Journal*.

Letter from Missouri.

OUR Rhode Island teachers will be gratified to learn the estimation in which THE SCHOOLMASTER is held in "foreign parts." We are in receipt, not unfrequently, of letters like the following. Are there not many Rhode Island teachers yet unacquainted with THE SCHOOLMASTER? We shall be very happy to give them an introduction.

"KANZAS CITY, Mo., 17th August, 1858.

"My Dear Sir:

"Enclosed please find one dollar for my SCHOOLMASTER. Excuse me for not sending it before. I would not be without this magazine for five times the amount. On Friday I select articles to read to the whole school, and some of my girls look for the book now with as much interest as I do.

"Please send THE SCHOOLMASTER with mine to ———, of this place. J. H. L."

George H. Tillinghast, M. D.

IN the last number of THE SCHOOLMASTER appeared an article on "The Importance of a longer Course at School," which was the last contribution from the pen of an old teacher, a worthy man, and a warm and efficient friend of of this journal. GEORGE HOPKINS TILLINGHAST, M. D., died in this city August 28th, aged 62 years. He was a graduate of Brown University of the class of 1814, and has been long known as an earnest advocate of popular education. He has been one of the most efficient friends and co-workers for THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOLMASTER since its establishment. No other person, not directly connected with the jour-

nal, has presented year by year so long a list of names to be placed upon its subscription books. Nor did his interest cease till his death. During the past year, while unable to appear in the streets, he sent not unfrequently notes of encouragement to the editor and short articles for our readers.

We understand that in former years he was himself a teacher, and for many years a member of the school committee of this city.

New School House at Taunton.

A NEW school house was dedicated at Taunton, Mass., on the 15th ult., with appropriate ceremonies. Addresses were delivered by several distinguished individuals, among whom were Secretary Boutwell, and Ex-Governor Morton. The building is three stories above the basement, is divided into ten school-rooms and a hall, and cost, with the grounds, \$25,000.

The school is to be under the charge of Geo. C. Wilson, Esq., formerly of Woonsocket, a worthy man, an accomplished gentleman, and a successful teacher.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October contains some excellent articles. We have no heart, however, to read them, much less to admire them, we are so grieved that the "Autocrat" has gone into matrimony. We were in hopes he would keep up his nice stories about the "morning walks," until *another* summer, especially as he always had something to tell about the Schoolma'am. We could then conscientiously recommend the work to teachers, but—will you believe it—The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was married on the last day of summer to the School Mistress!

However disappointed that this event has taken place so soon, we would extend our congratulations to *him*, and wish the School Ma'am a very pleasant walk in the "long path."

We hope the teachers will all remember the Institute at Newport, commencing Oct. 4th. It is the only institute of the season.

✓ Providence Schools.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the School Committee of this city presents some interesting facts in relation to the schools and some important suggestions with reference to the grading and classification of schools.

The matter of popular education has recently engrossed more than the ordinary attention which our people are wont to give to the subject.

It is well known to the friends of education in this vicinity that some change has been effected within the last two years in relation to the grading and classification of the schools. In a majority of the Grammar Schools the old plan of two or three hundred scholars in one room,—under the care of a principal and assistants, the latter occupying recitation rooms, while the former conducts his recitations in the main room,—has been given up, and the plan of single rooms with one teacher and fifty or sixty scholars substituted in its stead. Of this plan the Superintendent in his report to the Committee speaks as follows:

"From the examination of the different Grammar Schools, there is indubitable evidence that the alterations that have been made in two of the Grammar School buildings, have very materially increased the value and the efficiency of these schools. All the benefits and advantages that were expected when these changes were proposed, have been fully realized. The Principals of these schools, who have taught under both systems, are very decided in the expression of their opinion in regard to the superior facilities which these schools afford, when compared with those under the old system: and their experience is in perfect accordance with that of hundreds of other able teachers, who have made a similar trial. I have never known a teacher, who has had a good opportunity of judging of both systems, who has not given his decided preference to the one recently introduced into our schools. During the last few years, this subject has been so thoroughly and ably discussed by the devoted friends of education, that it has now become an established principle in the grad-

ing and arranging of schools, that pupils can be far better taught, and better governed, in rooms containing from fifty to sixty scholars, than they can be in rooms of one hundred and fifty and two hundred scholars. * * *

"By the recent returns from the Prospect street and the Arnold street Grammar Schools, which are under the old system, it appears that there are 392 pupils in both of these schools. And this is about the average number for the year. The cost of instruction alone, in these schools, is \$4,500 a year,—\$2,400 being paid to two Principals, and \$2,100 to six Assistants. The number of pupils in the Elm street Grammar School, which has been altered and placed under the new system, is 388, while the cost of instruction alone, in this school, is at the rate only of \$3,300, which is \$1,200 less than is paid for the instruction of but four more scholars in Prospect and Arnold street Grammar Schools. Here is a gain of \$1,200 a year in the cost of instruction, while the expense of the change was but \$1,250."

Of the system of classification the Superintendent remarks:

"From the frequent and careful examinations that I have made of the several grades of schools, I am fully satisfied that their efficiency may be very much enhanced by a more complete and perfect system of classification. There are evils growing out of our present system that ought to be remedied. There is now no uniformity in schools of the same grade. In some schools there are four classes, in others there are seven and eight. The time devoted to each study, also varies very much in the different schools; hence arises a difficulty in bringing these scholars together in one class when they are promoted to schools of a higher grade. * * *

"The plan which I would recommend, and which I am confident will remedy the evil that is now so often complained of is this: to establish definitely the number of classes in each grade of schools, and to assign a precise course of study to every class for each term. By this arrangement, the amount of study in the corresponding

classes of schools of the same grade, will be exactly the same throughout the city. * * *

"Two years and a half will be required to complete the regular course in each of these schools, [primary and intermediate,] but by extra effort pupils may be able to finish their course in two years or less.

"The full course of study in the Grammar Schools should be four years, and new classes should be formed and promotions made only once in six months. But every pupil should have the opportunity afforded him of finishing his course, if he is able, in three years or less; that is, he should be promoted to a higher class just as soon as he is able to pass a thorough examination in all the studies the class he proposes to enter has passed over. * * * And if scholars are absent from school, or are irregular in their attendance, they should not be promoted to a higher class until they are fully prepared to sustain an examination in all the studies that were passed over during such absence. * * * This will operate as an effectual check to the frequent and often unnecessary absences that are now seriously hindering the thorough and rapid advancement in most of our schools. If each pupil was required absolutely, on his return to school, to recite satisfactorily every lesson that had been learned by his class, before he could be fully restored to his former standing, the unnecessary absences would be very few in comparison with what they are at present. I know of no way by which the active cooperation of parents with teachers can be so effectually secured, as by some such an arrangement as the one now proposed."

The course of study thus proposed contemplates two years and a half in the primary schools, the same time in the intermediate, four years in the grammar schools, and three or four years in the high school; thus requiring thirteen years to complete the course of study in the public schools, which will prepare young men at the age of eighteen for business or for college, and young ladies for the practical duties of life in their proper sphere. This course can be shortened perhaps two or three years by the active

scholar who loses nothing by irregular attendance.

The report shows the number of schools, scholars, and teachers, in the city, to be as follows:

"Twenty-three Primary Schools, containing 3,246 children; seventeen Intermediate, with 1830 pupils, and 36 teachers; seven Grammar Schools, with 1806 pupils, and 36 teachers; and a High School, with 8 permanent teachers. There are besides these, a teacher of drawing, and one in French, in the High; and a teacher of music for the Intermediate, Grammar and High Schools. The whole number of Public Schools in the city, is 48. The number of teachers, 130; and the whole number of pupils admitted the present term, is 7,257.

"The High School will commence its next session with about 400 pupils."

At the close of the last spring term, a very thorough and careful examination of all the schools, by written questions and answers, was made by the Superintendent.

"This examination," says the committee's report, "showed a high degree of proficiency on the part of the pupils, and was another most convincing proof of the faithfulness and efficiency of the teachers."

We hope soon to present our readers some of the questions with the result of the examination of the several classes in the high school. The questions used in the examination of the Grammar Schools were given in the June number of THE SCHOOLMASTER.

We give place, and would call the especial attention of our friends in the several manufacturing villages of our state, to the remarks of the committee relative to

EVENING SCHOOLS.

"During the past winter, eight evening schools, being the number allowed by the city ordinance, were established in different portions of the city. The schools continued for fifteen weeks, and afforded instruction to above fifteen hundred pupils, of all ages from eight to forty years.

"The entire cost of tuition in these schools

was a little less than twenty-five hundred dollars, making the average cost per scholar, for tuition, about \$1 65, for a term of fifteen weeks.

"The good that has been accomplished by these schools, for a class in the community whose circumstances compel their absence from the day schools, is incalculable. Particularly has this been the case during the past winter, when the general prostration of business, and the want of employment, has suggested to those who really desired to be honest, other than honorable means of gaining a livelihood.

"The elements of an education have thus been acquired by those, some of whom, if left in idleness, would have become the inmates of our reform school.

"The committee were much gratified, in visiting these schools, to observe the earnestness with which men, women and children were striving to lay the foundations of a common education. The committee would therefore present this part of our system of public education to your honorable body, as one of the most important means of improving that portion of our community beyond the reach of other means of public instruction. For every dollar expended upon our evening schools, a tenfold return will be received in the improved moral and intellectual character of our city.

"The committee would also here repeat a suggestion made in their last report, 'that the cause of public education would be greatly promoted, if one or two evening schools should be established, in which higher branches of study should be pursued than are at present pursued in these schools.'"

With regard to the comparative expense for educational purposes, the committee show that the expenses for education in 1848 was thirty per cent. of the whole expense of the city, and that the proportion has gradually decreased until the last two years; during which time the expense for schools has been only *fourteen per cent.* of the city expenses.

On the subject of teachers' salaries,

"The committee believe that our schools are now managed as economically as the best inter-

ests of the schools will admit of, and that no reduction in the teachers' salaries could be made without serious and lasting injury to the cause of education in our city.

"Our schools are now well arranged, well supplied with experienced and faithful teachers, who have been untiring in their efforts to elevate the standard of intellectual and moral scholarship among their pupils.

"The committee believe it would be false economy on the part of your honorable body, to compel these teachers to seek more lucrative positions elsewhere, and thereby to compel the committee to fill the vacancies thus occasioned, with less efficient and less experienced teachers, simply that a few hundred dollars would thereby be saved to the city treasury.

"The experience of the past, the natural intuitive good sense of the human race, teach, in language not to be misunderstood, that the best and most thorough education is in the end the cheapest. For these reasons, the committee respectfully suggest to your honorable body the inexpediency of reducing the salaries of the teachers in our public schools."

The city council, however, about the time this report was presented, voted by a small majority to reduce the salaries of the principal teachers in the city. It is evident that the honorable city council were misled with regard to the economy of the schools, and that the time is near when a wiser counsel will prevail and the hard earned salaries of the public school teachers will be reinstated. Sure it is that unless this action of the council is soon reconsidered and revoked great and permanent injury will be done to the schools of this city. Providence has attained an enviable distinction among the cities of our country for efficient and successful schools. If now the motive power is reversed, and the train is to move backward, a change will be wrought the evil effects of which it will take years of toil to overcome.

The people have labored too hard and given of their substance too freely for the elevation of the standard of education to see it now trailing in the dust.

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

For the Schoolmaster.

Review or Test Questions in Mathematical Geography.

NOTE. Many of the following questions may to some seem too simple or altogether useless, yet we have known even teachers to be puzzled by the most simple of them. We think that they will be found useful in testing the accuracy of the pupils' conceptions of a most important department of geography.

1. In what respect does the earth differ from a sphere?
2. What is the diameter of the North Pole?
3. Does the equator extend through the earth or around it?
4. What is a parallel of latitude, and how many parallels are there?
5. Are parallels of latitude all of the same length?
6. Are degrees of latitude all of the same length?
7. Is latitude measured on straight lines or on circles, and on what ones is it measured?
8. What is the latitude of the poles, and what of the equator?
9. If you were at the North Pole how would the heavenly bodies appear to move?
10. What is a meridian of longitude, and how many meridians are there?
11. Are all meridians of the same length?
12. On what lines or circles is longitude measured?
13. Are all degrees of longitude of the same length?
14. What is a first or given meridian?
15. Is there more than one meridian running through Greenwich, and if so, from which of them do the English reckon longitude?
16. Of what use is latitude and longitude?
17. Where must a place be to have no latitude?
18. Where to have no longitude?
19. Where to have neither latitude nor longitude?

20. Where in order to have at the same time all longitudes and no latitude?

21. At what place is there literally no north, no east, no west?

22. At what place is there no south, no east, no west?

23. What place is exactly north from every other place on the earth's surface?

24. What places on the earth's surface are exactly south of the North Pole?

25. Two persons are so situated that when they point towards each other, both of them point exactly north. Where are they?

26. Which is the greatest distance, ten degrees east on the equator or ten degrees east in fifty degrees of latitude?

27. Why does a difference of time indicate a difference of longitude?

28. In what longitude from Greenwich is the place at which it is one o'clock in the afternoon when it is just noon at Greenwich? At which it is one o'clock in the morning?

29. In what longitude is the place at which it is eleven o'clock A. M. when it is noon at Greenwich?

30. Washington is 77 degrees west of Greenwich. If a telegraphic dispatch could be instantaneously transmitted, what time would it reach Washington if it left Greenwich at noon?

31. The captain of a vessel which is sailing on a parallel of latitude finds that his chronometer which keeps correct time seems to be losing 10 minutes per day. Which way is the ship sailing and how many degrees per day? c.

AUGUST 21, 1858.

Mr. Schoolmaster:

The following question was asked in an examination of teachers: "Will you give me a sentence containing the words *two*, *too*, *to*, one of which shall be a preposition, another an adjective, and the other a noun?"

The candidate failed to do this, when the examiner gave the following: "*Two* boys gave *too* much *to* the man."

Query. Which of the three words of similar pronunciation is a *noun*?

OUR BOOK TABLE.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES. — Benedict Arnold — Gen. Israel Putnum — Capt. John Smith.

Messrs. E. O. Libby & Co., of Boston, have recently issued these three volumes of American Biography, by George Canning Hill, to which we wish to call especial attention. Each forms a neat little octavo volume of about 300 pages, illustrated by engravings on tinted paper. They are designed especially for the young, and are admirably adapted both in matter and manner to interest and instruct them. The author has shown himself capable of writing *just such* books as children and youth love to read, and just such as will be useful as well as entertaining. We rarely meet with books of Biography so well adapted to school libraries. Teachers cannot do a better thing than to send for these beautiful little books. If they have no library funds, tell the boys about them and take up a collection. They will surely furnish the means to purchase them. Price, 75 cents per volume.

BOOK-KEEPING by Double and Single Entry. — For Schools and Academies. Adapted to Payson, Dunton & Scribner's Combined System of Penmanship. By L. B. Hanaford, A. M., and J. W. Payson. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

This is a new work on a somewhat novel plan. It contains sets of accounts in both single and double entry, with the accounts to be copied by the learner engraved in imitation of real manuscript account books. The arrangement seems proper, and the book teaches the elements of this science in a very clear and comprehensible manner. The store or the counting-room is, however, the best place to learn the science of accounts. We believe the best method of teaching anything is by the concrete rather than the abstract.

THE FORT EDWARDS INSTITUTE MONTHLY. — Eight pages, quarto. A spirited monthly publication, devoted to literature and education, published at Fort Edwards, N. Y., by Wm. A. Holly. Terms, 50 cents a year.

THE CRUISE OF THE BETSEY; or a Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides. With Rambles of a Geologist; or Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland. By Hugh Miller, LL.D. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. 1858.

The Cruise of the Betsey is an account of a summer trip, made by the lamented Scotch geologist, among the Hebrides, on a geological survey of the oolitic deposits of those islands.

The Rambles of a Geologist, gives a similar detailed account of other tours in the north of Scotland. To the general reader as well as to the scientific man, nothing can be more enchanting than these familiar reports of Hugh Miller's travels. Written in his inimitable style of ease, delicacy and freshness, they throw around the study of *dull rocks and stones* the beauty, freshness and interest of a brilliant romance. No one who commences the volume will willingly lay it aside unfinished.

AGNES. — A Novel. By the Author of *IDA MAY*. Philips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

This new novel is a romance of the Revolution. It is an exciting story, and admirably written. It fails to convey the moral which one finds impressed upon the mind after reading *Uncle Tom*, *Ida May*, or *The Lamplighter*, but is a pleasing story, displaying talent, and enchanting the reader. We understand it is having a large sale. Sold by Gladding & Brother.

ANALYTIC GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. — By I. H. Nutting, A. M., M. D. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

The author of this treatise has evidently made the subject of English Grammar a study. He has come to the conclusion that the structure of our language is quite simple and therefore the Grammar should be.

He has prepared a brief treatise of 112 pages, in which he discusses the fundamental principles of Grammar in a clear, concise manner, using plain, conspicuous language, and — what we are glad to see — without *questions and answers*. He has no discussion of *voice*, calling *put*, in the sentence, "*His books were put away*," a "pred-

icate participle." He simplifies in some things and apparently confuses and confounds in others. Much of the plan of the work is identical with Greene's system.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY; with Practical Applications to Mensuration. By Benj. Greenleaf, A. M. Robert S. Davis & Co., Boston. 1868.

We are much pleased with a cursory examination of this new work on Geometry. It is comprised in 320 pages, octavo, and embraces substantially the work of Legendre on plain and solid Geometry; to which is added two books on Mensuration, one of Miscellaneous Geometrical Exercises, and one on Application of Algebra to Geometry.

The author gives his own method of demonstration, in many instances differing from Legendre, but as far as we have had an opportunity to examine these changes are for the better, rendering the demonstration more clear and concise. The author has added much valuable matter, and the whole is brought within a smaller compass than usual, thus furnishing the book at a low price. Retail price, 87 cents.

A PRIMARY ASTRONOMY, for Schools and Families. Four Hundred Engravings. By Hiram Mattison, A. M. Mason Brothers, New York.

A book of 168 pages, giving by question and answer, with a very good arrangement of topics, the principal facts and laws of the general science of astronomy. It is adapted to the comprehension of the young, designed as a textbook for common schools.

THE NATIONAL PRONOUNCING SPELLER. — By B. G. Parker and J. M. Watson. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 1868.

This spelling book is designed to accompany Parker & Watson's series of National Readers, or it may be used with other readers. It adopts Webster as the standard in orthography and generally in orthoëpy. It has ample lists of sentences for dictation exercises. It arranges words "with regard to the vowel sounds, accent and number of syllables."

THE PROGRESSIVE SPEAKER AND COMMON SCHOOL READER. — Sanborn, Bixby & Ellsworth, Boston. 1858.

This book completes the series of Progressive School Readers. It contains 528 pages, including 46 pages of "General Remarks on Reading, Speaking, and Gesture." It is designed as a complete First Class Reader as well as Speaker. It contains a great variety of pieces, which are selected from our best authors and well adapted for practice in reading or declamation. It will add much to the present popularity of this excellent series of Readers.

THE FRANKLIN GLOBE MANUAL. — Moore & Nims, Troy, N. Y. 1858.

A neat small quarto volume of 74 pages to aid both teacher and pupil in the use of globes. The publishers are well known as the proprietors of the Franklin Globes, considered by many of our best teachers as the best in the country. This little manual will be found useful in connection with globes in giving correct ideas of the relations of different parts of the earth's surface and in teaching many of the leading principles of astronomical science.

GOLDSMITH'S WRITING BOOKS. — For Academies and Schools. Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York.

This series is comprised in four books. The copies are engraved on steel and are well executed. There is less system in the arrangement of copies than in some series, and the writing is not so free of flourish, yet it is easy and graceful.

NATIONAL FIFTH READER. — A. S. Barnes & Co. New York. 1858.

We have received a copy of this reader from the publishers. We would refer our readers to our notice of it in the June number of **THE SCHOOLMASTER**.

We have received the last **CATALOGUE OF THE TROY FEMALE SEMINARY**, which shows twenty-four teachers, and three hundred and nineteen scholars.

The R. I. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1858.

NO. 9.



For the Schoolmaster.

The Study of the Ancient Classics.

THE question is frequently asked by practical people — What are the benefits resulting from the study of the ancient languages? And some venture to predict that, in this age of progress and of utilitarianism, when ancient prejudices and conceits are passing away, and when men are looking for the simply practical, the study of the classics, as Latin and Greek authors are denominated, will soon be discontinued in our systems of popular education. We propose to present a few suggestions as to the benefits of a course of classical study.

1. We remind the reader, in the first place, that *for a thorough professional education, a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages is very important, if not absolutely indispensable.* About this there can hardly be a difference of opinion. The technical phraseology in both medicine and law is derived almost wholly from these languages, and it is difficult to realize fully the exact sense of this phraseology without a previous study of the languages from which it is derived. Then, the writings of so many eminent in these professions, both in ancient and modern times,

would be sealed to all those who are familiar with none other than a single modern language. Besides the works more strictly connected with the sciences of these professions, there are, in the discussion of great principles of law and statesmanship, models, preserved in the classical remains, of untold value to those who would attain to the highest skill in such discussions. He, who would excel in either municipal or international law, even if he could dispense with the works of Grotius and his compeers in modern times, would yet be an incalculable loser, if he could not gather the order in arrangement, the clearness in logic, and the fire in appeal, from the orations of Demosthenes and of Cicero in the original. In the case of the clerical profession our argument is very brief. The very fact, that God has made a revelation of His will in any tongue, should be sufficient not only to rescue that tongue from oblivion, but, also, to give it an importance above all others. In it are contained those Divine precepts and promises, which are to exalt individual character and to purify and bless nations. To the Divine, as the public advocate and expounder of religion, an acquaintance with the original languages of the Bible is of the utmost consequence. In the Greek he finds not only the books of the New Testament, but the works

of many of the early fathers and expositors, and of many of the most distinguished of the primitive Christian preachers. And closely associated with the Greek, the Latin language, as embodying the works of many other equally distinguished primitive interpreters and sermonizers, and ancient versions of the Scriptures, and commentaries innumerable in all times and countries of Christendom, may be justly regarded as an essential accompaniment of her sister tongue.

But, not to dwell upon these illustrations, since our opponents may admit that the classical languages are valuable to professional men, we will turn to some considerations which may show that the advantages of these studies are intimately connected with the proper ends of education, and are of general application.

2. We affirm, therefore, that the study of the Latin and Greek languages is a means of disciplining the youthful mind, for which we have no adequate substitute. We are assuming that this study is to be commenced in early life—at the average age of from eight to ten years—and we conceive that linguistic studies are peculiarly adapted to this period of life, and peculiarly profitable; indeed, that nothing can accomplish an equal amount of discipline with an equal amount of valuable and permanent attainments. At this period of life the memory is especially susceptible and retentive, the perceptive faculties being those particularly active; while, at the same time, the judgment or the power of abstract reasoning is not sufficiently matured for the severer sciences, the reflective faculties being not yet, in the order of nature, fully developed. In the study of the languages there is a tasking of the reason (with the very young it may be very little, with the adult and mature it may be very much, as much as in the highest logic or mathematics) in the case of each student,

proportional to his capacity, and enough to steadily strengthen the understanding, while the memory is furnished with lasting and pleasing subjects for meditation in after years. The mind is also trained to habits of attentive application, of careful analysis, of patient investigation, and is thus gradually and easily prepared for the more difficult and abstruse branches of education which are to employ the thoughts in more advanced age. "The rules of grammar," it has been very justly observed, "which comprehend systems more or less perfect, of the principles of the dead languages, take a permanent hold of the memory, when the understanding is as yet unable to comprehend their import; and the classical remains of antiquity, which, at the time we acquire them, do little more than furnish a gratification to the ear, supply us with inexhaustible sources of the most refined enjoyment; and, as our various powers unfold themselves, are poured forth, without effort, from the memory to delight the imagination, and to improve the heart." The study of foreign modern languages, although far from unprofitable, is by no means productive of the same benefits. Their resemblance to our own in elementary principles, in etymology, in syntax, in unvaried arrangement and even in construction and signification of words, renders them much easier of acquisition, and much less effective in developing and disciplining the mental powers.

3. The ancient languages, also, offer a very extensive field for philosophic observation, and especially do they furnish great facilities for evolving the philosophy of grammar. It is next to impossible to learn perfectly the theory of grammar, or the natural relations of words to each other in the construction of sentences, and the universal laws which regulate human speech, by the study of only a single language. The study of several languages is to the whole

subject of grammar what comparative anatomy is to the philosophy of the human frame or of organized animal life. The study of any new language must suggest to us many new views respecting our own, and respecting the primary laws of all language. That which differs most widely from our own, as the oriental languages, for example, must of course present the most numerous points of contrast. We are thus led to observe, to compare, to trace analogies, to mark peculiarities, to perceive excellencies and defects, and, in short, to understand our peculiar dialect in the general speech, and those universal laws which are illustrated in it. At the same time, we are furnished with new and interesting subjects of speculation on the powers and necessities of the human mind, which has accommodated so wonderfully to its purpose this unparalleled invention. The Latin and Greek tongues, for their distinct peculiarities, the order of inversion in sentences, and the collocation of words so different from our own, with their perfect system of terminations, by which the cases of nouns and adjectives, and the moods, and tenses, and persons of verbs are distinguished, possess the advantages and furnish the helps referred to in the highest degree.

4. In these languages, too, are contained many of the most perfect productions of human genius in history, poetry, and oratory. From very few other sources can the mind of the student drink inspiration so lofty. With the boldest original conceptions are united, in these masters of the ancient times, a simplicity and correctness equally pleasing to the taste and inspiring to the imagination. If the surest path to distinction in any art is the study of the best models, what can better employ the attention of the young and gifted, than the graphic delineation and sublime strength of Tacitus, the sweet and pathetic

morality of Horace, the bold and convincing satire of Juvenal, the epic fire and intensity of Homer, the strongly lined pictures of Virgil, the animating descriptions of Xenophon, the critical skill of Longinus, the dramatic life of Æschylus and his brothers of the age of Pericles, the overpowering eloquence of Demosthenes and of Cicero?—These are a few of the stars in the great galaxy, and there are a host of others worthy of the bright companionship. If to read classic authors is to keep good company, where shall we look for more gifted spirits?—If our thoughts and character take their tone and elevation from the objects with which they are conversant, where, among merely human authors, can the soul take a more lofty range?—If the pleasures of taste are proportioned to the objects which excite them, where can the imagination revel in a more delightful region? We admit that these authors are not Christian. But they show us all that man can do without Christianity. They tell us the universal morality which God has distributed broadcast through all nations and ages, and which Christianity did not create but re-affirmed and fulfilled; while the speculations, the reasonings, the yearnings, of Plato and of Cicero exhibit to us all that man can accomplish of himself, bringing us to the very threshold of Revelation, and showing us there the inexorable necessity for a Divine Hand to open to us the mysteries of our spiritual relations. All that human genius can do they have done, and then, in the touching words of Socrates preserved by his pupil, they bid us wait for that Divine Instructor who alone can enlighten our spiritual ignorance. If they do not teach us religion, which God only can teach, they remind us of the humanity which is common to us and to them, and persuade us that, as one of them has beautifully expressed it, we should count nothing foreign from ourselves (*nil alienum*, etc.) which belong to us.

5. The study of the classics, we further contend, is *a very important means of cultivating a correct taste*. There is a fashion in literature, as in dress and manners. The man who devotes himself exclusively to the literature of his own nation and age, will necessarily mistake the caprices of present fashion for the universal dictates of human nature. Unable to compare the writings of his contemporaries with those of other times and countries, his favorite author is made his one standard of excellence, and is admired and imitated both in his virtues and in his faults. A correct taste must be formed upon a thorough observation of the workings of genius, under all circumstances, at all times, and throughout the whole world; and nowhere does literature hold out more profitable subjects for study to the modern scholar, than in the Latin and Greek classics. These studies are to the literary taste what traveling is to our estimate of men and manners — our knowledge of the world. "A person," writes one most competent to speak by authority, "who has never extended his views beyond that society, of which he himself is a member, is apt to consider many peculiarities in the manners and customs of his countrymen as founded upon the universal principles of the human constitution, and when he hears of other nations, whose practices, in similar cases, are different, he is apt to censure them as unnatural, and to despise them as absurd. The effects of traveling in enlarging and enlightening the mind, are obvious to our daily experience, and similar advantages may be derived from a careful study of past ages, or of distant nations, as they are described by the historian." It is the striking remark of a distinguished scholar, that to learn a new language is to acquire a new soul; and, certainly, the acquisition of no modern tongue can so freshen and renovate the mind, or be so suggestive of new and stimulating associa-

tions, as that of the Latin and Greek. A literature, grown up under circumstances so different from our own, at a period of time so remote, under laws, institutions, and a religion so peculiar, in a form of speech so unlike our own, and among a people differing so widely from ourselves in sentiment and manners, must show us the workings of genius in forms the most peculiar, and furnish us a field of observation the most interesting and instructive. Such studies as these we advocate, must be the most effectual means of cultivating a correct taste — that is, a taste founded on the principles of our constitution, and common to all ages. The man who devotes himself to the literary fashion of a particular period or people, may gain applause, but he will gain it only for the fleeting day and for the limited locality, for with the first fluctuation of the popular taste, his name and works will sink into forgetfulness; his productions may flourish and be admired on the pages of a magazine, but they become obsolete even before the author himself has filled up the common measure of human life. He who would write for immortality, or enjoy the pleasures of a correct and perfectly cultivated taste, should be conversant with the literature of every age.

As an illustration of the argument which we have endeavored concisely to present, we refer to one whose name is among the immortals — the illustrious Milton. Living amongst those who could relish nothing but affectation, quaint conceits, and extravagant hyperboles, his writings show not a single trait of the false fashion and perverted taste which mark the literature of his day. The sentiments of his contemporaries could no more fix the standard of his genius than their political institutions could repress the freedom of his thoughts. He was not the poet of one age, or a nation, but of mankind and the world.

We see the cause of this no less in the vast variety of his attainments, than in his surpassing genius. The master-spirits of Greece and Rome were his most familiar associates. England was not to him the only clime of inspiration. Even "Parnassus," writes a classic pen of our own times, "was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was as a universal presence. He felt the enchantment of oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of Araby the Blest, and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder, in which it was embodied. Accordingly his poetry reminds us of the ocean, which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from every region under heaven." We ask, did not the classics largely contribute to make the Milton whom the world admires, — the poet of all nations and of all times.

We strongly insist, then, that no adequate substitute for the Latin and Greek classics can be found, whether we view them as merely teaching the languages which are needed in the professions; as a means of disciplining the mind; as valuable helps to acquaint us with our own language, and the philosophy of language in general; as models of genius; or as important auxiliaries for correcting and perfecting literary taste.

V.

For the Schoolmaster.
The Brook.

The rushing mountain stream,

As it hurries on in its hasty course,
Lisps a solemn sacred song,

To the God of the land and skies.

From the lofty mountain-top.

It has run along over rock and stone;
It has bathed the foot of the oak

And gladdened the grass on its diamond marge.

"From the rain drops I am formed,

I have sparkled and shone in the rainbow's
arch;

Little brooklets gladly meet

Flowing joyfully together till they were but
one.

"Over precipices deep I leaped,

And I wake shrill echoes in the mountain
gorge:

Me the darkening pine trees shade

That the burning sun may not lure me to him.

"I shall flow on my happy way

'Till I reach the lake at the mountain's base:

There, my wanderings left behind,

I shall sleep 'till I rise to my home in the sky."

J. W. O.

For the Schoolmaster.
Reminiscences of Childhood.

In a retired quarter of a town in one of the rural districts of the Old Bay State stands an old fashioned red farm-house. There are many such; but this one has a special interest for me. Need I say it is my birth place? I would that all the houses of our broad land might be what this was in the days of my childhood and youth, — the home of industry, intelligence and virtue. Here one of the old-fashioned families — a family of ten, five of either sex — first found "it a pleasant thing to behold the light of the sun." One, the eldest, passed away before her third autumn had ripened its early fruits. The remaining nine, with a tender and devoted mother and our common mother, Nature, for their earliest and most faithful teachers, arrived at mature age, and successively became, as both their parents had been before them, for a longer or shorter period, instructors of the young. Around this place are entwined all the cherished associations of my childish days. It is not, therefore, strange that my recent visit should have awakened a long train of recol-

lections, and restored somewhat vividly the influences which served, in no small degree, to mould the early character of myself and my companions, and to direct our course in after life.

I approached it, as I had often done in my boyhood, from the west, where a range of high hills, which were not very unworthily dignified by the name of mountains, shuts out the scene from view until the traveler reaches the verge of the eastern declivity. Then there appears at his feet a valley of something more than a quarter of a mile in width, skirted on the east by a lower range of hills and winding toward the south-east until it is lost in their woody labyrinths. Beyond, the panorama of hills, range after range, each wearing a deeper tinge of blue, extends onward to the horizon, where the blue hills and blue sky seem blended in undistinguishable unity. Will there not be a time when the ever varying opinions and sympathies of mankind, now separated from each other as widely as earth from Heaven, shall thus become harmoniously blended? Who shall say that it is not one of the great lessons intended for us to learn from Nature? Why may not all the diversities of human thought and feeling, like mountain streams and rivers, here blending and tumbling and roaring, there winding like threads of silver among the hills, anon expanding into the placid lake and flowing onward thence with deep and gentle current through expanding valleys until their waters are blended in the sea,—at length unite harmoniously in one vast millennial ocean?

But to return. The scene was before me as in former years. The farm houses were still standing out amid the orchards on the hill-sides, around them were the same meadows and cultivated fields; the sheep and cattle, as formerly, were browsing along the rocky de-

clivities, but all these were now serving to mould the thoughts and character of another generation. The home of my childhood was at my feet, near which warbled the free, sparkling, leaping brook, from whose rippling waters I had so many times beguiled its shy, speckled inhabitants. From the scenes visible from my lofty observatory, whence, in all directions, the prospect was bounded by the distant horizon, I had imbibed my earliest lessons of purity and freedom. I felt, as I again breathed the free, pure air of that familiar height, that Nature had, indeed, been to me a kind and faithful teacher. She had taught me lessons from her hills and fields—her valleys, fruits and flowers. At early morning she had quickened my drowsy sense with the notes of the robin and the thrush, and at evening she had lulled me to repose with the sweet music of our own familiar bird of night. She had taught me by cloud and sunshine, by noontide splendor and the glittering effulgence of night. The flowers in spring had spoken promises in my ear, always fulfilled by the rich fruits of autumn. O truthful nature! Why should man, thy constant and most favored beneficiary, ever learn to deceive? Thy voice is everywhere. I hear it in the rustling leaf, the whispering breeze, the rippling waters. I hear it in the insects' hum and in the deep voice of thy awful thunder. And I have learned to reverence and to love thee. I love thee still. Thy rocks and hills, thy plants, and trees, and flowers, to me are full of wonder and delight. Ever shall I feel, while it shall be my task to guide the youthful mind and heart, that I am performing no mean part of my high mission, while endeavoring to inspire in my pupils that love of Nature and of Nature's God that has proved to me a well-spring of pleasure and improvement.

On my right, at the distance of a mile, was

the site of the old school house which stood, as too many are still standing, unprotected and unadorned, just beside the public road. A newer building had taken the place of that with which I was first familiar; but this could not repel the tide of thick-coming memories. The teachers of my childhood—how vividly did they come home to my recollection. There was the young and inexperienced teacher, some of whose pupils were equal in age and superior in stature to his own. He was a gentle, inoffensive man, and my remembrance of him is kind. But I will not draw the curtain to reveal his school-room scenes; charity bids me to forbear. I know nothing of his subsequent career—I hope that it was crowned with honor and success. But from what I witnessed, as one of his youngest pupils, I would warn every timid and irresolute youth to beware of any attempt to bear rule among his equals.

Another teacher I remember well. He was considered one of the best, and was thought especially to excel in discipline. In addition to the office of the teacher he bore the rank and discharged the duties of a Christian minister. But, spite of his sacred character, his heavy ferule and sharp-handled pen-knife, and the free use he made of both would meet but a beggarly entertainment now. Notwithstanding the indignation that would arise when some of my comrades became the objects of his displeasure, I would charitably presume that they have all since freely forgiven him for the numerous protuberances which he wrought upon their heads in the endeavor to fasten correct principles in their hearts. I doubt not he was conscientious. But who does not know that conscience sometimes proves an erring guide? The tuition of neither of these teachers has proved to me in vain if I have, in any good degree, learned to avoid the peculiarities and extremes of both.

Yet another lesson, which both in part, taught unconsciously, is worthy of uniform adoption. It is to endeavor so to regulate our intercourse with the young, and so to direct our efforts as to gain their approbation when maturity shall have given soundness to their understanding and soberness to their judgment. It is worse than folly to sacrifice the approving verdict of the *man* in order to gain the present good will of the *reckless and unthinking boy*, or to lose the respectful remembrance of the discreet and sensible woman to win the momentary favor of the giddy and impulsive girl.

I. F. C.

For the Schoolmaster.
Early American Currency.

BY MANFRED.

For much contained in our former articles we are indebted to the Penny Cyclopaedia, (an English work,) and our information in regard to early American currency we have gathered principally from a contribution by J. C. to the Historical Magazine, which we have found to be a valuable publication.

The first coinage in America was by order of the General Court of Massachusetts in 1652, and was of three denominations—twelve penny, six penny, and three penny pieces, and bore on one side, the numerals XII. VI. III. in a square near the upper edge of the coin, and on the other side the letters "N. E." Very few of these were struck, as it was soon found that the coin was much clipped by the rogues, upon which it was ordered that all monies coined should have a double ring on either side with the inscription "MASSACHUSETTS IN," with a tree in the center, emblematical of the country, on one side, and "NEW ENGLAND: AN: DOM:" and 1652, with the value in numerals on the other. All coins issued for more than thirty years bear

this date. In 1662, pieces of the value of two pence were coined of silver and of the same type of the shillings, sixpence and three pence, all bearing the date of 1652. The Maryland or Lord Baltimore money is believed to have been struck in England for the use of that colony, and is extremely rare. A shilling and sixpence of this money is put down in a late coin catalogue at £6. 6. 0. The only coins thought by collectors to have been struck in Maryland are coins in silver—shillings, six pences and three pences, struck by Chalmers at Annapolis in 1783, and are now very rare. In 1688, during the reign of William and Mary, shillings were struck for the colony of Maryland; six pences and four pences were struck of the same type having on the reverse the numerals VI. and IV. Copper half pennies were coined with the same obverse of the silver, but bearing on the reverse the crest of Lord Baltimore.

In 1694, under the same reign, a coin was struck having on the obverse the figure of an elephant, and on the reverse "GOD PRESERVE NEW ENGLAND. 1694." Another with the same obverse bore upon the reverse "GOD PRESERVE CAROLINA: AND THE LORDS; PROPRIETORS; 1694." No such coins were ever circulated and specimens of them are very rarely found.

William and Mary rejected the petition of Massachusetts for permission to coin money as they had done, which caused such a scarcity of small change that many persons stamped pieces of brass and tin, passing them for a penny each. The General Court however passed a law forbidding it, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The colonial brass coins of the colonies, pennies, half pennies, and farthings were struck during the reign of George I. by William Wood of England who had been granted prior to this a patent for coining the copper currency of Ireland, from

which he amassed a large fortune. He was an extensive proprietor of iron and copper works in England. Copper coins for the use of the colony of Virginia were struck in 1773, during the reign of George III., and were exceedingly well executed.

In the collection of J. C., contributor to the Historical Magazine, is a rare copper coin of nearly the same size of the half dollar. Obverse, "MASSACHUSETTS STATE," with a pine tree in the center of the coin. Reverse, "LIBERTY AND VIRTUE," a female seated on a globe holding in her right hand an olive leaf, in her left a staff. Of this date there is also a copper coin the size of a half cent, having on one side a Janus head, and on reverse "GODDESS OF LIBERTY, 1776." It is supposed the dies for this and the preceding coin were cut by Col. Paul Revere, a well known patriot of the Revolution, who was by trade a goldsmith and engraver. A copper coin of the size of a half cent was struck in 1776, another, called the Columbia Token, about the size of a dime, was issued without date. The most common of the Washington cents was coined in 1783. An American coin, or medal, was issued in 1776, an inch and a half in diameter, on one side of which is inscribed in a circular ring near the edge, "CONTINENTAL CURRENCY, 1776," within the ring a rising sun shining upon the dial, with the word "FUGIO" at the side, under which was the motto, "MIND YOUR BUSINESS." On the reverse were thirteen small circles joined together like the rings of a chain, on each of which was inscribed the name of some one of the thirteen states, and on another ring within these, was inscribed "AMERICAN CONGRESS," and in the center "WE ARE ONE." No coins were ever in circulation of this stamp as currency, but a medal of this type in white metal is in the collection of M. A. Stickney, Esq., of Salem, Mass.

In 1783 a cent was issued having in the center of the obverse an eye with rays diverging from it, and surrounded by thirteen stars, encircling which are the words "NOVA CONSTELLATIO." Reverse, a wreath of laurel, inclosing the letters "U. S." Around the coin is "LIBERTAS ET JUSTITIA." The New York cents were coined in 1776 and 1787, and were of very different types. The Vermont cents were coined in the years 1785-86-87-88. The Connecticut cents bear dates 1785-86-87.

There is a rare cent bearing on the obverse a laureated head, with the inscription, "AUCTORI: PLEBIS." Reverse, a female seated; at her right hand a globe, on her left an anchor, on which she is reclining; legend, "INDEP: ET. LIBER. 1787."

The Kentucky cent was struck in 1791, at Lancaster, England, for circulation in America. It bears no date. Obverse, "UNANIMITY IS THE STRENGTH OF SOCIETY." Encircling a hand holding a scroll on which is inscribed, "OUR CAUSE IS JUST." Reverse, fifteen stars in the form of a triangle; on the stars are indented the initials of the several states, Kentucky leading the column.

The New Jersey cents bear dates 1786-87-88, of different types varying slightly from each other.

A rare copper coin of 1787 bears upon the obverse a female figure in a sitting posture, holding in one hand a spread banner, in the other a balance. Around the coin is inscribed, "IMMUNIS COLUMBIA, 1787." Reverse, a spread eagle, with the legend "E. PLURIBUS UNUM."

The Massachusetts cents and half cents were coined in 1787. This coinage was continued for two years, but upon the adoption of the constitution of the United States the mint was abolished.

In 1787 the general government ordered that coin should bear the following devices.

On one side thirteen circles linked together, a small circle in the center with the words "UNITED STATES" around it, and in the circle "WE ARE ONE." On the reverse, a dial with the hours marked and "FUGIO" on the left, the date 1787 on the right, a meridian sun above the dial, and below it the words "MIND YOUR BUSINESS."

There are several different types of the Washington cents of different dates, but our space only admits of a description of the most celebrated one. It was issued in 1791 and bore a well cut bust of Washington in military costume, around which is inscribed, "WASHINGTON PRESIDENT." Reverse, a spread eagle with upraised wings; eight stars below a circle of clouds, in the right talon of the eagle a branch of olive, in his left a bunch of arrows; below the figure the words, "ONE CENT." This is the one of greatest rarity.

In the United States Mint collection is a very remarkable gold coin equal in value to a doubloon, coined in New York by Blasber, whose name it bears. Obverse, a range of hills, sun rising behind them; in front a representation of the sea; encircling this the inscription "NOVA EBORACA. COLUMBIA. EXCELSIOR." Reverse, a spread eagle surrounded by a wreath, outside of which is "UNUM E. PLURIBUS, 1787."

In 1787 a copper coin, or medal, was struck of about the size of a half dollar, having a finely cut bust of Washington in military costume, around the coin "G. WASHINGTON. PRESIDENT I. 1792." Reverse, a spread eagle with fifteen stars and "UNITED STATES OF AMERICA." A few coins were struck in silver from this die, and are known as the Washington half dollars.

Paper money was first made by Massachusetts in 1690; by Connecticut, 1709; Pennsylvania, 1723; Maryland, 1740; Rhode Island, 1744; and in 1759 about every province

issued paper currency. It was first issued by congress in 1775.

Upon the establishment of a mint by the United States in 1792, congress passed a law that no copper coins except cents and half cents authorized by the act should be current, thereby preventing the circulation of English pennies, half pennies and farthings, as also the copper coins of the several states, New York, Vermont, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

Edith Lane.

"How are you so cheerful,
Gentle Edith Lane?
Be it bright or cloudy,
Fall of dew or rain,
In that lonely school-house
Patiently you stay,
Teaching simple children
All the livelong day."

"Teaching simple children?"
I am simple, too.
So we learn together
Lessons good and true,
From this time-worn volume,
Full of heavenly lore;
Or, to read another,
Just unlatch the door.

Can I but be cheerful,
While I bid them look
Through the sunny pages
Of each opening book?
Showing tracks of angels
O'er the foot-worn sod?
Listening to the music
Nature makes to God?

"Have you then no sorrow,
Smiling Edith Lane?
Where the barberry's coral
Rattles on the pane,
Where, in endless yellow,
Autumn flowers I see,

Working for a living
Were a woe to me."

"Sorrow?" I, a woman,
And in years not young?
Of the common chalice
Drops are on my tongue.
What of that? no whisper
To my heart is lost,
From the barberry-clusters
Sweetened by the frost;

From the sun-bathed flowers, —
Golden-rod in bloom,
Lighting up the hill-side
Ere the winter gloom.
Shall I blot with grieving
Nature's joy and grace?
Mirrored by her beauty
On my grateful face!

"Working for a living?"
May no worse befall!
Love is always busy;
God works, over all.
Life is worth the earning
For its daily cheer,
Shared with one pale sister
In our cottage dear.

If you can, fair lady,
Go and be a drone,
Leave me with the children,
Dear as if my own.
Leave me to the humming
Of my little hive,
Glad to earn a living,
Glad to be alive!

LUCY LARCOM.

— *Boston Congregationalist.*

For the Schoolmaster.

Shall Labor be the Sole Aim of Man?

ALTHOUGH this question is by no means a new one, and has been handled by many an abler pen than mine, it is one which, answered in the negative, cannot be too often brought home to the American and especially the New England people. Here, where every adven-

tage for self-culture and self-improvement is offered, there are thousands of families in comfortable circumstances even, who toil unremittingly from early morning till evening, year after year, and allow themselves no relaxation, either bodily or mental.

This is true in an especial manner of the population of the rural districts. The desire to amass wealth seems to prevail over every other thought, and whatever will forward this object is eagerly pursued. In many of these districts there are schools but three or four months in the year, and during the remaining ones the children who are old enough must assist their parents in their respective places of toil. This, in a measure, is right. We do not urge one objection against *honest* labor, but it is this constant bowing down to it, and almost worshipping it, that makes labor dishonest. *Dishonest*, for it steals the very foundations of all true manliness and crushes the life of woman; and for a child with all his elasticity of spirit and love of variety to be thus fettered, and taught that efficiency in work is the only honor he may aspire to, it is nothing less than sin.

It will cripple his energies, animalize his whole nature, and as far as the performance of labor is concerned, he will be little more than an animated machine.

In a late number of the Atlantic Monthly, under "Rural Life in New England," which we must acknowledge is a faithful picture, we find the following:

"In looking at the life of the New England farmer, the first fact that strikes us is, that it is actually a very different thing from what it might be and ought to be. There dwells in every mind, through all callings and all professions, the idea that the farmer's life is, or may be, is, or should be the truest and sweetest life that man can live. Why then, does the actual differ so widely from the ideal?"

A general answer to this question is, that that is made an end of life which should be but an incident or means. Life is confounded with labor, and thrift with progress. * * Man thus becomes a beast of burden,—the creature of his calling, he eats, he works, he sleeps; surely there is no dignity in a life like this; there is nothing beautiful or attractive in it. We say that it is the sale of the soul to the body; it is turning the back upon life, upon growth, upon God, and descending into animalism."

Let there be then, in every household a certain portion of time each day set apart expressly for the purpose of recreation of mind and body. It is not necessary to state any particular way in which this may be done. Books, cheerful conversation or out-door amusements will each and all contribute to the healthy action of the intellectual faculties. We have each entrusted to our care, a jewel which far outweighs in value those which earth can boast, and yet how indifferent to it are the greater part of the race. We who are living in this enlightened age shall indeed have a heavy account to answer at the last, if we misuse our God-given privileges and refuse to use all the means in our power for raising ourselves morally, intellectually, and spiritually, that we may the better be fitted to appreciate the blessings our Heavenly Father bestows on us here, and be better prepared to enjoy Him through eternity.

HALB.

Why we have no Thunder in the Winter.

PROF. EERY, in his fourth Meteorological Report, thus explains why we have no thunder in the winter:

"If it is asked why we have no thunder in the winter, though the tops of the storm clouds rise even in this season to a region where the air is at least considerably charged

with electricity, perhaps the answer may be found in this — that the storm clouds in the winter are of great extent, and of course the tension of the electricity, being extended over a very large surface, is very feeble; and the substance of the cloud being itself framed out of vapor much less dense than that of summer clouds, this tension may not be able to strike from one particle of the cloud to the next adjacent one; no general discharge can take place. Besides, even in the winter, during a very warm spell of weather, with a high dew point for the season, we sometimes have a violent thunder storm from a cloud of very limited horizontal extent, *as the thunder clouds always are in the summer*. Such a cloud is in reality an insulated pillar of hot air, mingled with condensed vapor, having just given out into the air itself its latent caloric, causing the air at the top of this cloud, in many cases, to be 60° warmer at its top than the air on the outside at the same level."

For the Schoolmaster.
Teachers' Institutes.

BOUND BROOK, New Jersey.

AN institute for the special benefit of teachers employed in Somerset county, was held at the above named place, commencing on Monday, 23d of August, and ending on Friday eve of the same week. Prof. William B. Fowle of Boston, presided as principal and sole instructor, during the whole time the institute was in session.

The exercises during the day time were familiar lectures, embracing all the common branches taught in our public schools, and lectures were given each evening on subjects relating to popular education.

Not over twenty names were registered as acknowledged members of the institute, and the average daily attendance was much less than that number. I am utterly unable to

account for so small an attendance on an occasion like this — unless the expense deterred them — for this county employs something over one hundred teachers. Neither state, county, or town superintendent, or either of the county examining committee were present any time during the session.

For the exercises during the day we occupied a small loft over some kind of a work shop. It was very low studded and not at all adapted to entertain an audience, yet I heard no fault found with the lecture room, as each one seemed inclined to be satisfied with what was provided. Some of our *fair friends* were subjected to a slight inconvenience in effecting their entrance to the hall, which was by a flight of stairs which we should give it *as our opinion* must have been erected before *crinolins* became a ruling fashion. We *did* occasionally hear a murmur when some one had reached the landing of said stairs, and such complaints were not without some reason on the part of the complainant, for there are many even at this enlightened age, who think that the entrance of the camel "through the eye of the needle" is too marvelous a story to be believed. However, all these minor difficulties and petty annoyances were overcome, and we made ourselves as much at ease as though we had been provided with superfluities and entertainment free of charge.

Prof. Fowle arranged his pupils in one class, which included about all present — for we were not annoyed with many spectators — and proceeded to exercise them upon such branches as he deemed best adapted to their general wants. As the exercises continued, the interest, and thirst for knowledge increased. He had the members all read respectively, and he did the criticising. Grammatical exercises were conducted by giving them sentences to write on slips of paper, and then

the papers being passed to him, he corrected them on the board, so that all could have the benefit of seeing. To quicken their memories he occasionally gave them mental problems in arithmetic, causing them to write answers on slips of paper, and the first who passed the paper to him with the correct answer was No. 1, the next No. 2, &c. Finally he gave them a practical illustration of his system of imparting information, and conducting a school, and if his suggestions were carried out, an improvement in the public schools of this state would soon be perceptible. Lectures were held at the village meeting house each evening on subjects adapted to the occasion, which were quite well attended, and very interesting, (although it is the opinion of some that he was rather severe in his anamadvensions upon the state of society generally in New Jersey.) When time would admit, at the conclusion of his lecture, he would select and read for the entertainment of the audience a few choice dialogues from the "Hundred Dialogue Book," which, in his peculiar style, were both amusing and instructive. His lectures were delivered in a clear and comprehensive style, without affectation or any attempt, by flowery language, to gain applause, or to carry the imagination of the hearer so far above his practical sphere as to make him feel utterly insignificant; but they were instructive and intelligible to the school-boy as well as interesting and edifying to maturer minds. The subject for the closing lecture on Friday evening was *Teachers' Institutes*. The lecturer dwelt very emphatically upon the necessity of a reformation in public schools in this state, and the importance of parents' coöperation with those whom they employ to instruct their children. He encouraged frequent meetings of teachers, and laid before them the advantages realized from such a source.

At the close of the lecture, the Rev. Dr. Rogers, the village *Dominie*, responded in some very appropriate remarks in favor of teachers' institutes and the advantages of teachers frequently meeting, and suggested that they at once commence arrangements for another institute in one year, (provided they could not afford one sooner.) There was, however, opposition offered to this proposition by a member of the institute, who stated there was no use talking about an institute a year before-hand. The present one had been arranged for a year previous, and the result was a poor attendance. The reverend gentleman then rose and stated reasons for the present poor attendance, and said that the difficulty could be obviated. Instead of teachers paying one dollar per day for board they should be entertained by the inhabitants of the place where the institute was held. "These suggestions met a severer check than any offered before." Another gentleman took the floor, and stated he should be against all free institutes. It had been tried. Teachers had been sent from house to house to beg their entertainment, and had been insulted and sent away hungry. That people generally considered themselves imposed upon when asked to extend such hospitality to a *school teacher*! The debate grew warmer and warmer, until the master of ceremonies deemed it prudent to bring this war of words to a close by dismissing the audience.

This was the only discussion we had during the whole session, and it was prematurely closed without either party gaining its object. Thus ended the teachers' institute at Bound Brook, N. J., Aug. 27th, 1858.

P. S. September 8th, 9th, and 10th, there was held a *Horticultural Fair* at Somerville, four miles from Bound Brook. The principal attraction attached to this fair was *horse racing*. Jersey is in no respect behind other

states in this enterprise, at least we should judge so by the multitudes attending. The trotting course was surrounded with thousands of ladies and children from 10 o'clock A. M. until sundown, during each day. There they would stand, sweltering in the hot rays of the sun, enveloped in a cloud of dust, intently gazing after the foaming steeds as if their whole interest in this world was at stake in the wreaking coursers before them; and there woman's voice mingled with man's in shouts of exultation whenever victory was given to their favorites. If a fast horse enters New Jersey every woman and child will soon be familiar with it by reputation. The most noted and the profoundest scholar in the world might remain here years and never be known only to the few. Horse racing is popular, *teachers' institutes a nuisance.*

TEACHER.

For the Schoolmaster.
Dialogue.

I.

Teacher. "John, did you ever write a composition?"

John. (Suspiciously.) "No, sir."

Teacher. "Well, John, next Friday you may write one, and take any subject you please, as this is the first. Have it ready, punctually, Friday noon, John."

John. (In a sea of troubles.) "Yes sir."

II.

Mother, Father, John, and sister Mary.

(Scene. Evening, the family seated at table, mother reading, Mary poring over Scott's works, father with newspaper, John holds slate and pencil.)

John. "O, dear, mother! I can't! I don't know what to write about."

Mother. (Looking up from her book.) "Ask Mary, John, she wrote compositions at

the seminary. Mary, won't you show John about his composition?"

Mary. "Yes, mother, certainly. Now John, you must begin and write your subject on the top of the page. Where is your paper? Then begin on the first line and write."

John. (In a brown study.) "But I haint got no subject."

Mother. "Well, Mary, do give him a subject. Take 'Spring.'"

John. "Now, 'Spring' has been everybody's subject. Smith, and Farnum, and Weld, all wrote about 'Spring' last week. I don't want 'Spring.'"

Mary. "Take 'The Pleasures of Youth,' John."

John. "'The Pleasures of Youth!' Greene copied twenty-four lines of that out of an old book he found in a barrel up garret a little while ago. I won't copy. The teacher won't know it, though. I've a good mind to."

Mother. "John!"

John. "Well, mother, I can't write anything."

III.

(Bed time. John in stocking feet. Slate covered with pictures, pencil dull, mother asleep in her chair, Mary reading Ivanhoe. father conning a stray grammar.)

Mary. "Finished it, John?"

John. "No. I don't know nothing about it."

Father. (Looking calmly over his spectacles.) "What is grammar, John?"

John. (Promptly.) "Grammar teaches us to speak and write correctly."

Copy of John's essay:

"SPRING.

"Spring is the time when the flowers first come up out of the ground. The farmer plows his ground and sows his seed and the birds sing on the trees and the leaves come out. I can not think of any more to write to - day."

Enthusiasm.

THIS spirit is confined to no class and no profession. The dust-covered son of Vulcan, hammering at his anvil with unwearied vigor, whether fashioning a bayonet or moulding a plowshare, forging a spear or turning a pruning-hook, drawing a nail or setting a shoe, making machinery or building locomotives, is animated by a spirit of emulation and a desire to excel. A man's power, physical as well as mental, depends in a great measure upon the activity and excitement of his mind. Prodiges of valor on the battlefield have been performed, with no thought of danger or fatigue, in the high-wrought excitement of the hour. That little band of three hundred Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ, with undaunted hearts withstood the countless hosts of Xerxes, and gladly offered up their lives in obedience to the laws and in defense of the liberties of their country. A few words from Napoleon on the eve of battle, and the consciousness that his eye was upon them, would cause his soldiers, who adored him, to march with firm steps and brave hearts in the face of a leaden tempest which would have completely routed a less enthusiastic army. A man without enthusiasm has no power, whatever may be his natural abilities. He is like a sleeping Hercules, or like Sampson unconscious of danger and shorn of his strength, with his head upon the lap of Delilah. He is like a cannon, with its balls and chain-shot, without the powder to give them destructive force. He is like a locomotive, without the fire and steam to give propelling power. No painter could make those matchless forms of beauty and loveliness which stand out from the canvas and command the admiration of the world without this spirit in the largest measure. When Correggio first beheld one of the masterpieces of Raphael, his cheek flushed, his eye

brightened; and he exclaimed, as the consciousness of his own power thrilled his soul, "I, too, am a painter." We all remember the remarkable incident related of Benjamin West, our own distinguished countryman, when he was only seven years of age. Being set to watch the cradle of his sleeping sister, he conceived the idea of sketching the likeness of the infant beauty; and he did so with astonishing skill. When he was eight years of age, he was presented with a box of paints and pencils, with canvas already prepared, and six engravings. He was perfectly enraptured with his treasure, carried the box about in his arms and took it to bed with him. But he could not sleep. He rose with the dawn, went up to the garret, hung up his engravings, and commenced work. So completely was he under a species of enchantment, that he absented himself from school, and labored secretly and incessantly till he was discovered. His determination to be a painter was now made, and he had very exalted notions in regard to the dignity of his art. One holiday, one of his schoolmates came along on horseback, and asked West to get up behind him and go up to visit a neighboring plantation. "I will ride behind nobody," was the prompt reply. "Very well, then," said his mate, "I will ride behind;" so he mounted. His companion soon said, "I am to be apprenticed to a tailor to-morrow." "A tailor!" exclaimed West, "you will never be a tailor." "Indeed I shall, it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, West?" "A painter." "A painter? What is that?" "A painter is the companion of kings and emperors," said he; and fully did he afterwards realize his boyish dreams of honor and renown. Enthusiasm is the only "divine afflatus" now known to man. It is his only inspiration. Without it, poets would be mere rhymers. Milton, poor and blind, in imminent danger of losing his life after the

Restoration, for his connection with Cromwell and his devotion to liberty, was lifted by it above the disappointments and trials which he experienced into the upper firmament of thought, — into a brighter, purer region, where he could rejoice in the creations of his own genius, and dwell in a paradise more blessed than that of Eden. By it he could wing his adventurous song, as he says, that with no middle flight intends to soar above the Aonian Mount, while it pursues things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. Milton had a profound mind, and everything was made luminous by his glowing pen.

He threw himself into the struggle between liberty and crowned oppression, and like a moral giant battled for the right.

He was a ripe scholar, a wise statesman, a powerful reasoner, a peerless poet, and a consistent Christian. He was always and everywhere an earnest and enthusiastic man; and he was animated by a quenchless desire to benefit his fellow-beings, and write something, as he says, which the world would not willingly let die.

Poetry is eminently the language of enthusiasm. It is condensed thought; or, as one has said, "It is the grandest chariot in which king-thoughts ride."

A few words uttered with poetic terseness and vigor will often move the heart and rouse the soul more than the most elaborate appeal. Thoughts made molten in the heated crucible of a poet's brain are moulded in a form and spoken in a language which shall electrify and ennoble. The "Marseilles Hymn" found a response in the heart of every Frenchman, and will still enkindle a fire in every French bosom. The national song of the Swiss often produced such an effect when heard by their soldiers in other lands that it caused them to desert, and to such an extent that Bonaparte commanded his regimental

bands never to play it on pain of death. Our own "Hail Columbia," if its stirring strains were heard in times of peril, would nerve every soul to deeds of noble daring. These are the outpourings of heated imaginations, of ardent, earnest, enthusiastic minds inspired by a love of freedom.

Even the calm, dispassionate, argumentative John Foster bears his testimony to the necessity of this earnest and soul-absorbing spirit. In speaking of Howard he says, "He felt an inconceivable severity of conviction that he had one thing to do, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, seems like insanity." Let then a true, reasonable, persevering, and holy enthusiasm go unrebuked. Let all men of every employment and profession remember and obey the injunction of the apostle, to be "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit." Let the agriculturist strive to make his soil the most fertile, his fields the most productive, his system the nearest perfect, his fruits the most luscious and abundant, his grounds the most beautiful, and his home the most attractive. Let every mechanic endeavor to be the best; and every implement of husbandry, every weapon of war, every domestic utensil, every carriage for daily necessity or luxurious pleasure, every bridge and every railcar, every steamboat and every locomotive, every humble dwelling of the poor, every stately mansion of the opulent, and every temple for the worship of Jehovah, — let these all be perfect in their kind. And, if a man be blessed with genius above his fellows, let him labor enthusiastically to realize the conceptions of his active working mind, until a discovery shall be made which shall add incalculably to the happiness of his race and the permanent prosperity of

his country. Let him bid defiance to misfortune and discouragement, the neglect of friends and the ridicule of enemies, poverty and want; let him hold steadily to his purpose, — until, after long years of unrequited toil shall have rolled away, he shall at last attain the object of his highest hopes, and be crowned with an unfading laurel by his admiring country, and hailed as a benefactor by a grateful world.

Let the teacher forget that he is engaged in a vexing, thankless, and life-exhausting profession, and laboring for an unrequiting remuneration; but remember that deathless minds are given him to cultivate, and with a resistless energy, an ardent zeal, and an all-absorbing love, let him devote himself to doing good to his pupils. Let his soul burn within him, as he meets their smiling and intelligent countenances, and witnesses the daily developments of their growing minds. Let his eye brighten as he reads their destiny in the future. One may yet guide the helm of state, like Washington, or like him lead the armies of his country to battle. One may yet, like Franklin, represent the wisdom of his country at foreign courts. One may preside on the bench of justice, like Marshall; or lead in the councils of state, like Webster; or sway the minds of the masses, like Clay; or plead at the bar, like Choate; or deliver a message from the Most High, like Whitefield. Or there may be some "who shall tread the firmament with a Newton's step, or strike the harp of song with a Milton's hand." And, higher and nobler than all, they are candidates for the society of angels and glorified spirits in the court of the King of Kings. — *Massachusetts Teacher.*

MODESTY is more becoming, and always esteemed more valuable than beauty. Beauty perishes, but modesty never decays.

School House Building.

In building, stop not as too many do, with merely getting up a house, but persevere in the good work until it is enclosed with a good substantial fence, and furnished with the requisite out-buildings, *and the whole painted or whitewashed, to the end.* Now how many among the enterprising rural districts, will do this much for their children — not piece-meal, and during the course of *five or seven years*, but right along, in the first instance of building? Not one we fear, where hundreds should. We do not, in traveling, see one such *thoroughly completed institution in all its parts*, to a county, and they seem quite as often lacking in the wealthier and more advanced neighborhoods, as in those of medium or limited ability. Such a state of things arises much oftener from a lack of taste and public spirit, than from the lack of money or means. Wealthy farmers with their hundreds of acres spreading right and left, and shutting out neighbors, are sometimes inclined to feel, and to exercise an overweening arrogance in relation to all these matters, which is anything but creditable to them. It is a species of *fundamental meanness* that their neighbors ought to remember of them, at other times, and in other places, and especially when they perchance come forward for fat and honorable offices. We repeat, let the man who looks down upon the district school, and neglects its interests and gives it the cold shoulder, when he comes up for any office that he thinks more creditable or profitable, be marked and held either a hollow-hearted or *hollow-headed* fellow, who is not safe to be trusted; such is our opinion of him, to say the least. — *Wisconsin Farmer.*

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

Uncle Sam's School.

A PARODY — WRITTEN FOR THE SCHOOLS.

PARODIES are usually not worth printing, but the following is an exception. It is worthy not only of printing, but of re-printing and circulating to be sung in our schools. Let the teachers take the hint.

Of all the institutions
In the East or in the West,
The glorious institution
Of the school-room is the best.
There is room for every scholar,
And our banner is unfurled,
With a general invitation
To the people of the world.

Then come along, come along, make no delay,
Come from every dwelling, come from every way,
Bring your slate and books along, don't be a fool,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough to send us all to school,

Come from where the mighty waters
Of the broad St. Lawrence flow ;
Come from Florida and Kansas,
Come from Maine and Mexico.
Come and welcome to the school-room,
From the wide Atlantic shore,
To the golden region, where they hear
The old Pacific roar.

Then come along, &c.

We will read, and spell, and cipher ;
Write, and think when thoughts are free ;
And in study, with attention,
Carve a noble destiny.
Our motto is Excelsior ;
And with our motives true,
We will leave the world the wiser
When we pass our life-time through.
Then come along, &c.

Our fathers gave us liberty,
But little did they dream
Of the great results to follow

In this mighty age of steam.
With the match of Education
All the world is set on fire,
And we knit our thoughts together
With a telegraphic wire.
Then come along, &c.

While Europe's in commotion —
Her monarchs in a fret —
We are teaching them a lesson
Which they never can forget.
Ah ! this they fast are learning,
Uncle Sam is not a fool ;
For the people do the voting —
And the children go to school.
Then come along, &c.

The wise in every nation
Are joining, heart and hand,
To spread the love of knowledge,
And of freedom o'er the land ;
And Uncle Sam is anxious
That his children all should be
Of the wisest and the bravest,
And most worthy to be free.
Then come along, &c.

Come join our swelling numbers,
And advance with us along —
We will all in friendly union,
Sing in wisdom's way a song ;
Until every land re-echo
With the free and joyous call,
Come ye to the fount of knowledge —
There's a welcome for you all.
Then come along, &c.

" Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's
breath,
And stars to set ; but all, —
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, Oh
Death ! "

YOUR word is your servant so long as you retain it ; but it becomes your master when you suffer it to escape.

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.

THE young readers of THE SCHOOLMASTER have missed the customary *Enigma* for the last three months, which the editor has withheld because he thought it not best to tax them too much during the warm weather. He ventures to give one this time, and respectfully asks for the solution, believing it will be found to contain *useful information*. It is not quite cool enough yet for Jerry's *hard one*. That will come by and by.

For the Schoolmaster.
Philosophical Enigma.

INITIALS.

My 1 is the initial letter of an author of a modern school book on mental philosophy.

My 2, of the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

My 3, of an ancient philosopher who claimed to have laid the foundations of philosophical science.

My 4, of a rare and essential quality, personified by the ancients, said to lie in a well.

My 5, of a notion or mental conception.

My 6, of the most profound knowledge.

My 7, of the parts of a proposition or of the divisions of a school year.

My 8 and my 11, of subtle elements which, chemically united, form a common and useful compound.

My 9, of an ancient philosopher, one of the pupils of my 10, whose works are now constantly used as academic text-books.

My 12, of one of the four essential qualities of a good essay or discourse.

My 13, of an English philosophical writer who diligently studied the works of Bacon.

My whole, is a question that none can fully answer, but which all thinking men usually ask themselves.

A Transposition.

TO TRY THE SKILL OF THE TRY COMPANY.

THE following letters, if properly arranged, form part of one of the sweetest verses in Holy Writ. Who will arrange them and tell where the verse is to be found?

n a d o g d a h l s l e p i w y a a w l a r e
a s t r o f m e i r t s e e y ; h t a e d d a n e
r o m h e r e t l l a h s e b o n , r e h t i e n w
o r r o s , r o n g h i y r c , n a i p e r o m n a y
b e r e e h t h a l l s t i e n r e h .

Object Lesson.—No. 2.

COFFEE.

Mother. Here are some Coffee-berries.

W. What nasty looking things!—they don't look nice and brown, like the coffee in papa's cup.

M. That is because they have not been roasted. Tell me some of the qualities of these berries.

W. I should be ashamed of my qualities if I were a berry. In the first place, they all have a dirty yellow color; in the second place, they have not half so nice a smell as the brown berries—indeed they have no smell at all.

I. So, they are in-odorous. Let me taste them. Bah! They have a very nasty taste.

M. So you may say of the coffee-berries which are not roasted, that they are of a dingy yellow color; inodorous; disagreeable to the taste—and, yet—the qualities which render coffee so nice to drink, must be in these berries—for the mere roasting could not make them taste so. Now—here are some roasted berries for you. Let Lucy examine them.

L. They have a brown color.

W. What sort of a brown? There are so many "browns."

L. A rich deep brown, a chestnut brown. Secondly, they break easily — almost as easily as the brown crust of bread — so they are crisp. Thirdly, they have a nice smell. I should call it a *peculiar* smell — it is very peculiar. It is not sweet, like the smell of a flower.

W. Let me smell it, please. It is not a sweet smell, and yet it is *rich*. It smells something like spice. What do you call such a smell, mamma?

M. We say it is *aromatic*. Tell me something else which has an aromatic smell.

L. Nutmegs have, mamma, and cloves, and cinnamon — and, all spices, I suppose.

I. And camphor has, and myrrh, I think.

M. Yes. This scent is *peculiar* to the spices, and one or two other productions of hot countries.

L. The *taste* of the berries, mamma, is rather bitter, but still it is agreeable. So I shall say that *roasted* coffee-berries are of a deep brown color, crisp, aromatic, and agreeable to the taste.

M. There are more qualities yet. You cannot, however, find them out by observing the coffee-berries themselves. You can only discover them when you have taken the coffee into your stomach, and begin to feel its effect on your body —

I. What is an *effect*?

W. I can tell you, Ion. Suppose I were to strike you — then you would feel a pain — that would be the *effect* of my striking you.

I. And I can tell you another effect. I should be *angry* with you.

W. Yes, and if I were to hurt you much, you would cry. That would be an effect — the effect of the *pain*.

I. Then, my eyes would be red, that would be another effect — the effect of the *crying*.

I think I know now, what an effect is. It is something that is done to you.

W. It is not that exactly. It is *that which comes after* anything that is done to you. Because — listen — if I strike you, I give you a *blow* — that is what is done to you. The pain comes after the blow and that is its effect.

I. Yes, and my crying would be the consequence of the pain — the effect of it. And that which comes after the crying is *redness in my eyes* — so red eyes are the effect of crying. I know now. The effect is — the *consequence* of a thing — the consequence of an action done to you.

M. This may be very true; but you have forgotten the coffee: that is the *effect* of talking about things which do not belong to your subject. Now, suppose, Willie, that you drank two cups of strong coffee — when you had performed the action, what would be the effect of it?

W. I cannot tell, mamma! for I never did drink two cups of strong coffee. Just let me perform that action, and then I shall see.

M. No, Willie, I am afraid it would have a bad effect upon you; it would make you ill. But if a man were tired, and were to drink some strong coffee, it would make his blood circulate more freely, and appear to stir him up.

I. And what are we to call coffee, mamma, because it will stir up a man?

M. There is a Latin word *stimulare*, which means to stir up; and from that word we call the coffee *stimulating*.

L. Then, mamma, beer, gin, and wine are stimulating.

M. Yes; but you must understand that these things which stimulate, or *stimulants*, as they are called, are not *often* good things; their pleasant *effects* do not continue for a long time; indeed, their effects *change* and become unpleasant.

I. I know that, mamma; because we sometimes stimulate the fire with the poker — stir it up. Then, the fire burns brighter and faster for a time; but if you give it much stimulating, it goes out sooner, or, it burns too fast, then it afterwards looks very dull.

W. And when you stimulate a horse with a whip, he trots along faster for a little while, but he gets tired sooner, unless you keep on stimulating him.

M. But let us return to the coffee. Coffee does not stimulate people very strongly; it is a gentle stimulant. So, there are very few who do not like it.

It has another effect. If people drink it when they are tired, after it has stimulated them, it seems to put new life into them, causes them to feel *fresh* again.

L. Then the "freshness," mamma, is the effect of the stimulating.

M. Yes. The other night your papa was rather tired and sleepy, and yet he wanted to sit up and study, so he drank some coffee to refresh him, and keep him awake. Many gentlemen at Oxford and Cambridge, when they want to study at night, drink it in order to refresh themselves.

I. So we will say that it has two effects, mamma. It is stimulating and refreshing, and sometimes, I think, the coffee makes you feel more comfortable; — it makes people look cheerful. That is an *effect*, perhaps.

L. Yes. Once when papa had been soaked in the rain, he ordered some warm coffee as he came in, and after he had taken it, I heard him say how comfortable he was — he look rather glad.

M. Well, that was the effect of the coffee. It makes people cheerful, and it brings gladness out from them.

Now, there are two Latin words — "*ex*," which means *out of*, and "*hilar*," which means *to make glad*; and from these we make our English word, *exhilarating*.

W. So, exhilarating means — "making the gladness come out of you."

M. It means "to make cheerful" — and, because coffee makes us cheerful, we say it is exhilarating.

I. And so is tea exhilarating! How people get glad, and *talk* after tea.

M. There are some other *effects*. It often has some bad effects on the stomach, especially with thin, lean people. People whom we call "*bilious*;" — but we cannot talk of these effects to-day.

L. Then I will count up the qualities of the coffee, mamma, before we leave off.

Unroasted Coffee — Berries are of a dingy yellow color, inodorous, and disagreeable to the taste.

Roasted Coffee — Berries are of a deep brown color, crisp, aromatic, and agreeable to the taste; whilst, in their *effects*, they are refreshing, stimulating, and exhilarating.

The Death of Dr. Franklin.

FROM WEBB'S LIFE OF FRANKLIN.

As I rapped at the door, who should come and open it but old Sarah Humphries. I was right glad to see her, for I had known her a long time. She was of the people called Friends; and a mighty good sort of a body she was too. The great people set a heap of store by her, for she was famous throughout the town for nursing and tending on the sick. Indeed, many of them, I believe, hardly thought they could sicken, and die right if they had not old Sarah Humphries with them. Soon as she saw me, she said, "Well David, how dost?"

"O, much after the old sort, Sarah," said I; "but that's neither here nor there; I came to see Dr. Franklin."

"Well, then," said she, "thou art too late, for he is *just dead*!"

"Alack a day," said I, "then a great man is gone."

"Yes, indeed," said she, "and a *good* one too; for it seemed as though he never thought the day went away as it ought, if he had not done somebody a service. However, David," said she, "He is not the worse off for all that now, where he is gone to: but come, as thee came to see Benjamin Franklin, thee shall see him yet." And so she took me into his room. As we entered, she pointed to him, where he lay on his bed, and said, "There, did thee ever see any thing look so natural?"

And he did look natural indeed. His eyes were close—but that you saw he did not breathe, you would have thought he was in a sweet sleep, he looked so calm and happy. Observing that his face was fixed right towards the chimney, I cast my eyes that way, and behold! just above the mantle-piece was a noble picture! O it was a *noble picture*, sure enough! It was the picture of our Saviour on the cross.

I could not help calling out, "Bless us all, Sarah!" said I, "what's all this?"

"What dost mean, David," said she, quite crusty.

"Why, how came this picture here, Sarah?" said I, "you know that many people think that he was not after this sort."

"Yes," said she, "I know that too. But thee knows that many who makes a great fuss about religion have very little, while some who say but little about it have a good deal."

"That's sometimes the case, I fear, Sarah;" said I.

"Well, and that was the case," said she, "with Benjamin Franklin. But be that as it may, David, since thee asks me about this great picture, I'll tell thee how it came here. Many weeks ago, as he lay, he beckoned me to him, and told me of this picture up stairs, and begged I would bring it to him. I brought it to him. His face brightened up as

he looked at it; and he said, 'Aye, Sarah,' said he, 'there's a picture worth looking at! that's the picture of him who came into the world to teach men to love one another!' Then after looking wistfully at it for some time, he said, 'Sarah, set this picture up over the mantle-piece, right before me as I lie: for I like to look at it,' and when I had fixed it up, he looked at it, and looked at it very much; and indeed, as thee sees, he died with his eyes fixed on it."

Brutes Love Men More than Women.

A WRITER in the Atlantic Monthly puts it thus:

Kate, the other day, was asserting a wife's right to control her own property, and incidentally advocating the equality of the sexes—a touchy point with her—I put in:

"Tell me, then, Kate, why animals form stronger attachments to men than women. Your dog, your parrot, and even your cat, already prefer me to you. How can you account for it unless you allow there is more in us to respect and love?"

"I account for it," said she, with a most decided nod, "by affinity. There is more affinity between you and the brutes."

The Motto on the Sun-Dial.

In a conspicuous place upon one of the buildings in London, known as the Middle Temple, and occupied by lawyers, might have been seen until recently, a sun-dial with a memorable motto. The sun-dial was set up before clocks became common. It was ordered by an association of lawyers known as *benchers*. The order was given to the most celebrated manufacturer to prepare a dial which should be worthy of the society and of the place. In due time the instrument was constructed, and already for its public ex-

posure, with the exception of *that* without which no sun-dial would be considered complete, namely, an appropriate motto. In order to be furnished with this, the manufacturer was desired to wait upon the benchers, on an appointed day and hour.

It so happened that, being unable to attend in person, he sent his foreman, a plain, matter-of-fact man of business. When he came, according to instructions, he was surprised to find that the benchers had separated, without at all recollecting either the appointment or the motto. He found there one learned member, who appeared to know little and care less about the entire affair, and who had manifestly been annoyed about something or other just at the moment when the man was ushered into his august presence. The foreman was very abruptly asked what he wanted.

"Please, sir," said the man, a little confused at the mode in which he was addressed, "my master sent me for the motto."

"Motto, motto — what motto? I know nothing of a motto," said the bencher.

"The motto for the sun-dial, please, sir," said the man, "which your honor promised to have ready."

"I tell you," said the honorable bencher, "I know nothing about any motto, or sun-dial either. You should have been here much sooner. I cannot be delayed by you any longer. *Begone about your business.*"

The man, abashed, at once withdrew, and returned to his master, who was anxiously waiting for the promised inscription.

"Well, John," said he, have you seen the gentlemen?"

"Yes, sir," said John, "I saw one very queer gentleman, who appeared in a very great hurry to get away."

"And what did he tell you?" said the master.

"Sir," said John, "he first said he knew nothing about any motto, and then in a loud

voice told me, '*Begone about your business,*' so I hurried home as quickly as I could."

"O! very well," said the master, who was a little of a wag; "that will do famously." And on the next day the walls of the Middle Temple were adorned with a sun-dial, on which stood out, in large and attractive letters, the sage and appropriate motto —

"*BEGONE ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.*"

A capital motto it was, too. God has given every man his work, and the time to do it in; and happy are those who can always make the hour and its duty go hand in hand.

Trust.

A LADY, who had interested herself much on the behalf of two navvies embarking for the seat of war in the Crimea, had purchased four warm knitted vests for them, but had no means of getting them conveyed to the vessel on board which her poor shivering friends had embarked. Who was to take the much needed articles of clothing to the vessel? Says she:

"Beneath a lamp in the street stood a group of boys. Its light fell on a face which seemed to introduce the sort of messenger I desired. The story was told him. 'Now, my boy, we are strangers, and I do not want to know your name or where you live, nor any clue to either. You might take these vests, make twenty shillings upon them, or give them away to your fathers and brothers, if you chose. I should never send the police after you. But my confidence in the honor of English boys, which stands so high now, would be broken down. And those two nobly honest men would suffer, and might take cold and go into a consumption, and die; and their wives and children break their hearts about them.'

"The boy's eyes flashed under the lamp-

light, and snatching the parcel, he said, 'Trust me! I'm the boy for it.'

"Eighteen-pence happened to be the world-ly all we had with us, after paying for the vests. I told him how sorry I was for this; but that it would pay his boat each way, and he would have six-pence and a happy heart to lie down with at night.

"'It's a plenty. Father's a waterman. I shall get his boat for nothing. All's right,'" and off he ran.

"A note had been enclosed in the parcel to one of the officers with whom I had had some conversation, requesting him to send me one line by post that night or next morning, to say that the parcel had reached its destined owners.

"The next day passed, and the next, but no letter came from the *Jura*. We read in the Times that she had sailed on Thursday morning. The day posts of Saturday arrived, but brought no news of the parcel.

"My trust failed. 'My boy is dishonest,' I said, 'and my confidence in human honor can never be the same again.'

"But by the last post on Saturday evening came a note from the officer alluded to, to say that about seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, a boy had taken a parcel on board, and had requested permission to deliver it to two men in the presence of the captain of the ship, the chief officer of the corps, and the medical officer.

"Having discharged his duty, the last sound heard amidst the splashing of his oars, as he left the ship's side, was the shout, 'Tell that ere lady I kept my word and the jackets was in time.'

"All honor to the English boy, who sustained my right to trust my brothers, young or old. The world is not so wide, but we shall meet again, I hope; and, meet when we may, the trusty and the trusting will be friends."

A Novel Method of Preventing Profane Swearing.

THE following is taken from the Biography of Capt. John Smith, by George Canning Hill, published by E. O. Libby & Co., Boston.

"Smith in the mean while went ahead perseveringly with such labors as were necessary to obtain a proper freight for the ship; and in a little while he had set the greater part of them busily to work manufacturing tar and pitch, felling trees, and turning out clapboards. No one of them all exerted himself so much as he; dreading neither fatigue nor exposure, shrinking from no sort of labor or fasting, and continually inspiring the others with fresh zeal by his own contagious example.

"He invented a novel method, too, by which to break the men who worked with him of the habit of using profane language; and that was this — each one counted his fellow-workman's oaths during the day; and, at night, for every oath that had been used, a pail of cold water was poured down the guilty person's sleeve. It was soon found to have an excellent effect."

The Sign Language.

A carpenter at the Sandwich Islands, recently sent his Hawaiian assistant to an adjoining building for his pipe; but not speaking the native language, he made use of signs to explain his meaning. The native brought the broad axe. Dispatched again with fresh instructions, he got no nearer the pipe than a heavy *saw horse*, which he deposited near the lover of the weed. A third attempt, with a new pantomime of explanations illustrating the fact that the desired article was on an elevation about five feet high, produced a *cross-bar*, and then the would-be smoker gave it up.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Read This.

BEFORE the next number of THE SCHOOLMASTER reaches you, kind friends, many of you will have commenced your winter term. You will frequently meet with other teachers, as well as with school-committees and other friends of education. Will you take as much interest in the success of THE SCHOOLMASTER as to ask them to subscribe? This is not for "your neighbor." It is meant for *you*,—you who are now reading it. Do you wish THE SCHOOLMASTER to succeed—to continue to make its monthly visits to you? If so, just send in the names of some of your friends, whom you can induce to subscribe, accompanied by the *dollar*. Most of our friends in Rhode Island, to whom we sent bills last month, have responded. Many, however, still remain on the UNPAID list. We are prompt in sending you the journal, and we wish you to reciprocate by an early reply to our address. Don't oblige us to come begging every month.

May we not hope for an immediate and material increase to our list of sympathizing friends, and to the debtor side of our cash book? Who makes the first and *loudest* reply?

Teachers' Institute at Newport.

A teachers' institute was held by the State Commissioner at Newport, commencing on Monday, Oct. 4th.

The opening lecture was given on Monday evening by Barnas Sears, LL. D., President of Brown University, which was followed by a poem by Hon. Wm. M. Rodman, A. M., Mayor of Providence.

Tuesday morning, prayer was offered by Rev. S. Adlam, when the institute was organized by the Commissioner, and the regular exercises commenced. The drill exercises were conducted each day by the Commissioner, Messrs. Dana P. Colburn and Daniel Goodwin, of the State Normal School, Prof. S. S. Greene, of Brown University, and Mr. E. R. Blanchard, of Boston.

Prof. Greene gave lectures upon English grammar and analysis; Mr. Colburn upon history and mathematics; Mr. Goodwin upon geography, physiology, &c.; and Mr. Blanchard upon music.

Mr. F. B. Peckham, Jr., of Newport, interested and instructed the audience with recitations and elucioinary readings. The evenings were devoted to lectures adapted to a popular audience.

On Tuesday evening the lecture was delivered by George William Curtis, Esq., of New York. Subject, Democracy and Education. On Wednesday evening Rev. J. P. Gulliver of Norwich, Conn., delivered a lecture of great value on The School the Natural Ally of the Pulpit.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Peckham entertained a large and discriminating audience with recitations and readings.

The institute closed on Friday evening. The closing address was delivered by Hon. George S. Boutwell, Ex-Governor, and present Secretary of the Board of Education, of Massachusetts.

The exercises, both day and evening, were held in Atlantic Hall. The attendance was large, both of teachers from all parts of the state, and of the citizens of Newport. More than two hundred teachers were present at the meetings of the session, and the exercises were unusually interesting and well adapted to awaken a deeper interest in the noble profession of teaching. The evening lectures were of a high order and well calculated to interest the community in popular education. We were much interested in the lecture on Wednesday evening by Rev. Mr. Gulliver. His thesis was that the natural tendency of the proper culture of the intellect is to secure the proper culture of the heart. This is a position which has been denied by many, and much objection has been made to our system of public schools, on the ground that they are "Godless Schools." It has been by some warmly contended that intellectual culture alone, unaccompanied by that systematic, thorough and complete moral and religious training which might be given in parochial schools, but which our ideas of religious toleration exclude from the public school, supported by government, is an injury rather than a blessing. The lectur-

er contended that if no religious or even moral instruction were given at all, but merely the *intellect* were *properly* trained, the heart would be benefited, and the moral character elevated. His arguments were clear, logical, and convincing, and presented as none but a thorough scholar and strong thinker could present them. We hope in our next to give an abstract of the lecture, and at some subsequent time to furnish extracts of this and perhaps other lectures.

The institute was one of the most successful ever held in the state, and will prove of great advantage to the teachers present and to the people of Newport.

Teachers' Meetings.

THE recent institute at Newport must have suggested to many teachers present the importance of frequent meetings for mutual improvement. "Teachers' Institutes" are now an established part of our plan of public instruction. But they cannot do all that is to be done for the profession. They can be held at best but a few times a year, and the instructors who conduct the exercises must necessarily be very general in the topics brought before the institute. Many matters pertaining to school government, to methods of teaching, to individual cases of difficulty, cannot be brought before such a meeting. Again; the time selected for such gatherings is generally that which will find the largest number of teachers enjoying *the vacation*, at which time the mind is not prepared to investigate principles which shall effectually regulate their course of action, as it is when the cases of difficulty are fresh and perhaps yet unsettled.

But, let the teachers at the present season of the year form *District Associations*, which shall meet as often as once a fortnight, to discuss topics of interest connected with their schools, or the best plan of teaching, and much can be done, not only by way of gaining instruction pertaining to general principles, and of deciding intricate or difficult cases, but also in inspiring an enthusiasm in their profession, a devotion to the work, an earnestness in labor, which may not be other-

wise attained. Besides, our state is admirably situated for such district associations.

The teachers of Providence, who now meet regularly on the second Saturday of each term, could well meet on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month for purposes of improvement. The teachers of Burrillville could meet at Pascoag; of Gloucester at Chepachet; of the upper part of Smithfield and Cumberland at Woonsocket; of the lower part at Pawtucket or Valley Falls, or at Lonsdale, perhaps alternating; the teachers of the extreme south-west of the state at Westerly; while meetings of the respective localities could be held at Newport; Warren or Bristol; South Kingston; East Greenwich; North Kingston; Washington; and, in fact, in nearly or quite every town in the state. Now is the time to agitate the subject. We trust these associations will be formed and vigorously maintained throughout the winter. Lecturers can readily be obtained by application to the Commissioner, or to this office, to attend such meetings as may need or desire the assistance of persons outside of the district, but the best plan is to develop the talent existing among the teachers themselves.

Providence Evening Schools.

No movement, connected with popular education, has been made during the last few years which promises more beneficial results than the general establishment of evening schools in our cities and towns.

There are multitudes, who, either from the poverty of their parents, their own indifference, or their foreign birth, have grown up ignorant of the general principles of a common school education. Many others there are whose early advantages were limited, who would gladly avail themselves of the privilege, were it offered them, of pursuing their studies further.

There are also many young men and women, lads and misses, who are obliged to work for a livelihood, who would gladly devote their evenings to study and mental improvement, if it were possible.

To all these classes the evening school, — or, as it is frequently called, the “Night School,” — offers great advantages.

We are happy to state that Providence is not negligent in providing the means of instruction for these classes. For several winters past, evening schools have been sustained at the expense of the city, which have been open to all classes, numerously attended, and remarkably successful.

Six such schools were opened for the coming winter, Oct. 18th, in different parts of the city, which were immediately well filled. One numbered one hundred and seventy-six scholars the second evening.

By this means instruction will be given to perhaps one thousand persons of those classes who need it, and deserve it, at least as much as any in the community.

The benefits thus accruing to the community by the increase of intelligence and therefore happiness, and the diminution of crime, will be incalculable.

We earnestly hope such schools will be established in the various manufacturing villages of Rhode Island the coming winter. There can be no better investment of funds either by the towns or by manufacturing firms and corporations.

Providence Young Men's Christian Association.

THIS institution, whose rooms are at 56 Weybosset street, was organized five years ago, and has been in most successful operation since. It has one of the most pleasant and well appointed *Reading Rooms* to be found in the city. Several hundred daily and weekly papers are upon its files, and nearly all the leading pictorials, monthlies, and quarterlies upon its tables. It has also a well-assorted *Library* of the choicest selection, containing over two thousand volumes.

The *Literary Circle* connected with the Association hold meetings through the winter season once in two weeks, at which the discussions, and essays attract a large and respectable audience.

Lectures are held at the rooms of the association during the lecture season.

All the benefits of the Association can be secured by the payment of one dollar per year. The reading-room is open to all, and young men, teachers, and others, from the country, are cordially invited to avail themselves while in the city, of its advantages. We can assure the teachers and friends of education from all parts of the state that they will meet with a cordial reception and be heartily welcomed by Wm. C. Mills, Esq., the gentlemanly librarian, and they can scarcely spend an hour to better advantage than in examining the files of papers, or the periodicals upon the tables of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Potter & Hammond's Commercial Academy.

THE proprietors of this excellent educational establishment are too well known to the community to need a word of commendation from us. Their writing books are in general use throughout our city and state, and the hundreds of young men who have graduated at their Academy will bear full attestation to their ability and faithfulness in the special departments of instruction to which they devote themselves. Our object in alluding to this institution at the present time is to recommend to *all* young men of whatever class, and whatever aims in life, to acquire a thorough knowledge of book-keeping in all its branches. This matter has been too much under-rated by educational men. Every teacher should *thoroughly understand* book-keeping as a necessary preliminary to the successful teaching of arithmetic.

R. I. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. — The next term of this institution will commence on Nov. 30th. The school is now in successful operation at Bristol, and presents rare inducements to those who intend to teach. The location is pleasant, the tuition free, and instructors of the highest order.

Classical Study.

THE leading article in this number, which will be recognized as from the pen of Rev. T. H. VAIL, D. D., is worthy the careful reading of all. Only those who are familiar with the Latin and Greek languages can well understand their value. Nor is their importance confined to the topics presented in the article above-mentioned. The teacher of English grammar is immensely benefited by a knowledge of these languages. It is impossible to understand fully the structure and power of our language without at least a knowledge of the structure of the Latin. It is a miserable theory that discards all study of the ancient classics because they are not *practical*.

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

Lectures.

OFFICE OF THE COM. OF PUB. SCHOOLS. }
October 14, 1856.

THE season most favorable for Lectures having arrived, school committees and other friends of education are hereby reminded that in accordance with legislative enactments, lecturers can be furnished for various places in the state. It is expected that the most central and populous parts of towns will be selected for this purpose, and that all local expenses of hall and lighting, and entertainment of lecturer, whenever such shall be necessary, shall be defrayed by places where the lecture is given. The remuneration of the lecturer will be taken from the fund furnished by the state. The undersigned will be pleased to make arrangements for lecturers, at such places and at such times, as shall be most advantageous to the cause of our public schools, and at the same time, compatible with the circumstances of those who are to render this service.

JOHN KINGSBURY,
Com. of Pub Schools.

THE following letter, upon an important subject, ought to have been published at the time of

its reception. It is not too late for the next year; and it is hoped it will stimulate many teachers and scholars to engage in the delightful work of making the grounds around our school houses attractive and beautiful. In some cases it will be necessary to begin so far back, as the attempt to obtain grounds, to erect fences around them, and plant shade trees. When this is done, then may the refining process be made to embrace "flowering plants and shrubs."

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 5, 1858.

J. KINGSBURY, Supt. Public Schools:

Dear Sir,—Fearing that you have not received as many friendly suggestions in regard to your new office, and the mode of administering its duties as you most ardently desire, I beg to add one more, which, like all the rest, is of the greatest importance.

It is to interest the teachers and children throughout the state in the cultivation of flowering plants and shrubs, especially around their school houses. You would find little difficulty in procuring seeds for distribution, (perhaps as prizes or rewards) from the members of our congressional delegation at Washington and from individuals here. Importance might be given to the measure by procuring from the general assembly a law making it penal to pluck flowers from plants or to cut or destroy flowering plants growing around school houses, (churches, town houses, or in burial grounds.)

The love of the beautiful in nature is a plant that grows readily in almost every soil and with little cultivation. The connection between that and the love of the true and the good, I believe to be more intimate than is generally supposed, and I have said and will repeat it here, as my belief, that when our private dwellings, our school houses and all our public buildings, and our cities of silence, shall be surrounded and filled with flowers, immorality of the grosser sort, will receive a great check. Excuse me for not troubling you at greater length, and believe me,

Very respectfully,

Your servant,
W. R. STAPLES.

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Questions for Written Examination

RECENTLY USED IN GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL PRO-
VIDENCE.

ENTERING CLASS.—SECTION A.

English History.

1. Give an account of the battle of Agincourt.
2. Give a brief account of siege of Orleans and Joan d' Arc.
3. Describe the war of the Roses.
4. Name the Plantagenet kings in order, and give their character.
5. Give some account of the Star Chamber, and the reign in which it was instituted.
6. What reign is called the Era of the Reformation? and why?
7. Name six of the distinguished men in Henry Eighth's reign.
8. Give some account of Queen Elizabeth's ministers.
9. Give the leading circumstances in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots.
10. Give some account of the present translation of the Bible.

Percentage of correct answers, 94.1.

Physical Geography.

1. Describe the general outlines of the Eastern and Western continents.
2. Give an account of the formation of Coral-line Islands.
3. Name the six mountain Systems of America.
4. Describe the grand central mountain System of Europe and Asia.
5. Give the extent of the Plains of the Eastern and Western Continents.
6. Explain the principle of Artesian Wells.
7. Describe the four systems of Oceanic Rivers.
8. Explain the generally adopted theory of currents.
9. Give the different parts of the great system of constant currents.

10. What influence has currents upon climate and navigation?

Percentage of correct answers, 93.6.

ENTERING CLASS.—SECTION B.

English History.

1. What was the origin of the House of Lancaster?
2. Give some account of the translation of the Bible during the reign of Richard Second.
3. Who were the Lollards?
4. What was the origin of the War of the Roses? How long did it last, and what battles did it include?
5. What were the consequences of the battle of Bosworth?
6. Who was the first king of the House of Tudor, and what was his claim to the crown?
7. Give a brief account of Lady Jane Gray.
8. Give a brief account of Mary, Queen of Scots.
9. Mention some of the distinguished men of the sixteenth century.
10. Locate five places mentioned in English History, and give their historical associations.

Percentage of correct answers, 91.4.

Physical Geography.

1. What are the points of resemblance between the two continents?
2. Describe the foundations of Coralline Islands. Where are they found?
3. Describe the grand central mountain system of Europe and Asia.
4. Where is the plateau of North America?
5. In what direction does the plain of the Eastern Continent extend?
6. What is the difference in the character of the eruptions?
7. What is the theory of the cause of volcanoes and earthquakes?
8. What resemblance is there between the bed of the ocean and the surface of the land?
9. Mention some of the causes of ocean currents.
10. What is the influence of currents upon the temperature of different countries?

Percentage of correct answers, 90.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE COMMON SCHOOL ARITHMETIC: A Practical Treatise on the Science of Numbers. By Dana P. Colburn, Principal of the Rhode Island State Normal School, and author of various mathematical works. H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

From a somewhat careful examination of this book we are prepared to pronounce it a work of rare merit. It is thoroughly inductive in its method, and presents, analyzes, and applies each principle in a manner at once complete and perspicuous.

The order of subjects is more in accordance with our own ideas than in any book we have seen. We like the plan of treating compound numbers in connection with the "Simple Rules." The same may be said of treating decimal fractions in connection with common or "vulgar" fractions. The treatment of *interest* and problems pertaining to business life is unusually full and practical. The insertion of so large a number of business problems and specimen forms of accounts, notes, bills, &c., will give the book a value altogether greater than most text-books upon this subject. The number of examples and problems under each principle is greater than in most arithmetics.

But the great feature of the book, in our estimation, is the logical, inductive method of developing each subject, — not giving arbitrary, technical rules, but — first the *illustration*, then the solution with the *principle* involved, then the examples and problems.

A NEW LATIN-ENGLISH SCHOOL LEXICON, on the basis of the Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. C. F. Ingerslev. By G. R. Crooks, D. D., and A. S. Schem, A. M., of Dickinson College. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. 1858.

There is a long step between the *vocabulary* appended to elementary Latin readers and Andrews' Latin Lexicon. The use of a mere vocabulary after perhaps the Latin reader, is attended with serious disadvantages, and should never be allowed. But it is too long a step for a young scholar to pass from the vocabulary directly to

the use of the large and complete Lexicon of Dr. Andrews.

The work of Messrs. Crooks and Schem is designed to supply the scholar in the academy and the college with a Lexicon sufficiently full for his use, and yet free from so much cumbrous matter as is found in Andrews' Lexicon, which, altho' exceedingly valuable to the teacher and profound philologist, is entirely superfluous for the scholar.

This work omits the writers who come after the Silver Age of Latin literature; especially the Latin of the Church Fathers, and of the Middle Ages; the writers upon some technical subjects, such as medicine, architecture, agriculture, &c.; and all such writers as Martial and Petronius Arbiter. Its scope embraces nearly all the writers of the Golden and Silver Ages of Roman literature, and the words of *Justinus Gellius*, and *Eutropius* of later times. It also rejects the superfluous portions of citations and translates examples where a peculiar use of the words occurs. The etymology of words, a feature of *very great* interest and value, is carefully given. Proper names are noticed and briefly defined.

The logical arrangement is entirely satisfactory. The typography is all that could be desired.

As far as the daily use of the work in the school-room for the last month will allow us to judge, it appears to be well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. It seems to embrace all that is necessary and to be sufficiently full and explicit upon topics treated. We have found only one omission, that of the word *dissidium*. We hope it will meet with the favor it deserves.

THE SINGER'S MANUAL. — By W. Williams, author of the "Gloria in Excelsis," "The Song Wreath," Oratorio of "Our Saviour," &c., &c. Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston. 1858.

This new musical work consists of four parts, as follows:

- Part 1. A complete elementary treatise on music.
- Part 2. Glee and part songs.
- Part 3. Church music.

Part 4. Music for concerts and singing school exhibitions.

The whole is designed as a complete *Singer's Manual*, adapted to singing schools, the choir, the social circle, concerts and exhibitions. Each part is sufficiently full for the purpose, and the selections both of secular and sacred music are well chosen. The book seems well adapted to the variety of purposes for which it is designed. So good a selection of such various styles of music is rarely seen. It deserves the attention of all interested in the cultivation of music.

THE SABBATH HYMN BOOK.—By Profs. Park and Phelps, and Dr. Lowell Mason. Mason Brothers, New York.

This book of Psalms and Hymns has been waited for by many congregations. It is compiled by three persons eminently qualified for the work, and therefore a superior book was expected. Those who have been awaiting its appearance with such expectations will not be disappointed. It is, in our opinion, *the best* hymn-book yet published.

It contains a very choice collection of 1290 hymns and psalms, which are arranged in a manner more systematic than anything hitherto attempted. The arrangement of subjects, which is understood to be the work of Prof. Park, is unequalled. There are five distinct indexes, which add much to the convenience of using the book. One index gives the *first line of every verse* in the book. The type is *excellent*.

We are informed that an edition of this work is soon to appear from the press of Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., adapted to Baptist churches, by President Wayland.

We understand the authors are now at work on The Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, which will be published in about four weeks. It will contain the hymns of this book, set to appropriate tunes, and thus be adapted to congregational singing. The custom of *quartet* singing is decidedly distasteful to us, and we think little would be hazarded in predicting that its days are numbered. It is certainly to be hoped so.

The Sabbath Hymn Book, and The Sabbath

Hymn and Tune Book will have a rapid and extensive sale, and will do much to hasten the introduction of congregational singing. God speed the work.

GREENLEAF'S NATIONAL ARITHMETIC.—New Electrotype Edition. R. S. Davis & Co., Boston. 1868.

We find this work in many respects an improvement on the previous edition. Its rules are more concise and accurate; its arrangement has been somewhat improved; some important additions have been made; and many mistakes corrected. We will take this occasion to remind teachers that *Father Greenleaf's* mathematical works embrace a complete series of arithmetics, adapted to every grade of schools from the primary to the high school; a popular algebra; and a new work, just out, on geometry.

WELLS'S PRINCIPLES AND APPLICATION OF CHEMISTRY. 515 pages, 240 illustrations. Price \$1.00

Well's Natural Philosophy. 452 pages, 375 illustrations. Price \$1.00.

The Science of Common Things. 323 pages. Price 75 cents.

By David A. Wells, A. M. Ivison & Phinney, New York.

These three works are admirably adapted to public school and academic instruction. The last named is a practical book for the common school. It conveys a vast fund of useful information upon subjects connected with Physical Science in a very pleasing and attractive manner.

The work on *Natural Philosophy* is divided into 19 chapters, commencing with the *Application of Force*, and ending with *Electro-Magnetism*. The arrangement is good, divisions natural, and the style exact, perspicuous and pleasing. The division into sections and paragraphs, the arrangement of type, — large and small, — together with the questions arranged in the margin of the page will commend the appearance of the book to all.

The *Principles of Chemistry* is an extended treatise, adapted to a full course of instruction

in High Schools and Academies; and, while it abounds in practical applications of the principles of chemistry, it is full and thorough in the discussion of principles. The development of the several branches of the subject is very clear and comprehensive. We should be better pleased, however, if the discussion of the imponderables were more full and scientific.

We rejoice that our schools have such an abundance of text-books upon these important subjects, which pertain so much to practical life, and at the same time are so well adapted to discipline the mind, and to lead it to think and investigate.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN. 300 pages.—**PLAY AND STUDY.** 280 pages. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Shepard, Clark & Brown.

These two volumes are the first numbers of a series of juveniles, the remainder of which will be published the present season. They are finely written stories for children and youth, and especially adapted to holiday presents for the young. The first is a story of orphanage, illustrating the trials and temptations of the young, and the happy results of Christian nurture.

The second is an interesting tale of school days, very suggestive of practical hints to parents and teachers, showing how they may aid their children and pupils in the invention of their own amusements for their relief and stimulus in study.

For sale by Snow & Greene.

MANUAL OF BOTANY of the Northern United States. 739 pages, with 14 plates. Price \$2.50.

Introduction to Structural and Systematic Botany. 555 pages, with 1300 cuts. Price \$2.00.

First Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology. 236 pages, and 360 cuts. Price \$1.00.

How Plants Grow, a Simple Introduction to Structural Botany, with a popular Flora. Price 75 cents. 233 pages and 500 cuts.

By Prof. Asa Gray, M. D. Ivison & Phinney, New York.

The above named series of Botanical works are a credit to American scholarship. They are

full, thorough, systematic, and teachable. It is remarkable that the man who was the author of the two elaborate works mentioned first could write a book so well adapted to children as the little work, *How Plants Grow*.

The attention of teachers is directed to the importance of the cultivation of plants and flowering shrubs by the letter from the Hon. Judge Staples, published in this number, in the *Official Department*. We hope the teachers will remember the sentiment of that letter and the books at the head of this notice until next spring and then send for these books to help them carry out the suggestions of the letter.

MRS. WILLARD'S HISTORIES.—Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 and 53 John street, N. Y.

1. *Abridged History of the United States.* A book of 409 pages, to which is added the United States' Constitution. Designed as a text-book for common schools.

2. *History of the United States.* A book of 523 pages, including the Constitution and questions on the history. Designed as a complete text-book for high schools and academies.

3. *Universal History.* Giving an epitome of the world's history from the creation down to modern times.

BARNARD'S AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—September, 1868. F. C. Brownell, New York and Hartford. Price, \$3.00 per year, quarterly.

This number of the ablest educational journal in America has 20 articles of rare interest and value, and is embellished by 5 portraits on steel. The article on President Dwight, by Professor Denison Olmstead, LL. D., is worth the price of the book.

We will furnish the work together with **THE SCHOOLMASTER** for \$3.25 a year.

THE SONG WREATH.—By W. Williams. Shepard, Clark & Brown, Boston. 1858.

An admirable book of school songs. It contains, besides a treatise of great value on the elements of music, over 90 songs, about 35 pieces of sacred music, ten of which are chants.

The R. I. Schoolmaster.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1858.

NO. 10.

For the Schoolmaster.

"What Shall We Read?"

THE question is no longer "Shall we read?" The thousands of books of every class, and the hundreds of thousands of newspapers and magazines, which, like water and air, are present everywhere, have long since effectually decided that point. The London Mail in commenting on Lord Brougham's recent speech on "Popular Literature" at Liverpool, shows reason to believe that every man in England, with but trifling exceptions, is a subscriber to a newspaper, and generally a reader of two. Does not the immense circulation of the New York Tribune, of the Times, of Harpers' Weekly and Harpers' Monthly, and of the "story papers" indicate the same state of affairs in this country? Instead, therefore, of any longer questioning the expediency of reading at all, the inquiry of the earnest and reflecting is rather, "What principle shall guide us in the choice of books?" "How can we make our reading more interesting and more improving?" These questions, important at any season, are especially worthy of our attention now, when we are just commencing to spend the long December evenings in the quiet pursuits of the fireside.

Apart from professional scholars, there is a class of general readers, to whom the ques-

tion, "What shall we read?" is daily occurring. They are perfectly aware of the noble harvest which is to be reaped by the reader. They see the golden grain waving around them. But where shall they first put in the sickle? How shall they discern the tares from the wheat? Where shall they store away their gains, so that they may be perfectly preserved, and ready for use at the slightest notice? I think I hear a reader of this class say, "I am ready to make any exertion to become a well-read man, so highly do I value the mental satisfaction, the conversational versatility, and the social position, which I observe that other men secure by the possession of extensive and accurate information. I have even practiced great self-denial in pursuing a rigid course of reading much against my inclination. I am thus able to say that I have read the whole of 'Hume's History of England,' of 'Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and of 'Rollin's Ancient History,' but I do not feel that I have gained clear ideas of the subjects after all, nor that I have added to my stock of general knowledge in a degree at all commensurate with the expenditure of my time and my patience. While I was reading the second volumes of 'Hume' and of 'Gibbon,' I forgot the first, and now I do not even remember the order of kings,

and queens, and emperors, much less the particular events of each reign. I believe that in some way or other, or at some time or other I shall reap the fruit of all this toil. I am even willing to carry my self-denial farther, if it would be of any use. What more can I do?" Nothing more, my friend, so far as labor and earnestness are concerned, but vastly more in respect of the results, and that too in a delightful and easy manner, if you only set to work in the right way. Your case is not different from that of many a one. Other heroes, as brave as Theseus, sought to extricate themselves from the labyrinth of the Minotaur, but he alone threaded its mazes with ease and security, guided by Ariadne's magic clue. You will perhaps be surprised, when I tell you that the reader's talisman, amidst the mazes of literature, is *CURIOSITY*. The virtues of self-denial, and patience are worth cultivating for their own sakes, but they do not form after all the most reliable guides to lead us up the pleasantest avenues to the Temple of Wisdom. I have no sympathy with the philosophy which prompted the frontispiece of "Webster's Spelling Book," where a good genius is seen showing a youth the Temple of Knowledge, and pointing out a steep and rocky pathway thither, with no wayside flowers, nor welcome grove to cheer him on, and no singing bird, nor tinkling rill to fill his ear with enchantment. Who, that has been over the way and tasted the sweets of learning, or listened to the charm of her voices, will acknowledge the picture? Trusting to the testimony of such, I can say with assurance that curiosity and interest are the best guides of the reader as well as of the student. For without interest and curiosity the attention cannot be secured, without attention there can be no memory, and without memory there is no gain. He, who refuses to acknowledge this simple intellectual law, may

go on all his life hoping to move the world by tugging patiently at the short end of the lever. But the wise man will take advantage of the principle and will pass eagerly on from height to height never thinking of the toil. Therefore I advise you to read only what interests you. Never continue your reading after you are forced to rub your eyes to keep awake. Never finish a book simply for the satisfaction of saying you have read it, when from a want of interest you are gathering from it no intellectual treasures. Dr. Johnson is said never to have read any book through continually, except Pilgrim's Progress and the Bible. But you will probably answer, "I know myself too well to follow such advice as this. It would to be sure save me many a tiresome hour of uninteresting reading. But once give myself up to the desultory course you propose, and I shall read nothing thoroughly. Besides so perverse are my inclinations that were I to trust to them for guidance, I should read many works which would vitiate my morals and corrupt my heart. The bee seeks honey from flowers of sweetest odor, and sometimes gathers deadly nectar from *Kalmias*, and *Andromedas*."

Hold, not so fast, my friend, you have yourself created the difficulty. I did not advise you to read *every thing* which your inclination and your curiosity dictate, but *nothing* that they do not. Surely you do not mean to say that you have curiosity about nothing but what is dangerous. No food that is not palatable can be very wholesome, but many a poisonous morsel has a pleasant taste. It is your curiosity in strict subservience to your *judgment*, and not either independently, which must be your guide in reading. There are innumerable good newspapers, and entertaining volumes of travel, and lively biographies, and well written novels, which never fail to gratify your curiosity, and arrest your atten-

tion. Why not be satisfied with these? But very probably your judgment after all tells you that you should be acquainted with other and higher subjects, such as history, philosophy, poetry, and science, which will never become familiar if you follow curiosity alone. Perhaps the story of the French lady and the ants may be of service to you. A lady dropped a large lump of sugar suddenly before an ant for it to eat, but the little animal was so terrified that he turned away in great affright, and did not dare to approach it again. Then the lady sprinkled some grains of sugar at a distance from the ant, and by gently placing her finger before it, and changing its course little by little, at last brought the tiny creature where the sugar was. Soon he tasted it, and liked it so well that he went and called all his friends. Now you can use an artifice with yourself something like that which this lady employed with the ant. Do not suddenly place before yourself Hume's England, or Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, or Grote's Greece, or even Bancroft's United States, and thus terrify yourself at the outset with the magnitude of the uninviting work. Whether you give up the work in disgust after reading a little way in the introduction upon the origin of the races, or continue with determination till you have waded through all the volumes, which your former reading has not fitted you to appreciate and enjoy, you will in either case be acquiring a distaste for the whole theme, and a disinclination to approach it at any future time. But if, on the other hand, with an ever watchful eye you take advantage of every turn which your curiosity takes towards the subject for which you desire to cultivate an interest, you will soon find yourself like the ant devouring with avidity, what at first you approached only as a duty. Suppose, for instance, your judgment prompts you to acquire a knowledge of the history of England, while yet you have

no curiosity about it. Perhaps in reading your newspaper, which you should never neglect to do, you meet with some historical allusion, as, for example, to the treachery of King John, which you would like very much to understand. Do not delay to search out its explanation, while your curiosity is fresh. You had better not, however, look in Hume for it yet, for ten to one you will lose your interest in the matter before you have looked through all the pages about the regency of John, and his unfraternal conduct towards his lion-hearted brother. Turn to some "Child's History," like Dickens', or Pinnock's Goldsmith's, or better yet to that delightful juvenile book, "Tales of the Kings of England," and you will find the whole subject explained in a page or two. I am much mistaken, however, if you will be willing to leave the matter here. Once engaged with one of these charming children's books, which the wisest are often not ashamed to read, and to admire, your curiosity will not allow you to lay it down till you have read all it contains about Richard and John, and their unfortunate father, King Henry II. You will be glad to read also in this connection the picture of their time in Scott's "Ivanhoe." After these, you will appreciate and enjoy that part of Hume which treats of their reigns, and feel a genuine satisfaction in meeting facts which you already know, and finding them accompanied by fuller details. Indeed the great charm of reading complete histories consists in learning more about events with which we already have a general acquaintance. You had better therefore not attempt to continue the perusal of the extended history any farther than curiosity prompts, but awaken it by a return to the compendium or child's book. While you are reading about Richard, the Lion-hearted, you will be very likely to find your curiosity excited about the Crusades. Now is the time to make the history of those

important phenomena your own. Do not hesitate to leave the history of England for a while, and glance over those interesting chapters in Gibbon, which describe the rise and progress of the Crusades. You will thus find yourself engrossed in a work which you might have approached only as a task, if you had had no particular object in view. Nor will your curiosity leave you here. New and interesting paths will open in every direction, and invite you to pursue them to broader and more noble fields of research. Thus, without any formal course of reading, your stock of historical knowledge will become valuable and available. At first, you will feel strong on particular periods only, but if you continue the plan, you will be surprised to find after a while all your knowledge closing together into a complete history. What you gain in this way will have the advantage of being much clearer, and much more at your command, than that obtained in the ordinary manner.

But there may be some who do not feel any curiosity about historical allusions, who still wish to acquire a taste for useful reading. Let not such despair so long as they take pleasure in any sort of reading whatever. Even "story newspapers," and all that class of miserable literature may serve a useful purpose in awakening your curiosity about something worth knowing, if you are only earnest enough to gratify that curiosity while it is strong. If you meet with some little gem of poetry, which pleases you, do not rest till you have found out all about its author, and his other works. Then very likely you will be tempted to read about contemporary authors and their works, and will be building up quite a knowledge of English literature without once forcing your reading farther than curiosity prompts. In the same way, if you have a general desire to increase your scientific knowledge, do not hesitate to gratify

your curiosity on any little scientific question which may occur to you in your reading or your thinking, for in tracing it you may be drawn on to a love for scientific literature. Thus go on reading *subjects*, rather than *volumes*. What your memory is not strong enough to retain, note in a common-place book. Preserve in this not only the choice passages you find in your reading, but especially your own thoughts, suggested in connection with it. That was a good rule which Gibbon observed, never to read a book till he had noted down what he already knew upon the subject. Thus his curiosity was kept always alive by the comparison of what he knew before with what the author taught. It is in such subsidiary works as these that you can practice patience and self-denial with a certain hope of a noble recompense. Patient study is sometimes required also in mastering themes, such as abstract questions in philosophy, about which we yet have a real curiosity. It is truly wonderful to observe how a little patience, thus judiciously applied at the right time, will spread a fresh zest and pleasure over our reading for a long time to come.

If there were needed any other incentive to reading than the intrinsic pleasure of the pursuit, I could point you to many instances where high stations have been gained and held with honor by great readers. Without going beyond our own time, I could speak of the present head of the educational department of Massachusetts, who has fitted himself for his position almost entirely by his private reading, or of the present mayor of Providence, the auroral freshness of whose literary productions tell of the early morning hours spent in the perusal of his favorite authors, or of the "little giant" of Illinois, who, with limited advantages in early life, has brought himself to his present eminence almost entirely by his private application. The present president of our University, perhaps more learned in phi-

osophy and in theology than any other man in the state, has acquired the greater part of his extensive erudition by the perusal of the works in his own extensive library. The chief justice of this state has become distinguished for his early morning reading. Mr. Buckle, the last historical Minerva, has taken the reading world by storm with his references to six hundred works, which he has consulted in composing the first volume of his History of Civilization. These are only a few instances taken at random, but they are sufficient to indicate the reward which results from a satisfactory answer to the question, "What shall we read?"

For the Schoolmaster.
The Forsaken.

It was an old gray mansion
Dim with the shades of departed years.
The grass of many summers rankly grew
Round the old door-stone where in former years,
Bright children gambled in their merry sport.
O'er the arched portal, and the turrets gray
The wild vines twined in gay fantastic wreaths,
As if to hide their seeming desolation.
Not always was it thus: there was a time
In the gay olden days, when music thrilled
Through the long corridors, and merry feet
Went bounding through its halls; the sound of
song
Arose from many voices, and the wine
Sparkled in splendor to the pine-knot's blaze.

But things were changed.
The heavy oaken doors no longer swung,
To greet the returning lord, nor gay plumes
danced
Within the courtyard now o'ergrown with weeds,
The antique helms of chivalry still hung
Upon the mouldering walls, and banners drooped
In crimson folds around the dusty pillars:
But now no sound of song, of dance, or feast
Or childhood's merry mirth might linger there.
A shade of mystery wrapped the gloomy place;

'Twas said by some that laughing voices rung
At the charmed night hour through its lonely
halls,
And fires arose upon the hearths where long
The ashes had lain cold. Bright forms, the gay,
The loved of other years, clustered around
The well heaped board, and in their white robes
held
Their revels as of old.

One lonely, sad old man,
The last descendant of a noble race,
Dwelt there alone. 'T was a long story of
The old man's wrongs. He had a daughter once,
A fair and gentle girl, whose love was more
To him than life. She was a dreamy child;
She saw a spell of beauty in each soft
And lovely scene in nature; the song-bird's note,
The hum of insects, and the joyous flowers,
All had a charm for her unknown to other
Minds. Her's was the noble gift of genius:
She would sit for hours in the old hall
Where the rich sunlight fell half lovingly
O'er some historic painting dim with age,
And there recounting all her father's tales
Of knights and warlike deeds, weave fairy dreams
Out of their wild romance. The very waves
That beat their surf upon the sandy beach
Spoke to her heart a deep and earnest language
Of joyous voices, and of sunny climes,
And childish mirth beyond the swelling sea.
The full, deep passion of her early youth,
The tide of song which overflowed her soul,
O'er mastered all her thoughts. In the rich light
Hope shed around her way, fair visions came
Of all earth's glorious things — the golden fame,
Which was to her as sunlight to the soul,
Bright hopes of future years. She left her sire,
He who had loved her more than all the world,
To join in festive scenes of dance and mirth.
Yet there is joy in revelry and wine
To charm away remorse.

Oh! 'tis a sad
And fearful thing to be alone; to feel
There is no heart in all the wide, wide world,
To beat in love with ours. To him, the earth
Was changed as was the faithless love he mourn'd,

Yet even now he smiled. "She will come back,"
He said, "in golden autumn when the sheaves
Are bound with songs of merry harvest home."
Alas! for human hope! that vainly thinks
To trace through darkening clouds a dawning
day.

Only within the far off better land
The broken heart shall live and love again.

"There was a church-yard
And an open grave." There was no pomp,
No sable badges or funereal plumes.
It was the old man's grave, and who should care
That he had passed life's bourne and slept at last.
The simple-hearted peasants reared a cross
Above his humble dust, and shed a tear
For him who had no mourner.

Long years had passed,
The clinging vines had shed a deeper gloom
Over the portal of the ruined house,
No longer cheered by laughter or glad song.
By many a fireside hearth a tale was told,—
A strange, wild tale,—how when the lingering
day

Waned to its close, and sunlight tipped the hills
With golden light or kissed in rosy streaks
The bosom of the vale, in the lone hall
The old man's spirit sought his long lost child.
The moss had grown upon the ancient cross,
Above the old man's grave, while tangled grass,
The running ivy, and the golden rod,
Had choked the flowers the pitying villagers
Had planted there. It was a glorious day
In golden autumn, such an one as that
In which the old man thought to meet his child.
The murmur of the brook, the whispering leaves,
Mingled with all glad sounds of bird and bee,
Made light and joyous music. A woman knelt
Upon the mossy turf, and bathed the stone
With bitter tears of anguish and remorse.
A shade of sorrow was upon her face,
A shade they only wear to whom the earth
Has been a weary place, a land of graves,
Of secret heart-aches, and of blighted hopes.
It was the old man's daughter. She had come
To find, where once was joy, a scene of woe.
Oh! not in scenes of revelry and mirth

Shall the true peace be found. Only that faith
Which looks beyond the dim and shadowy vale
Shall lift the soul to Heaven. Yet in that land
Seen dimly in our dreams, that better clime
Which lies beyond the atmosphere of graves,
The father and the child shall meet again
In those green meadow lands, by pearly streams
Where angels strike their harps to deathless song
He, to whose love their lips first learned to pray,
Shall give to them a crown of endless day.

M. C. P.

For the Schoolmaster.

Deaf and Dumb Institute, Indianapolis,
Indiana.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.*

I AM indebted to Rev. Thomas McIntire, A. M., the principal of the above mentioned institution, for a copy of the "Fourteenth Annual Report of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Indiana Institution for Educating the Deaf and Dumb, for the year 1857." The report is replete with information of a valuable character. At page 2, we find the following order of exercises, as part of the laws which govern the institution:

* We are happy to give place to this brief notice of the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institution. It will be interesting as showing the character and exercises of such a school. Our readers must have been interested in the several articles which have appeared from the pen of our Jersey friend. We would assure them that these articles were written—as indicated by the caption—by a *deaf mute*. The author is Mr. Joseph Mount, a teacher in the Philadelphia Deaf and Dumb Institute. He is, besides being a teacher, a spirited contributor to several of our best monthlies, both educational and literary. We commend his articles to all, with especial reference to the mode of thought of a deaf mute, and to the literary culture which can be acquired by one laboring under such difficulties.—Ed.

A. M.	SPRING.		SUMMER.		FALL.		WINTER.	
	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.	Hours.
Rise,	At 5,	At 4 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 4 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 5 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 5 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 6,	At 6,	At 6,
Recreation,	From 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6,	From 6 to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,
Breakfast,	At 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 6,	At 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,
Labor,	From 7 to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 7 to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$,
Recreation,	From 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9,	From 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9,	From 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9,	From 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9,	From 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 9,	From 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$,
Prayers,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,
Recitation,	From 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12,	From 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12,	From 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12,	From 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12,	From 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12,	From 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12,	From 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12,	From 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12,
P. M.								
Dinner,	At 12 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 12 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 12 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 12 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 12 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 12 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 12 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 12 $\frac{1}{2}$,
Recitation,	From 1 to 3,	From 1 to 3,	From 1 to 3,	From 1 to 3,	From 1 to 3,	From 1 to 3,	From 1 to 3,	From 1 to 3,
Prayers,	At 3,	At 3,	At 3,	At 3,	At 3,	At 3,	At 3,	At 3,
Labor,	From 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6,	From 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$,
Supper,	At 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 5 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 5 $\frac{1}{2}$,	At 5 $\frac{1}{2}$,
Recreation,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 7 to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$,
Study,	From 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,	From 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$,
Retire,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9,	At 9.

Divine worship is performed in the chapel on the Sabbath at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock A. M., and at 2 P. M. There are no exercises on Saturday afternoon, as in our institution.

The corps of instructors consists of the following named gentlemen and ladies :

William Willard, (a mute); H. S. Gillet, A. M.; W. H. Latham, A. M.; W. K. De Motte, A. M.; Philip A. Emery, A. M.; Cornelia Trask, (a mute); Anna B. Very, (a mute); and B. R. Nordyke.

The trustees place the mute male teachers on an equal footing with their hearing colleagues, so far as remuneration is concerned; for I find the following items of payment in the trustees' report :

To William Willard, teacher, per year,	\$1,000
" Horace S. Gillet, " "	1,000
" William H. Latham, " "	1,000
" Wm. H. De Motte, " "	1,000

" P. A. Emery, teacher, per year,	600
" To Cornelia Trask, " "	300
" Anna B. Very, " "	300
" B. R. Nordyke, " "	400

Cornelia Trask and Anna B. Very teach a kind of an infant school, judging from their wages; but they are paid on equal terms with many hearing female teachers. I happen to know something of Miss Very. She is a *very* well educated woman. May God bless her, and her fellow teacher, Miss Trask, also. Mr. Willard, if I mistake not, is the founder of the establishment where he is now employed. Appended to the report, is a large list of newspapers and magazines which have been sent to the pupils gratuitously during the past year.

The principal's report sets forth the difficulties in which the institution was involved, in consequence of the failure of the legislature to make its accustomed appropriations in 1856. It was obliged to suspend, the pupils returned to their homes, and, to make a long matter short, the cause of deaf mute education was involved in "confusion worse confused." But, thank Heaven, the institution after six months' suspension, has resumed operations, although it finds much difficulty in keeping its head above water for any length of time. In view of the distressing circumstances in which the establishment is placed, it is not a little strange that the trustees should have the moral courage to mete out justice* to Mr. Willard in the matter of compensation, without regard to that which constitutes his physical defect.

Mr. McIntire, the principal, is one of the kind who go about doing good. I wish him abundant success in the noble work in which he engages. He has a happy faculty for im-

*In a future number I shall speak of the wrongs of the deaf and dumb as times go.

parting instruction to the young minds entrusted to his care. He talks of establishing a high class, similar to the one which has been organized in the Connecticut asylum,

The report contains much that is well worth an attentive perusal. Page 43 is occupied with short specimens of the pupils' compositions, most of which show a remarkable command of language on the part of the pupils. The following piece, written "by a little boy under instruction eight months," strikes us as excellent:

"A woman is churning. The mother goes to get some salt. An ape comes to the churn, The ape takes a cat, The ape puts the cat in the churn. The ape runs and climbs on the tree. The woman calls the ape. She tries to whip the ape."

The report is accompanied with the manual alphabet and numerals which belong exclusively to the language of the deaf and dumb.

Sign-Language.

FROM THE LIFE OF THOMAS H. GALLAUDET.

In the summer of 1818, a young Chinese passed through Hartford, and spent an evening with Mr. Gallaudet. He was so ignorant of the English language that he could not express it in his simplest wishes. Mr. Gallaudet introduced him to M. Clerc, a deaf mute from birth, who did not know a single word of Chinese. No two persons, therefore, could possibly be brought together more disqualified for colloquial intercourse. The result, however, surprised all present. M. Clerc learned from the Chinese many interesting facts regarding his birth-place, his parents and their family, his occupations at home, and his ideas of God and a future state. By the aid of proper signs, also, M. Clerc ascertained the meaning of about twenty Chinese words.

So remarkable was Mr. Gallaudet's success in the sign-language, as frequently to astonish strangers, and we quote an extract from his Memoir in his own words, in illustration of his skill. One of his pupils was a lad of much intelligence, with whom he made frequent experiments to ascertain how far he could communicate ideas to him without the use of words spelled to him on the fingers, or of any signs made by the arms and hands, but solely by expressions of the face, motions of the head, and attitudes of the body. — *North American Review.*

"One day our distinguished and lamented historical painter, Colonel John Trumbull, was in my school-room during the hours of instruction, and on my alluding to the tact which the pupil referred to had of reading my face, he expressed a wish to see it tried. I requested him to select any event in Greek, Roman, English or American history, of a scenic character, which would make a striking picture on canvas, and said I would endeavor to communicate it to the lad. 'Tell him,' said he, 'that Brutus (Lucius Junius) condemned his two sons to death for resisting his authority and violating his orders.'

"I folded my arms in front of me, and kept them in that position, to preclude the possibility of making any signs or gestures, or of spelling any words on my fingers, and proceeded, as best I could, by the expression of my countenance, and a few motions of my own head and attitudes of the body, to convey the picture in my own mind to the mind of my pupil. It ought to be stated that he was already acquainted with the fact, being familiar with the leading events in Roman history. But when I began, he knew not from what portion of history, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, the fact was selected. From this wide range, my delineation on the one hand, and his ingenuity on the other, had

to bring it within the division of Roman history, and still more minutely, to the particular individual transaction designated by Colonel Trumbull. In carrying on the process, I made no use whatever of any arbitrary or conventional look, motion, or attitude, before settled between us, by which to let him understand what I wished to communicate, with the exception of a single one, if, indeed, it ought to be considered such.

The usual sign at the time, among teachers and pupils, for a Roman, was portraying an aquiline nose by placing the forefinger, crooked, in front of the nose. As I was prevented from using my finger in this way, and having considerable command over the muscles of my face, I endeavored to give my nose as much of the aquiline form as possible, and, succeeded well enough for my purpose. Everything else that I looked and did was the pure, natural language by which my mind spontaneously endeavored to convey its thoughts and feelings to his mind by the varied expressions of the countenance, some motions of the head, and attitudes of the body. It would be difficult to furnish the reader anything like a complete analysis of the process which I pursued in making the communication. To be understood it ought to be witnessed, and accompanied with the requisite explanations. The outlines of the process, however, I can give. They were the following:—

“A stretching and stretching gaze eastward, with an undulating motion of the head, as if looking across and beyond the Atlantic Ocean, to denote that the event happened, not on the western, but on the eastern continent. This was making a little progress, as it took the subject out of the range of American history. A turning of the eyes upward and backward, with frequently repeated motions of the head backward, as if looking a great

way back in past time, to denote that the event was one of quite ancient date. The aquiline shape of the nose, already referred to, indicating that a *Roman* was the person concerned. It was, of course, an old Roman Portraying, as well as I could, by my countenance, attitude, and manner, an individual high in authority, and commanding others as if he expected to be obeyed. Looking and acting as if I were giving out a specific order to many persons, and threatening punishment on those who should resist my authority—even the punishment of death.

“Here was a pause in the progress of events, which I denoted by sleeping as it were during the night and awaking in the morning, and doing this several times, to signify that several days had elapsed. Looking with deep interest and surprise, as if at a single person standing before me, with an expression of countenance indicating that he had violated the order which I had given, and that I knew it. Then looking in the same way at another person near him as also guilty. Two offending persons were thus denoted. Exhibiting serious deliberation—then hesitation, accompanied with strong conflicting emotions, producing perturbation, as if I knew not how to feel, or what to do. Looking first at one of the persons before me, and then at the other, and then at both together, *as a father would look*, indicating his distressful parental feelings under such affecting circumstances. Composing my feelings, showing that a change was coming over me, and exhibiting toward the imaginary persons before me the decided look of the inflexible commander who was determined and ready to order them away to execution. Looking and acting as if the tender and forgiving feelings of *the father* had again got the ascendancy, and as if I were about to relent and pardon them. These alternating states of mind I portrayed several

times, to make my representation the more graphic and impressive. At length the father yields, and the stern principles of justice, as expressed in my countenance and manner, prevails. My look and action denote the passing of the sentence of death on the offenders, and the ordering them away to execution.

"Before I had quite completed the process, I perceived from the expression of his countenance, and a little of impatience in his manner, that the pupil felt satisfied that he was fully in possession of the fact which I was endeavoring to communicate. But, for the sake of greater certainty, I detained his attention till I had nothing more to portray. He quickly turned round to his slate, and wrote a correct and complete account of this story of Brutus and his two sons."

"The Only Idiot in My School!"

A LESSON FOR TEACHERS.

I love to visit the school-room. There is so much that is delightful in the association of the bright and happy youth gathered around the teacher who is endeavoring to train the mind and heart of the young, and so many joyous and happy anticipations cluster around them, that I love to tarry on my way and listen to the exercises of the hour. My heart beats with hope — my spirit flows out in deep and sacred sympathy with the teacher and with the pupils, as I feel that there is a work going on there for immortality, and that seated at these desks — reciting the lessons I used to repeat, making the same blunders or winning the same applause — are the future architects of honor, fame, fortune, freedom, and progress. I often ask myself what shall be the future history of these bright and promising youth? — and my pray-

ers go up that their days may be joyous, their hearts pure, their virtues strong, and their years unclouded; while I also pray that the teacher may have wisdom and understanding, patience and love, for the work.

In such a humor I once called upon a friend — an active, intelligent, and well-known teacher — who had at the time (whether he has now or not I will not say) a large circle of girls — some of them young ladies — under his charge. I never saw a more interesting group than on that occasion. The intelligent countenance, the beaming eyes, the happy smiles, the freedom almost of a social circle, seemed to make it less a rigorously conducted school, than a place where the pride of many a home daily met with other jeweled objects of love, to unite in a happy competition for their teacher's approval and affection.

My friend has a pleasing manner. Geniality, sympathy, ease, and readiness to improve every little incident that will illustrate a truth, or impress a lesson, make him a very agreeable and admirable teacher. Such an event as a visitor who is in the habit of making himself acquainted with schools and school children could not pass by unimproved; and in a few minutes I heard the order given to "close books!" "lay aside the slates!" "classes will take their seats!" These preliminaries being gone through with, the girls were told to come to order, and face the rostrum. Some of the desks were arranged sideways to the teacher's desk, and two or three of the girls were not as prompt as the rest. One of them, a sweet, intelligent girl of about twelve years, was behind the others. One or two orders had been given to quicken their motions, and the little one was still arranging herself for her position, when the teacher turned abruptly to her, and, with hasty words and petulant tone, said to me in a manner I shall never forget,

"That's the only idiot in my school! — that girl with the red shawl! She don't know how to come to order!"

The child looked at her teacher and at me with an expression which spoke all that I myself felt at such a cruelty. So heartless, so unchristian, so hasty an epithet in the presence of the school, and addressed to a stranger, in regard to one of his youngest pupils, made my heart ache and my cheeks burn. I longed to speak to the child to say something that would remove the smart — something that would heal the wound that perhaps that one hasty, unkind word had made in her heart! I thought of the deep, deep scar that might have been made in her tender sensibilities. Perchance she would never forget it! It might be that these words would linger there all the pathway of her life! A disgrace so deep, so cruel, inflicted upon her by her teacher, and pointing her out to a stranger, by her dress!

"That is the only idiot in my school!"

How often have those words been repeated in my mind, and the whole scene come before me, as I have visited schools and talked with teachers, and watched their conduct and language before their pupils. I have often seen my friend since; I have heard him speak in public on many occasions; I have listened with great pleasure to his thoughts, facts, and appeals on education, literary, moral, and religious, and yet I cannot efface from my eye the picture of that innocent child, as she looked up into my face to catch the expression and watch the effect it made upon me, as he said, *"That is the only idiot in my school!"*

My friend then introduced me to his pupils, and in an illustrative talk of some fifteen minutes, I did all I could to engage the sympathies of my young hearers, and to elevate their thoughts to beautiful and loving themes.

I hope that the effect I sought to produce was attained, and that the discordant note died away before the gentler and sweeter thrill of sunshine thoughts and purer influences, to leave an impress far outlasting that of the hasty rebuke of the loved and loving teacher.

I was once walking along the street, and met a group of girls on their way. They knew me by sight, and I knew they belonged to a school which I occasionally visited, and I said, "Good morning, girls! Going to school, are you!"

"Yes, sir," said one of them; "but I don't like to go much, we have such a *hateful teacher!*"

"A hateful teacher!" I answered; "that can hardly be! I guess the little girls are at fault."

"O no, sir; our teacher is so cross and hateful to us we do not like her at all."

"Perhaps the reason is that the girls are late, and do not learn their lessons, and are disorderly and rude to the teacher! If you give your teacher trouble, you cannot expect her to be as happy and kind to you as if all her girls were good and kind to her."

"Well, we are not as good as we ought to be, but we can't be good to such a teacher as she is!"

After some further conversation, in which I tried to impress a lesson of kindness and love for their instructor, we reached the school-room door, and I passed on, thinking of the work which that teacher was doing, and of the memories which she was leaving, in deeper and broader lines every day, in the minds of her young and tender charge.

A day or two after, I passed near the same school. The girls were just dismissed, and were on their way home. Several of them saw me as I overtook them, and I said,

"How do you do, my little girls? Going home from school?"

They belonged to another class in the same school, under the care of a different teacher, and one of them, speaking for the rest answered,

"Yes, sir; we love to go to school, too. Our teacher makes the class-room so pleasant!"

"O happy teacher!" I said to myself; "you have earned a reward better than the laurels and the triumphs of conquerors. Such a tribute is worthy of a glorious and faithful service to these young hearts."

"And I have a thousand times pondered over the words of these happy girls, as they went on their way with blithesome step, and left the impress on my own mind that "their teacher made their class-room so pleasant."

Co-workers in the great office of the teacher! Let no word, no look, no act of yours ever wantonly wound the heart of one of your pupils. It may become the grief of a life-time! It may leave a wound which years of after intercourse will not have the power to obliterate. Though the pang and the smart may soon pass away, and the sensibility become indifferent to the wrong, yet in that young heart a mark will be made which time may not efface, and affection may not remove. Blessed is that teacher who sees the youth committed to his charge growing up to honor and usefulness, and who can feel that in their training every effort has been made to imitate the Great Teacher who will at last examine our work, and will stamp it with the seal of a glorified immortality.—*N. Y. Independent.*

ADVICE is like show: the softer it falls, and the longer it dwells upon, the deeper it sinks into the mind.

A real book always makes you feel that there is more in the writer than anything that he has said.—*MRS. BEECHER STOWE.*

Etymology.

WE copy the following from the educational column of the Delaware County (Pa.) American. The writer had perhaps read the article in the October number of *THE SCHOOLMASTER*, signed *Philologos*.

It sustains the positions of *Philologos*, and urges upon the people of Pennsylvania, — a place where of the whole country etymological study is most pursued — the importance of greater prominence to the study. If the people of the Keystone State need such advice, how much more the teachers of New England, especially of Rhode Island, where almost no attention is given to the subject.

We wish we could see the English language studied in our public schools as the language of Virgil is studied in our academies and colleges. — Ed.

"From reports before us from several of the States, concerning the progress of popular education, amidst the cheering aspect that is presented, one thing is a matter of great surprise — the dearth of etymological instruction. To us this seems the very basis of a good and sound English education, and without which no one is competent to fully comprehend his own tongue. Yet strange to say, in many sections the study is even at this day a new one, and in others unknown. Even in Yankee New England, whose pride is in its system of education, and that points us to her schools as models for us to imitate — even she, amidst all her eclat — is sadly deficient in this branch of study. Schools there, of enviable reputation — endowed amply by public and private munificence, and under the supervision of celebrated men — have, in many places no course of etymological study. Parrot-like they drive their pupils through the memorizing process, and never ask a question on the structure of words. It is indeed a matter of astonishment to the travel-

er through Rhode Island, or her sister states, when he observes the noble structures erected as temples of education, with the tens of thousands of pupils attending them, that they have yet to begin to teach one of the great fundamentals — the origin and etymological pedigree of words. We suppose that in no portion of the United States is this study more general than in Eastern Pennsylvania; and even here it has but recently come into general use. We have visited some schools where this study is pretended to be taught, but discarding the important part of the study, they sometimes convert it into the same old sing-song memorizing process, without saying one word about structure.

As every one acquainted with this branch knows — its superiority is manifest from the fact that the student arrives at a knowledge of the meaning of the word by the word itself. He examines its prefixes, and its past-fixes, and its radical, and from these he gathers the true meaning of the word. As the naturalist when shown some antique skeleton, determines from the formation of it, the class, the nature, and the disposition of the animal, etymology develops to the student the intent of words.

This article is written with the hope that it will induce directors to look to the matter, and see that this very important study is taught in their schools. They will find it will prove of much advantage to every pupil, giving him not only correct ideas of his own language, and of the meaning of its words, but also from an examination of the roots, it will aid him, should he ever need it in the study of other tongues."

If good people could but make goodness agreeable, and smile, instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause.

"Debate on the Bill Establishing Free Schools,
At the January Session of the Rhode Island
Legislature, A. D. 1828."

EXTRACTS from the remarks of Mr. Waterman of Warwick, in opposition to the bill:

"In providing to establish free schools, certain principles ought always to be kept in view. That every child in the state to be provided for, is entitled to equal rights and privileges and ought to enjoy equal benefits in all appropriations for that object, are positions I maintain to be correct, and which I think no member of this house will attempt to controvert. Then, sir, if this be correct ground, let us examine the provisions of this bill, and see whether they accord with those principles."

* * * * *

"The provision of this [first] section makes a distribution of the money to be set apart for the support of free schools to the several towns in the state, according to their wealth; it then follows, that a few of the wealthy towns are to receive a large proportion of the appropriation, whereas all the rest of the towns, who are less wealthy in proportion to their population, and having more than double the number to educate, are to receive but a trifle more than those few wealthy towns." * * *

"In taking a view of the extent of territory of the several towns in the state, some idea may be formed of the number of schools which it would be necessary to have established. Excepting a few towns, the rest would, with some little deviation, require a school district to each five or six square miles, which would require say for the county of Providence, 66 school districts, Newport 29, Washington 64, Kent 32, Bristol 9, making in the whole state 200 districts; and adopting, in the absence of other data, the number of free white inhabitants under sixteen years of age, as a rule of estimate, it would not make any material dif-

ference in a distribution to the several towns if made in proportion to the population to be benefited (say between the ages of five and sixteen years) and although taken from the census of 1820. Since then the north part of the state has increased its population and wealth, whereas the south part, including the counties of Newport, Washington, and Bristol, has probably not increased in the same ratio. Yet I would not have it understood that any rule of estimate, either of population or valuation, made several years ago, ought to be adhered to, but the population or valuation, at or near the time of making the distribution, ought to be the rule established."

* * * * *

"This [second] section compels the towns to provide school houses, and to make taxes, &c., and they must swallow it, whether they like it or not it must go down, or they will not be entitled to any benefit from the appropriation made by the state for the support of free schools. Now, sir, can any man in his right senses (I do not appeal to any one whose senses are inflated with vanity), suppose, for a moment, that the provisions of the first and second sections of this bill, are calculated to induce the people of this state to enter heart and soul into the support of free schools? I will leave the question for the advocates of this bill to answer.

"The other sections of the bill may be considered as necessary, with some few exceptions, for carrying into operation the provision of the first and second. I will not, however, take up any more of the time of the house in considering this bill, but will proceed to the consideration of a substitute. I shall in due time move to amend the bill, by striking out the whole of it, after the enacting clause in the first section, with the view of substituting the following:—

"Sec. 1. *Be it enacted*, That of the money

now in the General Treasury, ten thousand dollars be set apart and exclusively appropriated, in the manner hereinafter mentioned, as a fund for the support of public schools, and to be denominated the school fund.

"Sec. 2. That the governor and secretary for the time being, be and are hereby constituted commissioners of said fund; whose duty it shall be to invest in bank stock of the banks of this state, the sum hereby appropriated, together with the interest thereon as the same shall accrue, and such further appropriations as the general assembly may hereafter make, or such donations as may be made by individuals or corporations, for the same purpose.

"Sec. 3. That said commissioners shall keep a regular account, in a book to be provided for that purpose, and to remain in the secretary's office, of all moneys by them received, of whom, on what account, and how invested, and report annually to the general assembly on the first Wednesday of May, or oftener if required, a particular statement and account of said fund, and their proceedings generally in relation to the same.

"Sec. 4. That the interest of said fund shall be applied to the support of public schools whenever the general assembly shall direct the same, and shall be distributed among the several towns in the state in proportion to the free white population in each town between the ages of five and sixteen years."

* * * * *

"Sir, in concluding my remarks, I would say to those who are in favor of establishing free schools immediately, be patient a little while and you will have your wishes, whereas if you push the subject imprudently, defeat will follow as a matter of course."

—————
LIGHT things will agitate little minds.

Hymn of the Marseillaise.

THE Marseillaise was inspired by genius, patriotism, youth, beauty, and champagne. Rouget de Lisle was an officer of the garrison at Strasburg, and a native of Mount Jura. He was an unknown poet and composer. He had a peasant friend named Dietrick, whose wife and daughters were the only critics and admirers of the soldier poet's song. One night he was at supper with his friend's family, and they had only coarse bread and slices of ham. Dietrick, looking sorrowfully at De Lisle, said, "Plenty is not our feast, but we have the courage of a soldier's heart; I have still one bottle left in the cellar—bring it, my daughter, and let us drink to liberty and our country!"

The young girl brought the bottle; it was soon exhausted, and De Lisle went staggering to bed. He could not sleep for the cold, but his heart was warm and full of the beating of genius and patriotism. He took a small clavichord and tried to compose a song: sometimes the words were composed first—sometimes the air. Directly he fell asleep over the instrument, and waking at daylight, wrote down what he had conceived in the delirium of the night. Then he waked the family, and sang his production: at first the woman turned pale, then wept, then burst forth in a cry of enthusiasm. It was the song of the nation and of terror.

Two months afterwards, Dietrick went to the scaffold listening to the self same music, composed under his own roof and under the inspiration of his last bottle of wine. The people sang it everywhere; it flew from city to city, to every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted the song at the opening and close of its clubs,—hence the name, "Hymn of the Marseillaise." Then it sped all over France. They sung it in their houses, in public assem-

blies, and in the stormy street convocation. De Lisle's mother heard it, and said to her son, "What is this revolutionary hymn, sung by bands of brigands, and with which your name is mingled?" De Lisle heard it and shuddered as it sounded through the streets of Paris, rung from the Alpine passes, while he, a royalist, fled from the infuriated people, frenzied by his own words. France was a great amphitheater of anarchy and blood, and De Lisle's song was the battle cry.

There is no national air that will compare with the Marseillaise in sublimity and power; it embraces the soft cadences full of the peasant's home, and the stormy clangor of silver and steel when an empire is overthrown; it endears the memory of the wine dressers cottage, and makes the Frenchman in his exile, cry "La belle France!" forgetful of the torch, and sword, and guillotine, which have made his country a specter of blood in the eyes of the nations. Nor can the foreigner listen to it, sung by a company of exiles, or executed by a band of musicians, without feeling that it is the pibroch of battle and war.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!

Hark! hark, what myriads bid you rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,

Affright and desolate the land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms, ye brave!

Th' avenging sword unsheath!

March on! march on! all hearts resolved

On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,

Which treacherous kings confederate raise;

The dogs of war, let loose, are howling—

And lo! our walls and cities blaze!

symbols. Until these sounds are known and exhibited, their etymological changes can not even become the subject of serious etymological investigation.

The use of silent letters increase the bulk of books by one tenth part, consequently, their cost is enhanced millions of dollars per annum. All derivative words do not contain silent letters to show their origin, nor do they always retain their primitive meaning.

Dr. Franklin pertinently said that "Etymologies, at present, are very uncertain, and such as they are old books would still preserve, and we don't look to etymology for present meanings. If I call a man a *nave* or *villain*, he would hardly be satisfied with my telling him that one of the words originally signified only a *lad* or *servant*, and the other an *under-plowman* or an *inhabitant* of a village. It is from present usage only, the meanings of words are to be determined."

If silent letters, in too many of our words, indicate their relationship to other languages, why don't the *b* in *plumb*, *thumb*, *numb*, *dumb*, and *climb* appear in the etymons of these words in other languages. The *h*, in rhyme, has caused some to refer this to the Greek, but it is the Anglo-Saxon, which means *numbers*. Heteric spelling, not unfrequently, misleads the etymologist, as in *island*, the *s* refers this word to the same origin as *isle*; namely, the Latin *insula*, through the Italian *insula*, while it is in fact pure Anglo-Saxon, and means *water-land*. *Bough* and *bow* have the same root.

To say that phonetic spelling often proves a trustworthy guide to the roots of words is no utopian assertion. *Ice*, phonetically, *is*, agrees with the original Saxon *is*. *Doubt*, and all its derivatives, comes from the French *douté*, therefore, the *b* is improper. *Poultice*, from the Latin *pultis*, phonetically *pultis*. These examples might be increased. Dr.

Wheeldon says, "Etymology is a luxury for the few; phonotypy a necessity for the many."

Second. "We should have a southern, eastern, and western language; we could not use each others books, and the pronunciation would be fixed, because certain signs would stand for certain sounds."

In many words the short sound of *o*, in *not*, is made to have a distinct and different sound for the south, east and west. Had this letter, and all others of the same class, a character to represent its sound in one word, and another *different* sign to represent its sound in another and *different* word, it would be properly used. Therefore, it is easy to see that the very objection raised in the first two members of the accusation, are obviated by having one sign for one sound, no more, no less.

A phonetic representation of the elementary sounds in our language, or any other, would not tend to *fix* pronunciation, as that is an impossibility, for the English language has been changing and growing in strength and beauty, ever since its Saxon birth, and it will continue to do so, so long as it exists. Phonotypy would keep pace with the slow changes in language and yet remain one and the same system. Its object is not, as many suppose, to change or interfere with language, but to represent it correctly and scientifically.

That we have at present, a southern, eastern and western medley of dialects, which is growing no better; that this will be the case, while based on our orthographic quagmire, not one who is well read, or has visited different parts of the Union, will essay to palliate or ignore; and that this cacophonous lingo will characterize our glorious language so long as no certain sign stands for one and the same sound, is too evident. Whence are all our provincialisms which painfully remind one of

English shires? Do they not arise from different people assigning various powers to letters and combinations of letters to express simple articulate sounds? Books in phonetic dress would be read alike the world over.

Third. "We have a large number of words which are spelled differently though pronounced alike. If we spell such as they are pronounced we should not know what they meant."

On the one hand, there is no need of this distinction, while on the other, there is great disadvantage, for, in the Romanic method, the spelling and pronunciation of every word in our language has to be mastered individually. If we speak of "Fannie dancing *at a ball*," or "Willie kicking *at a ball*," the italicized words, in letter and sound, are alike, the meaning is widely different, yet unmistakable. Who would think of stopping, while reading or speaking, to explain that the meaning was *rite* not *write*, or *right*, or *Wright*, and yet reader, would you not comprehend the meaning under all circumstances?

"'Tis plain you would, and thus 'tis found
'You're guided by the sense and sound."

This distinction, from spelling differently, is lost more on the ear of the hearer, where it is most needed, than on the eye of the speaker, who has the context before him. The orthoepy of a word does not naturally indicate to the ear its Romanic orthography, *a fortiori* the eye is not benefited. By our factious orthography, we argue *ad hominem*, that confusion is produced; polynoms are as numerous as homonyms.

Mr. Pare, prepare to repair to the pear tree to pare a pear with a pair of *schiesourrhoe*,* is a sentence we must understand by its orthography,

* Justified by *schism*, *sieve*, *as*, *honour*, *myrrh*, *sacrifice*.

"Or else be written down a fool,
By the great orthographic rule;
That, 'tis the spelling that gives the sense."
A rule of shallowest pretense."

And by the spelling, of course, we comprehend the stanza —

"Of course a race course isn't coarse,
A *fine* is far from *fine*;
To see a sad sight, is to see
A noble *pine* tree *pine*."

In *fine* this *fine* homonymical objection vanishes into *fine* air.

Fourth. "All vast libraries would, in the course of a generation, be closed books. Our descendants would not be able to read them. All the books in the Redwood Library would be locked up to future generations."

This, to those who are unfortunately not thoroughly acquainted with phonotypy and its mission, would appear to be a most formidable as well as an unanswerable objection. To render the vast amount of inestimable property in books, which adorn private, public, and national libraries, useless and obsolete, or by some "innovation" "lock up to future generations" the precious store of knowledge that in them is, would indeed, be wanton and preposterous. But, to suppose that phonotypy would cause this havoc, is a mere figment of a visionary imagination. A knowledge of phonetic, and then of Romanic orthography, is *now* acquired in less than half the time it takes to learn the Romanic alone. Were it decreed by a higher law than of congress, the law of necessity, that from to-day forth, all books should be printed in phonetic orthography, not a single person would, from necessity, cease to be familiar with the print of the present day. Were our language exempt from change in orthography and pronunciation, this book objection would be far more weighty against any reform in the mode of representing it. But such as already anticipated is not the case.

If, in the days of the witty Swift, we find doare for door; auntient, ancient; cleere, clear; schole, school; tweye, too; and so on, *ad finitum*, how will "future generations" find our present orthography? One hundred years hence, our present print will be perused with a curiosity akin to that which we experience in reading that of Shakspeare's and Sheridan's days, or even, in our own "Colonial Records." History tells us, that the Italians have changed from the Latin to their present language, and the spelling, it seems, has followed the transition, yet the treasures wrapped up in their primitive language are accessible to all who would possess them. Were phonotypy in vogue, there would be a great many more readers than now, because learning to read — at present the most difficult of human attainments — would be rendered easy and attractive, consequently, for books, demand and supply would be greater, and the profit on the increased number of new works would more than counterbalance the loss on old ones. In a "leader" to the "N. Y. Tribune," the writer says, "We deem the current saving to the Anglo-Saxons, by this reform alone, would not fall short of five millions of dollars per annum."

It is often argued that phonotypy has a tendency to corrupt one's spelling — an assertion whose denial is corroborated, not only by our own experience, but by the experience of thousands of others. Were this the fact, however, we should infer, from the disgraceful, egregious blunders committed by some of the teachers, in spelling, at the institute, that they were *thoroughly phoneticised*! Be those teachers, who missed to spell, correctly, the few, simple, daily occurring words which were dictated, phonoticians or not, they certainly exhibited an orthographic proficiency that no common school boy would be over anxious to possess.

It has not been our motive in writing this article to exalt the phonetic cause above all things else, to make it a hobby and claim for it supreme importance, as that would be impertinent, nor would we be considered a deluded enthusiastic theorist, guilty of rearing airy castles; indulging in speculative impossibilities and impracticable undertakings. We speak as one who is proud to venerate the noble English language, the inexhaustable treasury of a world's literature, and eternalized by earth's noblest — as one who would consecrate its orthography to a truthful, harmonious system of representative characters for its sounds, some scientific, indivisible alphabet that would divest our great language of its present lawless orthographic incongruities; give it a cosmopolitan basis, pave its way to universality, and make our speech and writing one beatific link of truth and joy for time past, present, and to come. TEACHER.

Buncombe.

THIS word has acquired quite a notoriety recently, and has become a *fixed fact* in our language. We are happy to present to our readers its origin.

Joseph Tinker Buckingham, in his "Personal Memoirs," (Boston, 1852,) vol. 1, page 207, in speaking of Mr. Culpepper of North Carolina, who "voted for the 'Compensation Law,' and suffered the penalty of his independent votes, adds this note:

"Buncombe County, in North Carolina, was a part of the district which Mr. Culpepper represented, and the place of his residence. In advocating the 'Compensation Law,' he said he was *not merely speaking for Buncombe*, but for the nation. Hence the phrase, '*speaking for Bunkum*,' when reference is made to a self-electioneering speech, has grown into a proverb."

FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT.

Chat with the Young Readers.

THE Editor's compliments to his young friends who read the Fireside Department. He is happy to announce to them that he has secured the assistance of COUSIN WILLIE WALLACE, who will have the general care of this department of our journal for the coming year.

Cousin Willie is a young man, a great reader, constantly poring over books of travel, biography, history, and the like, together with a great pile of *children's papers*, which he takes for his own benefit, and we have no fears of our young friends' suffering by the change. On the contrary we feel assured from our personal knowledge of Cousin Willie's qualifications and popularity among the young people of his acquaintance, that he will furnish something unusually interesting and instructive for our young friends of the Fireside Department.

We are happy to say that we have received a good number of answers to the *Transposition* in the last number, but not many of the *Philosophical Enigma*. We guess the boys find them difficult, — [we do not know but the girls do, but perhaps it is not best to tell them so.] But if they were easy you would have no interest in them. So don't be discouraged, but work the harder over them. Easy enigmas won't help you think. The Editor of THE HOME WREATH requests us to say that the answer to the Enigma in his paper may be sent to our address.

Answers

To the Philosophical Enigma in our last have been received from A. E. and M. E., Wickford; and K., Providence. K. does not agree with the author of the enigma in respect to 1 and 13. *Answer*.—1. Watts; 2. Harvey; 3.

Aristotle; 4. Truth; 5. Ideas; 6. Science; 7. Terms; 8. Hydrogen; 9. Euclid; 10. Socrates; 11. Oxygen; 12. Unity; 13. Locke. My whole — WHAT IS THE SOUL?

Answers to the Transposition from A. E. and M. E., Wickford; K., Raymond, Talbot, and M., Providence; Lizzie, Phillipston, Ms.; G. and M., Warren. *Answer*.—"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—REV. XXI: 4.

COUSIN WILLIE wishes us to say that he shall be happy to receive questions, puzzles, and enigmas from our young readers. He will be glad to receive letters from any of them.

The Home Wreath.

It is the practice in many district schools, as well as in grammar schools and academies, to *publish a paper*. In cities and large towns, where the high school or academy is large, the paper — which generally consists of original articles entirely — is printed and circulated perhaps once a month. Where the paper cannot attain to a regularly published, subscription paper, and where it cannot be printed and circulated in type, the *school* can have their paper with at least equal pleasure and profit to themselves. We know of scarcely an exercise which, judiciously managed, will furnish a greater amount of pleasure to *any* school, or be productive of more profit, than this of maintaining a regularly issued paper.

We insert the following as a specimen. We are indebted for a large portion of the paper to a little book from which we have before quoted, published by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, which, together with the others which comprise the series of *Aimwell Stories*, we wish were in the school library of every district in Rhode Island.

THE HOME WREATH.

VOL. I

HIGHBURG, DECEMBER 4, 1858.

NO. 1.

THE HOME WREATH:

A Weekly Journal for Home Improvement.

PAGE & CO., PUBLISHERS.

Terms, - - - - - Gratis.

For the Home Wreath.

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO RONALD D. PAGE.

I'm twelve! I'm twelve to-day!
Hurrah, boys! let us shout!
Come, leave your work and play,
And kick old care away;
Ye gloomy thoughts, get out!
We'll have no mopes about —
I'm twelve! I'm twelve to-day!

I'm twelve! I'm twelve to-day!
A dozen years have fled
Since first the morning ray,
All sober, cold and gray,
Stole in upon my head;
How fast old Time hath sped!
I'm twelve! I'm twelve to-day!

I'm twelve! I'm twelve to-day!
Then help me to be glad!
Come all, and let's be gay —
There's nothing more to pay
For being bright than sad;
Cheer up, then, lass and lad!
I'm twelve! I'm twelve to-day!

AN EXERCISE FOR SCHOLARS.

IN England, young candidates for appointment in the civil service are subjected to rigid examinations, designed to test their abilities and acquirements. The following extract, which we have somewhat abridged, shows one of the methods adopted for securing this end. It is said to be a literal copy of a document which a young applicant for a government clerkship was required to correct while undergoing his examination. We wonder how many of our young readers could put it into proper shape without consulting the dictionary. — ED.

"CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON. — At the breaking out of the revolutionery war in America, Washinton joined the caus of indi-

pendance. To detale his conduct in the yeares which followed would be butt to relaite the hystery of the American war. It may be said generally that wethin a verry short peeriod after the declarashion of indipendance the affairs of America were in a condishun so desparate, that perhaps nothing but the piculiar carac-ter of Washington's genious could have re-treaved them. It required the consumeat prudence, calm whisdom, the inflexible firm-ness, the modarate and well-balanced temper of Washinton to imbrace such a plann of pol-icy and to pursivere in it: to resist the tem-patations of entreprize, to fix the confidance of his soldiers without theattraction of victery: to support the spirit of the army and the peopel ammidt those sloe and caushious planns of dffensiv warfare wich are more de-spereting than defeate itself: to restrain his owne hamblition and the empettuosity of his troupes: to indure temparary hobscurity for the sallvation of his contry and for the at-tanement of solled and imortal glory: and to suffer even temparary reproach and oblaquy, sapported by the hapbrobation of his own conscience, and the applaus of that small number of wise men whose praise is an earn-est of the hadmeration and grattitooode of possterity. Corage is enspired by succes, and it may be stimulated to dasperate exir-tion even by callamity, but is generally pall-seyed by inactivity. A sesterem of caushous defence is the severest tryal of human fort-i-tude and by this teste the firmness of Wash-ington was tryde."

AN ECCENTRIC CLOCK.

John Hatfield, who died at the age of one hundred and two, a soldier in the regiment of William and Mary, was tried and condemned by a court-martial for falling asleep on his duty upon the terrace at Windsor. He abso-lutely denied the charge against him, and solemnly declared that he heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen, — the tauth of which was much doubted by the court, because of the great distance. But whilst he was under sentence of death, an affidavit was made by several persons, that the clock actually did strike thirteen instead of twelve; whereupon he received his Majesty's pardon.

HATE. — Hannah More said: "If I want-ed to punish an enemy, it should be by fast-ening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

Possunt, quia posse videntur: They are able because they seem to be able.

THE HOME WREATH.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1854.

NOTHING INSIGNIFICANT.

OUR humble sheet is a very small affair; but if any stern critic is disposed to despise it on that account, let us remind him that there is nothing so small as to be wholly insignificant, when viewed in all its relations. We everywhere find little things linked with greater, and thousands of minute and hidden causes are constantly interlocking and working together, to bring about those events which impress us with their vastness and importance. A spark of fire may set in train a conflagration which will lay waste thousands of acres. Large and populous islands in the Pacific ocean owe their origin to very small insects. The great globe itself is made up of little particles — the universe is but an aggregate of atoms. The astronomer finds it necessary to note the minutest fractions of time in observing the transit of a star whose age is perhaps measured by thousands of centuries, and whose revolutions extend through infinite space. Thus are moments linked with ages in the economy of nature, and thus are we reminded that nothing is so minute as to be insignificant.

I CAN'T.

THIS phrase is always in the mouth of some children when requested to do anything. We once knew a boy who was greatly addicted to its use. He wanted to learn to skate, but after one unsuccessful attempt, he gave it up, saying, "I can't." The next summer several of his playmates learned to swim, and he also wanted to learn; but after getting his mouth and ears full of water, one day, he cried, "I can't," and that was the end of swimming experiments. If his class had a difficult lesson, he never learned it, and his excuse was always the same — "I can't." We once set him a copy in his writing-book, and told him that if he could not imitate it perfectly, he must write as well as he could. "I can't," was the ready reply. "What!" we exclaimed, "can't you write as well as you can?" He looked ashamed, but made no reply.

That boy is now a young man, but he is an ignorant, idle, and shiftless fellow, and, we fear, will never be of much use either to himself or to the world.

Commend us to the boy or girl who never says "I can't," except when enticed to do wrong. "I can" does all things; "I can't," nothing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL articles intended for this number are crowded out. We shall probably have to issue a double number next week, to accommodate our friends. We observe that some of our correspondents occasionally apply the pronoun *thou*, and the pronominal adjectives *thy* and *thine*, to plural nouns. This is wrong. *You* and *yours* may be used either in the singular or plural number; but *thou*, *thy*, and *thine* are always singular. You cannot say to a father and mother, as a poem which we lately saw in a newspaper, (*not* in the "Wreath,") said, —

"*Thy* darling is in heaven."

EDUCATIONAL LECTURE.

HON. JOHN KINGSBURY, LL. D., our excellent School Commissioner, delivered an eloquent and able lecture to the people of Highburg in the Academy last evening. The house was filled to its utmost capacity with an audience who exhibited their interest in education by their presence on such a cold evening, and their appreciation of the lecture by their earnest and unwearied attention for an hour and a half. The lecturer gave a very interesting account of the progress and present condition of popular education in our state, comparing the present with the past, and exhorted the people of Highburg to press forward in the noble work of giving such an education to their children as shall fit them for whatever station in life their talents and the necessities of the community shall call them to occupy. We hope the suggestion that the town more completely grade their schools and establish a high school, will be soon carried out. Why should we not have a high school as well as Freetown? We have one hundred more population. The school should be established at once. A house can be erected in the spring.

NEWS ITEMS.

☞ The Winter Term of the Highburg Academy commences on Monday next, and will continue eleven weeks. Robert Upton, A. M., Preceptor; Mr. Marcus Page, Assistant Teacher; Miss Martha D. Tillotson, Teacher of Drawing and Music.

☞ It is reported that traces of wolves have been seen recently near Turkey Hill, in the eastern part of Highburg. Several wolves have been killed this winter in the west part of the state, and we should not be surprised if some of the "varmints" make us a visit ere long.

☞ A lynx was shot last week in Free-town. The paper from which we glean this item says: "The animal is a rare one in this state. It is of a grayish color, with ears ending in tufts of black hair, standing [not the 'ears,' nor the 'hair,' we presume, but the lynx] a little more than a foot high, and measuring three feet in length. It subsists on hares, rabbits, and such small animals, occasionally attacking a sheep, or even a deer, by dropping on them [it] from a branch of a tree." There, boys, who will correct all the errors in this item, and send it to us as it should be?

☞ Two boys who had been skating in New York, a week or two since, were attacked with violent cramps and inflammation, and one of them died from the effects. It is conjectured that they laid down upon the ice while heated from their exercise. This should be warning to skaters.

☞ The snow which fell Wednesday, tho' light, is sufficient to make pretty good sleighing, and every body seems to be improving it. The proprietors, contributors and subscribers of the "Wreath" took their first sleigh-ride, this season, on Thursday. They were all comfortably stowed away in a sleigh and a pung!

☞ Howard Block and the Museum Building in Providence, were burned about the middle of last month. The conflagration was visible at Highburg, and we understand attracted a crowd of many thousand persons in Providence, who assembled in the adjoining streets to see the brilliant sight.

Correspondence.

For the Wreath.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A gentleman was once examining a very large and fine library in Boston, when the lady who had introduced him, asked him if he would like to see the "nucleus" of the collection. (If you do not know what "nucleus" means, you will have to turn to the dictionary, as I can think of no simpler word to substitute for it.) "Yes, I should like to see it," replied the visitor. She then exhibited to him a Latin dictionary, which she said was purchased by the owner when a boy, with money obtained by the sale of blueberries. The owner was a farmer's boy, and that is the way he began his fine library. He is now a learned man, and is well known in this country and in Europe.

For the Wreath.

VANITY—A FABLE.

Two birds, whose plumage was very brilliant, and whose song was beautiful, were sitting on a tree, singing, when they discovered a man looking at them very intently. "There is an admirer—see how we have entranced him!" cried one of the birds, and she put on her proudest air, and warbled her sweetest song. "I do not like to be gazed at so earnestly by a stranger," modestly replied the other bird; "come, let us go and hide ourselves from the intruder." The modest bird flew into a thicket and concealed herself; but the other, flying to the topmost bough, began to show off all her airs, when suddenly the sharp crack of a gun was heard, and the silly bird fell dead.

MORAL.—"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

KETA.

For the Wreath.

A CUNNING FELLOW.

The summer that I lived in Brookdale, I was one day in the woods, with my cousin Jerry, and another boy, named Clinton, when we found a fox's hole. We began to dig her out; but when we got to the end of the hole, we found nothing. Clinton said he had known a fox to bank herself up in a separate cell, when her hole was invaded; and we determined to see if our fox had not served us so. We dug, and soon found eight little ones, all stowed away in a cell by themselves. We then tried to find the old one, but could not. So we took the little ones and started off; but on looking back we saw the old fox dart out of the hole and disappear. We went back to examine the hole again, and found.

that she had a separate cell for herself, which escaped our search. So she saved her own life, but she lost her little ones.

OSCAR.

For the Wreath.

MR. EDITOR:—I feel slighted. You are all writing for the "Wreath," but not a soul of you has asked me to contribute to your interesting paper. Why is this? Have I not heard some of you say that I know as much as many human bipeds of the same age? Do n't I understand almost everything that you say to me? And if I only *could* talk, wouldn't I rattle away as fast as any of you? I bet I would. If I don't talk, it is n't because I've got no ideas, depend on that. But you see I can write, although perhaps you did not know it. But fearing I am an intruder, I will stop.

ROVER.

For the Wreath.

THE SNOW.

HURRAH! The snow has come! Now won't we have fine times! I like to see it come thick and fast, and bury everything up. How curious it is, to see the woods, and fences, and stones, and roofs, and fields, and hills, covered with the pure white snow! What fun it is to roll and tumble in it! I like to have the roads all blocked up, so that we can't get anywhere, not even to school. Then what fun it is to break out the ways! We have a large sled, with a plow lashed to the off side. Then we hitch on six or eight yoke of oxen, and are ready for a start. The boys load up the sled, and a lot of men go ahead to shovel through the deep drifts, and so we go all over town till the roads are broken out.

RON.

For the Wreath.

A WARNING.

A young lad who had, caused his widowed mother much trouble and anxiety on account of his bad conduct, was drowned last Sabbath in the pond near Highburg. He ran away from home in the morning to avoid going to the Sabbath school, and having borrowed a pair of skates of another bad boy, attempted to amuse himself upon the pond. But while skating across the channel the ice broke, and he went to the bottom. Let all remember that the Bible says, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

For the Wreath.

SPELLING SCHOOLS.

ARE we not to have some spelling schools this winter? We scholars think them pleasant and profitable, and we hope THE HOME WREATH will favor them.

SPELLER.

For the Wreath.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 6, 10, 17, is a river in Germany.

My 27, 2, 31, 34, is one of the United States.

My 29, 8, 14, 17, 24, is a mountain in Europe.

My 13, 31, 15, 6, 24, 9, 24, 21, is a lake in South America.

My 20, 14, 1, 20, 34, 30, 9, is a sea which forms a part of the boundary of Europe.

My 4, 16, 22, 25, 6, is a city in Asia.

My 29, 3, 12, 33, 27, 10, is the capital of one of the United States.

My 19, 2, 26, 11, 16, 23, is an island in the Mediterranean.

My 18, 1, 35, 5, 21, 17, 7, is a city in France.

My 10, 16, 28, 32, 27, 10, is a river in British America.

To my whole the readers of THE HOME WREATH are greatly indebted for superior teachers.

G. H.

Answer in the next number of THE WREATH.

Gleanings.

Digest what you read. It is not what you eat but what you digest that gives nourishment to the body; so with the mind. Young people sometimes run through a book, and are not able to tell afterwards what they have been reading.

"John," said the schoolmaster, "you will soon be a man, and will have to do business. What do you suppose you will do when you have to write letters, unless you learn to spell better. "O, sir, I shall put easy words in them."

"Dick, I say, why do n't you turn the buffalo robe t'other side out? — hair is the warmest."

"Bah, Tom, you get out. Do you suppose the animal himself did n't know how to wear his hide?"

As two children were playing together, little Jane got angry and pouted. Johnny said to her, "Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips." "Then," replied Jane, "I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

A New Hampshire man, who was at the gold diggings in Iowa, says three days exploration with a spade had enabled him to discover "several very small grains of gold and several tons of exaggeration."

"Mr. President," said a member of a school committee (out West), "I rise to get up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education. Had it not been for education, I might have been as ignorant as yourself, Mr. President."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Close of the Volume.

WITH this number we close the year 1858, and it has been deemed best to close the volume with the year. This is done for several reasons. All publications of this kind should commence the year with January. Many persons suppose the volume commences with January and order it accordingly. We have a series of articles in contemplation upon *Rhode Island Schools*, which should commence with the volume, and we wish to insert the first—upon the Providence High School, with an *original engraving* of the building—in the January number. Many wish to subscribe, and wish their subscriptions to commence with *January and with the volume*. It is the best time, also, for the friends of *THE SCHOOLMASTER*, who wish to see it succeed, to solicit subscriptions. We shall therefore with our next issue commence volume V.

This change will not affect the present subscribers. They will receive their numbers until March, when bills will be sent for the following year. Their year will of course be closed with February, and the new year with them will begin with March, the same as though no change were made in respect to volumes. If any choose to pay their bills at the commencement of the year, we shall not refuse to accommodate them.

Permanence of Intellectual Attainments.

THE question whether our intellectual culture will be of any avail in another world is one which has doubtless often arisen in the minds of all. No one can have attained to any considerable degree of mental improvement without asking: "Will this knowledge which we acquire on earth be lost to us in our future state of existence?" Our attention has been called to the subject at the present time by the following note:

"Dear Sir:—It has often been a matter of thought with me whether the education which we labor so hard to obtain and to impart to others, will be of any value to us in another world.

A few weeks since I heard a distinguished and educated D. D. make the following remark from the pulpit: 'As far as intellectual attainments are concerned the words of the Apostle are applicable, We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. A philosopher will be no better off than an idiot in another world if his philosophy perish with him, and perish it must. It would be rubbish in heaven, it would be fuel in hell.'

If the subject comes within the limits of your journal, and you and your correspondents will give your opinions upon it, you will gratify

A TEACHER."

It is not surprising that a *teacher* should be startled by such an announcement from the sacred desk. To one who has toiled for years to attain the necessary knowledge, and culture, and who has labored with equal zeal and with greater fatigue to impart that instruction to others, it must appear a chilling and discouraging doctrine that the results of such laborious and self-sacrificing efforts must all be brushed away by the rude hand of death. We can scarcely conceive of a more discouraging thought to a teacher. But can this view be true? Is it possible that our Creator, who is all-wise and infinitely benevolent has so decreed? We do not believe it. Dr. Thomas Dick, in his *Philosophy of a Future State*, has the following:

"A great outcry has frequently been made, by many of those who wish to be considered as pious persons, about the *vanity of human science*. Certain divines in their writings, and various descriptions of preachers, in their pulpit declamations, not unfrequently attempt to embellish their discourses, and to magnify the truths of Scripture, by contrasting them with what they are pleased to call 'the perishing treasures of scientific knowledge.' 'The knowledge we derive from the Scriptures,' say they, 'is able to make us wise unto salvation; all other knowledge is but comparative folly. The knowledge of Christ and him crucified will endure forever; but all human knowledge is transitory and will perish forever when this world comes to an end. Men weary themselves with

diving into human science, while all that results to them is vanity and vexation of spirit. Men may become the greatest philosophers, and have their understandings replenished with every kind of human knowledge, and yet perish forever. What have we to do with the planets and the stars, and whether they be peopled with inhabitants? Our business is to attend to the salvation of our souls."

"Now, although some of the above and similar assertions, when properly modified and explained, may be admitted as true, the greater part of them, along with hundreds of similar expressions are either ambiguous or false. But, although they were all admitted as strictly true, what effect can the frequent reiteration of such comparisons and contrasts have on the mass of the people to whom they are addressed, who are already too much disinclined to the pursuit of general knowledge—but to make them imagine that it is useless, and in some cases dangerous, to prosecute any other kind of knowledge than what is derived *directly* from the Scriptures? And what is the knowledge which the great majority of those who attend the public services of religion have acquired of the contents of the Sacred Oracles? It is too often, I fear, exceedingly vague, confused, and superficial; owing, in a great measure, to the want of those habits of mental exertion, which a moderate prosecution of useful science would have induced.

"Such declamations as those to which I have now adverted, obviously proceed from a very limited sphere of information, and a contracted range of thought. It is rather a melancholy reflection, that any persons, particularly preachers of the gospel, should endeavor to apologize for their own ignorance, by endeavoring to undervalue what they acknowledge they have never acquired, and therefore, cannot be supposed to understand and appreciate. For, although several well-informed and judicious ministers of religion, have been led, from the influence of custom, and from copying the expressions of others, to use a phraseology which has a tendency to detract from the utility of scientific knowledge, yet it is generally the most ignorant, those

whose reading and observation have been confined within the narrowest range, who are most forward in their bold and vague declamations on this topic. We never find, in any part of the Sacred Records, such comparisons and contrasts as those to which I allude. The inspired writers never attempt to set the *word* of God in opposition to his *works*, nor attempt to deter men from the study of the wonders of his creation, on the ground that it is of less importance than the study of his word. On the contrary, they take every proper opportunity of directing the attention to the mechanism and order, the magnificence and grandeur of the visible world; and their devotional feelings are kindled into rapture by such contemplations. When the Psalmist had finished his survey of the different departments of nature, as described in the cxxv. Psalm, he broke out into the following devotional strains: 'How manifold are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches, so is the great and wide sea.' The glory* of the Lord shall endure forever, the Lord shall rejoice in all his works. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.' For the visible works of God display the same essential attributes of Deity, and of his superintending providence, as the revelations of his word; and it is one great design of that word to direct men to a rational and devout contemplation of these works in which his glory is so magnificently displayed. And, therefore, to attempt to magnify the word of God by degrading his works, or to set the one in opposition to the other, is to attempt to set the Deity in opposition to himself, and to prevent mankind from offering a certain portion of that tribute of adoration and thanksgiving which is due to his name."

The Christian world generally, we believe, admit this view presented by Dr. Dick. He supposes that the sciences, and whatever tends to show to created beings the extent and greatness

"*That is, the display of the divine perfections in the material world, as the connexion of the passage plainly intimates."

of God's universe, His power and goodness, and all His attributes will be subjects for study and contemplation in the future world. It certainly seems derogatory to the character of God that He should annihilate all which we have learned in this present state of existence, on the moment of our entering upon another sphere of being.

"The faculties we now possess will not only remain in action, but will be strengthened and invigorated; and the range of objects on which they will be employed will be indefinitely extended. To suppose otherwise, would be to suppose man to be deprived of his intellectual powers, and of the faculty of reasoning, as soon as he entered the confines of another world.* When we enter that world, we carry with us the moral and intellectual faculties, of which we are now conscious, and, along with them, all those ideas and all that knowledge which we acquired in the present state. To imagine that our present faculties will be *essentially* changed, and the ideas we have hitherto acquired totally lost, would be nearly the same as to suppose that, on entering the invisible state, men will be transformed into a new order of beings, or be altogether annihilated. And, if our present knowledge shall not be destroyed at death, it must form the ground-work of all the future improvements we may make, and of all the discoveries that may be unfolded to our view in the eternal state."

Our labor in the improvement of the mind, therefore, gives us a more enlarged and expanded basis of improvement in the future world. Dr. Dick asks the question :

"* An old Welsh minister, while one day pursuing his studies, his wife being in the room, was suddenly interrupted by her asking him a question, which has not always been so satisfactorily answered — ' John Evans, do you think we shall be known to each other in heaven?' Without hesitation he replied — ' To be sure we shall, — do you suppose we shall be GREATER FOOLS there, than we are here?' — If the reader keep in mind that our knowledge in heaven will be INCREASED, and not diminished; or, in other words, that we shall not be ' greater fools there than we are here,' he will be at no loss to appreciate all that I have hitherto stated on this subject.*"

"Can we suppose, for a moment, that an ignorant profligate, who has been brought to repentance, and to ' the knowledge of the truth,' only a few days before his entrance into the world of spirits, shall, at the moment he has arrived in the world of bliss, acquire those enlarged conceptions of Divine truth, which an Owen, a Watts, a Doddridge, or a Dwight, attained at the same stage of their existence? or that a Hottentot who had been brought to the knowledge of Christianity, only during the last month of his life, shall enter into heaven with the expansive views of a Newton or a Boyle? Such a supposition would involve a reflection on the *wisdom* of the Divine administration, and would lead us to conclude, that all the labor bestowed by the illustrious characters, now alluded to, in order to improve in the knowledge of Divine subjects, was quite unnecessary, and even somewhat approaching to egregious trifling."

It is a glorious thought, one full of encouragement and consolation to the teacher, that the improvement of our intellectual faculties is not merely for this short life, and that it will give us enlarged views and expanded faculties in the world to come; that our progression and development in that world will be accelerated by our diligence in the cultivation of the faculties God has given in this.

We have preferred to quote thus largely from so distinguished a man as Dr. Dick, to using words of our own; and will close this article by the following fitting extract from the same source :

"Not only will the views of the saints in heaven be different in point of expansion and extent, but their love to God, and the virtues and graces which flow from this principle, will be diminished or increased, or, at least, somewhat modified by the narrowness or expansion of their intellectual views. If it be admitted that, the more we know of God the more ardently shall we love him, — it will follow, that in proportion as we acquire a comprehensive and enlightened view of the operations of God in the works of creation, in the scheme of Providence, and in the plan of redemption, in a similar proportion will

our love and adoration of his excellencies be ardent and expansive. In this point of view, the 'the saints in light' will make improvement in holiness throughout all the ages of eternity, though, at every stage of their existence, they will enjoy pure and unmingled bliss. Every science they cultivate, and every stage to which they advance in intellectual improvement, will enable them to discover new glories in the Divine character, which will raise their affections to God still higher, and render their conformity to his moral image more complete."

Arrangement of Clauses in a Sentence.

NOT infrequently do we find most ludicrous ideas conveyed by the careless manner in which many persons construct their sentences.

A newspaper recently gave the following startling announcement: "A man was saved from drowning in the dock with a *large iron safe* in his pocket!" when the writer merely intended to state that the man who was saved from death had in his overcoat pocket the well-known household article, a *flat-iron*.

A clergyman informed his congregation one Sabbath afternoon that on that very morning he saw a woman, while he was preaching in a state of beastly intoxication. His audience must have been induced to inquire whether their minister was really sober when he said that.

A teacher informed a friend the other day that there was hanging in one of the rooms at the High School, a map drawn by a boy seven feet long and four and a half feet wide!

Reader, beware or you may get caught in some expression equally infelicitous.

What is an Angle?

IN reply to this question from a correspondent from New Hampshire, who is not satisfied with the definition given by Webster, or by Legendre, we would offer the following:

1. *An angle is the opening between two straight lines met.*

2. An angle is measured by the difference in direction of two straight lines, which meet at a common point.

WE are sorry to say that our attempts to place before our readers the song of "The Deep-Heaving Sea," which pleased so many at the institute at Newport have been unavailing. Mr. Blanchard personally solicited the song and the music from the publishers, but it was refused. Had the publishers given permission it would have been published, words and music, in this number of THE SCHOOLMASTER. We hope to be able to present school-songs and music to our readers regularly next year. We may be disappointed in this, but we hope not.

THE report of Mr. Gulliver's lecture, and an extract from Mayor Rodman's poem will appear in our next.

SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Questions for Written Examination.

ARITHMETIC.

1. Write in figures, twenty-four hundred and six thousand nine hundred and ten, and seventy-three ten thousandths.
2. Add thirty-five and four-tenths; five hundred twenty-nine and seven millionths; sixty-nine, four hundred and sixty-three thousandths; two hundred sixteen and two hundredths; nine hundred seventy-seven and two-tenths.
3. From 37 11-15 take 3 5-7 of 1-3.
4. If 42 horses eat 70 bushels of grain in 16 2-3 days, how many bushels will 44 horses eat in 21 days? (To be performed by analysis, and explanation to be written out.)
5. If 3-4 of a bushel of wheat cost 7-8 of a dollar, what part of a bushel can be bought for 3-5 of a dollar? (Explanation to be written out.)
6. How much money would be received at a bank, on a note for \$2714 93 payable in 30 days at 6 per cent. interest, and how many pounds of tea would this last purchase at 37 1-2 cents per lb.; and by selling the tea the day the note became due, at 50 cents per lb., how much would be gained by the transaction, after paying 1-2 per cent. for brokerage, and \$7 50 for truckage and storage and the note at the bank?

7. What is proportion ?

8. How many men will it take to build a wall 75 rods long, 8 feet high, and 3 feet thick, in 8 days, working 9 hours per day, if 20 men can build a wall 100 rods long, 6 feet high and 4 feet thick, in 12 days, working 12 hours each day ?

9. How many solid feet in a stick of timber which is 25 ft. 6 in. long, 2 ft. 7 in. broad, and 3 ft. 3 in. thick ?

10. I obtained from a bank, for my note payable in 6 months, money enough to purchase 378365 feet of boards at \$0.23 per 1000 feet. On the same day, my agent sold the boards at the rate of 75 cts. per 100 feet, for which he charges a commission of 3 per cent. ; and invests the balance, after deducting his commission of 4 per cent. on the purchase, in sugar at 61.4 cts. per lb. How many boxes were purchased, each holding 300 lbs ?

Two months after, my agent sold the sugar at a discount of 12 1-2 per cent, for which service he charges a commission of 5 per cent. He immediately remits to me one-half the net proceeds in cash, which I put on interest at the rate of 10 1-2 per cent. per annum ; — and a note for the balance to be paid in 16 months without interest and without grace.

The day my note became due at the bank, I collected the amount of the money put on interest, and the true present worth of my note. What was my gain or loss by the transaction ?

GEOGRAPHY.

1. Name the Counties of Rhode Island and bound the one in which you live.

2. What is latitude ? What is longitude ?

3. Which is farther west from Greenwich, Boston or Washington ?

4. Bound the State of New York, and name its capitol and largest river.

5. What waters must be passed through in traveling by water from Chicago to Montreal ?

6. Name the four largest rivers and the four largest cities in the United States.

7. Name the three largest rivers of South America and its most important port.

8. Name the countries through which the river Rhine flows, and those which are separated by it, beginning at its source.

GRAMMAR.

1. Write two *collective* nouns, two *abstract* nouns, two *diminutive* nouns, and two *verbal* nouns.

2. Correct the following expressions in all respects : — “The two Misses Mortons ; The Mrs. Hayward ; “the Messrs. Harpers ; the two Messrs. wheatlands.

3. Define a Relative Pronoun, a Personal Pronoun, an Adjective.

4. Correct the following sentences in all respects : — It was me that disremembered the rules for changing the *y* in *dutys* and *glorifyng* and *f* in *sheafs*, *wifes*, *loafs*. — He intended to have called on you. — The cow whom my father bought has strown away. — The boy which sets on the seat yonder has n't got his sums did. — She had n't ought to tell. — What do you want ? — Who are you looking for ? — She did real nice. — Let each one do what he can.

5. Write the plural of *Mr.*, *Miss*, *stomach*, *dwarf*, *relay*, *spoonful*, *reproof*, *mother-in-law*, *court-martial*, *talisman*, *medium*, *axis*, *lily*.

6. Give the synopsis of the verb “to break,” in the indicative mood, third person, singular and plural.

7. Give the principal parts of the following verbs : — *lie*, *dare*, *refer*, *benefit*.

8. Write a sentence containing the verb *teach*, in the passive voice, indicative mood, present perfect tense, third person, singular number ; then write the same sentence, changing the verb to the active voice.

9. Correct the following letter in all respects :
Provedens decembur first 18 hundred and 68
my deer ant i set down to inform you That i am
tually well i should admire to see you we was
all so glad when You come to our House last
february we was n't a looking for you but in you
come all of A sudden i go to school now and
study my rethmetic and Grammar book i think i
lern my grammar considerable well but the prin-
ciple says how i don't rite Grammatical i shall be
twelve years old in june i cant rite no more for i
haint no more time to — your loving Nefu lem-
uel

OUR BOOK TABLE.

A TEXT-BOOK OF VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY.—Designed for the use of schools, seminaries, and colleges in the United States. By Henry Goodby, M. D., Professor of vegetable and animal physiology and entomology, in the state agricultural college of Michigan; and formerly dissector of minute anatomy to the royal college of surgeons of England. Embellished with upwards of four hundred and fifty illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1858.

If the author of this elegant work had styled it a **COMPARATIVE** vegetable and animal physiology, we think he would have indicated more accurately its peculiar character. In fact, the primary beauty and the chief value of the book consist in the skillful manner in which the principles of the comparative anatomist are applied to physiology. Its author does not consider the functions of the human body in their isolated condition, as apart from the rest of the animal creation; but rather as the highest development of the same functions, as they are exhibited in the lower animals. He thus traces the process of *nutrition*, for instance, from the simplest stages of its development in the sacculated organs of the "twilight monad," through polype, insect, mollusk, fish, reptile, bird, and lower mammal, up to its most perfect state in man. That this is the philosophical method for studying physiology, we cannot doubt, while we continue to believe that one great mind designed all these various animal forms in accordance with one universal plan. By pursuing the study in this manner we may feel sure that while we are gaining a clearer understanding of the complex functions of the higher animals, we may also be following with all reverence the logical development of the divine ideas in creation. The author does not attempt to exhaust the subject of physiology, but only to present in a thorough manner so many functions as can be brought within the compass of an ordinary text-book.

But this work is a vegetable as well as an animal physiology. This part of the subject is treated in an extremely interesting manner, and made much clearer by continual reference to

corresponding parts of animal organisms. One great charm of the work is derived from the microscopic researches of the author. We cannot close this brief notice, without referring to the elegant cuts, white on a black ground, and in many cases colored, which contribute in a high degree towards making this work the most perfect physiological text-book within our knowledge. D.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.—Translated by Rev. Leicester Ambrose Sawyer. John P. Jewett & Co., Boston. 1858. Cloth, \$1.00. Embossed Morocco, \$1.25. D. Kimball & Co., Agents for Rhode Island.

That any new translation of the Bible should please everybody, even though it were done by the most learned body of men now living, cannot be expected. That such a translation could be made by *one* man is, of course, impossible. But that Mr. Sawyer's version has many excellencies none can deny. In many points his version will be decidedly distasteful to the reader, but in many others he has given a freshness to the thought which is not found in the antique and stereotyped forms of expression of the generally received version. We very much regret the irreverence shown in the use of *you* applied to Our Saviour, while at the same time vigor and expressiveness is given by its use when applied to others. We could mention many instances which have been pleasing to us and in which the translator has given the exact meaning of the original far better than our common version gives it, but we will merely instance John xxi: 15, 16, 17, where the Greek verb *agapan* is rendered by the verb *to love*, and *philein* is rendered *to be a friend*. This gives force and accuracy to the passage. "Breakfasted" is given in the 15th verse instead of "Dined," which certainly seems more correct, as in the 4th verse we are told it was "when the *morning* was come."

We think this translation will be found very useful, not only to students, but to the general reader, but, of course, it is not expected that it will ever to any extent take the place of King James's translation. A revision of the Bible

will be necessary probably within the next century, and we now are only preparing to make it successfully.

WE have received the following piano music from Clapp & Cory, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. Several of these, our musical friends tell us, are beautiful.

The Ocean Cable Polka, by F. Kielblock; Ocean Cable March, by Handel Pond; Sweet Flowers Wake, by H. W. Walsh, dedicated by permission, to Mrs. Elisha Dyer; I have Always a Welcome for Thee, ballad, by Langton Williams; There's not a Word thy Lips hath Breathed, ballad, words by R. F. Hausman, music by L. O. Emerson; Musard's Express Train Gallop, by W. Dressler; Courting in Connecticut, song and chorus, by S. Markstein.

OLD WONDER EYES; and other stories for Children. By Grace Greenwood. With engravings by White. Gaut & Volkmar, Philadelphia. 1858.

A charming little book of 143 pages in red covers, admirably adapted to please and instruct the children; designed as a holiday present. It is also well calculated for Sabbath schools libraries. No one knows better than *Grace Greenwood* how to write for the children, and we are glad to see another book from her gifted pen. This OLD WONDER EYES is a capital story. "She woke early in the morning, and the first thing she saw was a great gray owl, perched on the bed-post at her feet, staring at her with his big, round eyes. He did not fly off when she started up in bed, but only ruffled up his feathers, and said — "Who!" Minnie had never seen an owl before; but she was not afraid, and she answered merrily, — "You'd better say 'Who!' Why who are you, yourself, you queer old wonder-eyes?"

Price 50 cents. For sale by Snow & Greene.

THE YOUNG MEN'S MAGAZINE, Edited by R. C. McCormick. N. A. Calkins, New York.

This is the only magazine devoted to the interests of young men published in the United

States. It is a book of *sterling worth*. Each number contains 48 pages of valuable reading matter, giving us the very cream of American literature. Mr. McCormick is himself a young man, knowing the sympathies, aspirations and wants of young men, and his work is an honor to the young men of America. We hope it will be abundantly supported. It gives a brief monthly report of the transactions of Young Men's Associations in the various parts of the country. Subscription price \$1.50 per year.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE. — With illustrations, by Hoppin. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. 1858. For sale by G. H. Whitney.

This popular series of papers, which all the world know was written for the Atlantic Monthly, and which all the world have read, is now reprinted in a beautiful volume with illustrations on tinted paper by the inimitable Hoppin. Seldom do we find more wit, humor, and *sense*, in a single volume, than are brought together in this series of papers, under so odd a title. The illustrations are in good taste, significant, and well executed. We understand ten thousand copies have already been taken. An elegant edition is advertised for the holidays.

We take this occasion to remind our readers that The Atlantic Monthly commences a new volume with January, and a new series of papers by the author of *The Autocrat*. The Atlantic and The Schoolmaster one year for \$3.25.

SAFE HOME; or The Last Days and Happy Death of Fannie Kenyon. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

This beautiful little book of 76 pages, written by Mrs. Stoddard of this city, gives an account of the happy death of a young scholar in the First Baptist Sabbath School. The introduction is written by Professor Lincoln, of Brown University, the superintendent of the Sabbath school. It is an interesting and exceedingly valuable book for the young. We hope it will be extensively read by the youth of Providence and elsewhere. For sale at the book-stores.

THE NORMAL MENTAL ARITHMETIC.—By Edward Brooks, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in the Lancaster County Normal School, Pa. H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

This new treatise on Mental Arithmetic is after the general plan of Warren Colburn's book, which has gained a world-wide popularity. Its method of treating the subject is by Analysis and Induction, the only true way of unfolding the science of numbers. We have been unable to bestow that examination upon the book which we would like, but have discovered many fine points in it. The method of treating Fractions is particularly pleasing.

We have received the First Annual Catalogue of the Young Ladies' Seminary, at Kansas City, Mo., Rev. J. H. Luther, A. M., Principal. We are glad to learn of schools and seminaries of this stamp spreading so rapidly at the west.

THE HAPPY HOME AND PARLOR MAGAZINE.—A magazine for the Christian family. Edited by Rev. Wm. M. Thayer. Published by C. Stone & Co., Boston.

This is an ably edited monthly, full of sound advice, able articles, and interesting miscellany. Each number has a steel engraving and a colored plate. \$2.00 per year.

We have received an interesting pamphlet of 173 pages, entitled *The Dudley Observatory and the Scientific Council*. Statement of the Trustees. We hope the difficulty will soon be adjusted and the institution prove a valuable auxiliary in advancing the noble science of astronomy.

THE LITTLE SINGER: with Elements of Music; many original pieces for primary schools; and an oratorio for the young. By George Henry Curtis. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. York. 1858.

This Singer has 224 pages and is full of school-songs, which will please the children and make the teachers' work easier. Why will not our teachers give more attention to the subject of music?

SMITH'S JUVENILE SPELLER.—By W. W. Smith. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

Want of time has prevented us from examining this new Spelling Book. Let the teachers or committees who propose changing the textbook on this important subject of common school instruction send for a copy.

YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—By James Monteith. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

This is a small quarto, with questions and answers, and maps, and finely illustrated. For young scholars it is easy, and interesting. It is a novel book on history and several features will be found valuable. We like the idea of maps to illustrate the geography of history.

STAND UP FOR JESUS!—A Christian Ballad; with notes, illustrations, and music and a few additional poems, by the same author. T. A. Stockton, Philadelphia.

A beautiful little ballad, with fitting memorial notices of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, with a fine, wood-cut likeness.

We are indebted to Hon. Andrew J. Moulter, Supt. of Public Instruction, of California for a copy of his annual report and Commentaries on the School Law.

REVIVAL MELODIST.—Snow & Greene, Providence.

A collection of about 50 hymns and tunes, for conference meetings and Sabbath schools. Price 6 cents, or \$5.00 per hundred.

THE YOUNG ARTIST: A Series of Drawing Cards for the use of Schools. Drawn by Darco. Published by W. Smith & Co., Providence. Price 25 cents.

A fine series of cards for *The Young Artist*.

We present our thanks for the Twenty-Ninth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of Cincinnati.

SEVERAL books lie over for our next number.

DEPARTMENT OF
HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
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